

SPUN-YARN

From Old Nantucket



EDITED BY H. S. WYER

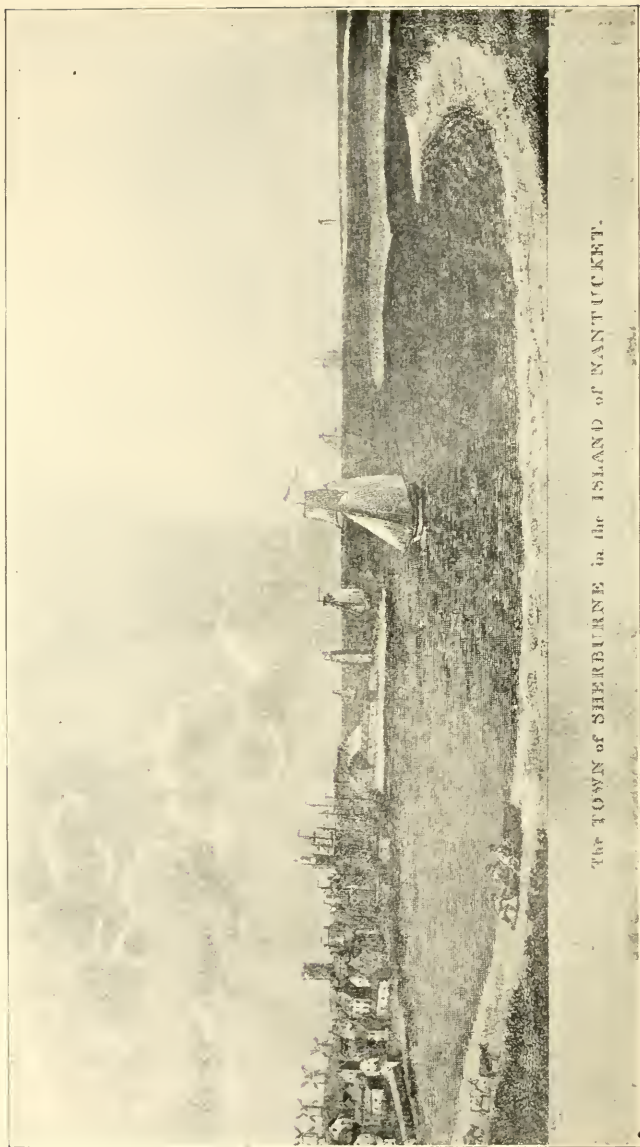


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THE TOWN OF SHERBURNE IN THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

SPUN-YARN

From Old Nantucket ✓

Consisting mainly of extracts from books now out of print,
with a few additions.



✓ Edited and Published by H. S. WYER. ✓

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TO BEGIN WITH:

During several years past the plan of this book has slowly evolved itself in my consciousness, only recently taking definite form.

The fact that many of the books from which I have used extracts are now out of print (and others soon will be) with little probability of reprints, has seemed to emphasize the need of a volume of this character. It has been my aim to select from each such passages as best combine literary merit with historical interest and local color.

To these extracts have been added certain anecdotes and poems by various authors.

It is my belief that these selections, being thus associated, will impress readers as a series of graphic pictures of Nantucket's bygone days; of the eventful lives of her people on land and sea; of their humor and pathos—their romance.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to the Houghton, Mifflin Co. for privileges granted in "Quaint Nantucket," to the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co. in "Whales We Caught," and to Mrs. Arthur Macy for poem on last page.

H. S. W.

Nantucket, May 3, 1914.

To My Friends of Hinckley Lane.

SPUN-YARN

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Edited by H. S. Wyer.

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THE MOTHER ISLE.

Set like a jewelled crescent rare
Amid the encircling seas,
There is an island realm more fair
Than charmed Hesperides.

From Spring's first breath upon her plains
To Autumn's lingering hours,
In royal robes the Matron reigns
And crown of myriad flowers.

Far-wandering winds forever haunt
Her heath-clad moorlands lone,
Around her shores the wild waves chaunt
Their mournful monotone.

Loved faces come to her in dreams
Their voices charm her ears,
And all her daily burden seems
A tale of bygone years.

O, Mother Isle, though far apart
On alien land or sea,
We hear the message of thy heart
That calls us back to thee!

H. S. W.

SPUN-YARN

FROM OLD NANTUCKET.

CHAPTER 1.

From Miriam Coffin—Introduction.

In a secluded quarter of the island of Nantucket, known by the name of Siasconset, there lived, a few years since, a singular being, whose mode of life, for several previous years, had been a mystery to everybody. To this individual, however, we had been directed for information on a point embraced in our investigations, respecting the state of the whale-fishery as connected with Nantucket. He had been represented by the people of the town as possessing a remarkably retentive memory,—particularly in what related to the early history of the island; and also that he was possessed of large stores of accurate statistical and historical information, which he had been many years in collecting and arranging; and furthermore it was reported, that in his person one might discover a walking genealogical tree, whose leaves and branches, so to speak, would unfold the birth, parentage and education of every resident of the island, from the days of the first settlers downwards to the time present.

There are now some three or four score houses at Siasconset, of one story and a half in height, erected

on the margin of a high sand-bluff overlooking the sea. Some of these are very old, and built after a peculiar fashion which prevailed all over the island during the early part of the last century. It was then a small village, inhabited by poor fishermen, and the huts we speak of were their domicils. Latterly, however, these huts have been turned into summer residences for the wealthier townspeople;—and right pleasant lounging places do they make for those who have leisure to enjoy them. If any of our readers should feel curious to see the style of building that prevailed one hundred years ago in the town which has since assumed the name of Nantucket, let him now pay a visit to Siasconset, and enter its dwellings. He will there see how, of old, every inch of room was economized, and how sleeping chambers were scaled by perpendicular step-ladders, like those used to descend to the pent-up cabin of a fishing smack, or to clamber up the sides of a merchantman;—and how the best and most spacious room in the house is finished like the cabin of a ship, with projecting beams, whose corners are beaded and ornamented with rude carving, while the walls are wainscotted with unpainted panel work, and the oaken floors have grown alike brown by time, and smooth by a century's use. There is but one house in the whole village which makes modern pretension to fashionable exterior. It is the only innovation upon the unity—the ancient “*keeping*” of the place;—and its projector deserves banishment under the wise provisions of the time-honoured “*Laws of 'Sconset*,” for presuming to make

any change in the architecture of the settlement.

It was our fortune to make a pilgrimage to Siasconset at that season of the year when its houses were tenantless,—its deserted avenues choked up with sombre and lifeless thistles and decayed long grass,—and all as still as the grave. Threading with uncertainty its narrow and silent lanes, in search of the habitation of the veteran, we came at length to a hut before whose door stood a car of fish, which had been recently caught and wheeled up from the shore. The chimney top, too, gave evidence of civilization and of the whereabouts of humanity. A stream of blue smoke issued forth and briskly curled up in the clear atmosphere. The sight of the fish, jumping and floundering about in the little car, and the lively jet of smoke overhead, was as welcome to us, at the moment, as a house of "entertainment for man and beast" would be to a traveller in the desert, or to a virtuoso, without corn in his scrip, exploring the mysteries and antiquities of a city of the dead. We tapped lightly on the closed door of the hut, and repeated the signal more than once:—but no answer from the indweller bade us welcome to the hospitalities of 'Sconset.

"This is strange!" thought we,—"very strange, in a land proverbially celebrated for the open door and the open hand!"

A thirst after knowledge, and a stomach yearning fearfully for a morsel from the frying-pan or the fish pot, gave us the courage of desperation: and thereupon we lifted the latch of the door,—for lock or bolt, or other fastening, there was none,—and

entered boldly into the main apartment of the house. There we stood for the space of some minutes, silently contemplating the furniture and appointments of the place. It was clear that the hand of woman had not been there for many a day, though it was evident, from the arrangement of pots and kettles, and platters and frying-pans, that attempts had been made, if not with female neatness, at any rate with manly clumsiness and good will, to preserve a degree of cleanliness that was creditable to the owner of the mansion. Over the rude mantel hung an old-fashioned, turnip-shaped, silver watch, ticking loudly, and striving on in its daily race with the sun; and against the still ruder partition, which separated the larger room from a closet or small sleeping apartment, hung a heavy fowling-piece of most capacious bore; while underneath depended a well-worn shot-bag, and a powder-flask of semi-transparent horn. Around the room, somewhat in confusion, the implements of piscatory warfare were visible. Seap-nets and fishing-lines, of various sizes and lengths, wet from recent use, were spread over the backs of chairs to dry, and indicated that their owner had but lately come from an excursion upon the sea.

There was no help for us but to sit down and quietly await the approach of the master, and the issue of our adventure. On coming to this very natural conclusion, we drew the only chair which was disengaged towards the engulfing fireplace, and essayed to correct the chilled atmosphere of the room, by feeding the decaying fire with billets from

a small heap of prepared wood piled in the corner, which, from certain appearances, had been gathered along the beach, and had once formed a part of some unfortunate vessel wrecked upon the shoals of the island.

There we sat, punching the fire with the tongs, and watching the sparks "prone to fly upwards," and wondering where all this would end. A dreamy sort of abstraction came over our faculties; and in this secluded spot we almost began to fancy that we were alone in the world. We felt some of those sensations creeping upon us, which one might suppose the *last man* would feel, who had seen all generations pass into the grave,—leaving him the sole tenant of the earth. The crooked legs and claw-feet of the little old-fashioned cherry table multiplied a thousand fold in number and in crookedness, till we almost fancied it a huge creeping thing, with the legs and arms and claws of a dragon.

Presently an agonized groan escaped from the chest of some sufferer near at hand, and invaded the deep silence of the place,—which before had been rendered doubly painful by the distant monotonous roar of the surf, rolling and tumbling in upon the beach. We dropped the tongs in affright; and mechanically springing upon our feet, we were in the act of rushing forth from the cabin, to avoid the perturbed ghost which our imagination had conjured up to haunt the place withal.

"Who's there!" said a loud voice that appeared to come from the cockloft.

The charm was at once broken by the utterance of

these words in the vernacular tongue, and our nervous sensations gave way before the idea of the utter ridiculousness of running away under such circumstances. We had always longed for solitude,—for “a lodge in some vast wilderness.”—but that charm, too, was broken: and we believed, in our very souls, that we had had enough of the eternal silence, which is too often hankered after by the “mind diseased.”

“Henceforth,” said we mentally, “give us the hum and the bustle of the world, and the sprightly chat of intimacy:—Solitude!—thus do we blow thee to the winds!”

We answered the hail from aloft, nothing loath; and begged the host to come down, as we had walked full seven miles to see and converse with him upon matters with which he was reputed to be familiar. The burly form of the man now darkened the aperture above, and he descended the step-ladder, with his back toward us, holding on for safety and letting himself down with both hands by two knotted cords,—such as are thrown over at the gang-way of a man of war, to aid the descent into the tiny cutter alongside. As he stood confronting us, we could not fail to observe that he must have seen many winters and some hardships. His face was much weather-beaten, and his head, bald in some spots, was here and there covered with long and thin tufts of whitey-grayish locks, standing up and streaming out in admirable confusion. Deep boots, resembling fire-buckets, together with drab small-clothes, encased his legs; while his upper gar-

ments were covered over with a huge shaggy wrapper, which sailors call a monkey-jacket. He looked at us keenly for a moment; but finding his craft fairly boarded and in possession of the enemy, he deigned to offer us a seat, and to utter an excuse for his absence by telling us that he had sought rest in his chamber after the fatigues of his late excursion. Moreover, he explained the cause of his fearful groaning, by giving a graphic portrait of the fiend-like nightmare which the falling of the tongs had scared away from his breast. We did not, upon the whole, find our companion as morose as we had been led to believe, by the description given to us of his habits. At any rate, he gradually became familiar, and undertook to find out for us, heaven knows by what intricate process, a collateral descent from the "*great Trustum Coffin*;" and, perhaps, to this circumstance, more than to any other, are we indebted for the favours, both of speech and manuscript, which he afterwards bountifully showered upon us.

"Odd's-fish!" exclaimed he of the monkey-jacket, breaking in upon a long historical descent, in the mazes of which he had involved himself while answering a casual question of ours; "Odd's-fish!—thou must have fasted sufficiently well by this late hour; and I will defer giving the remainder of the information which thou hast demanded, until our frugal meal is prepared and discussed. I have but few luxuries, friend—what didst call thy name?"

"Thompson, sir," said we at a venture, feeling for the present a desire to preserve our incognito.

“Thompson, is it?—I thought thou saidst but now it was Jenkins.”

“Thompson, sir—a relative of the Jenkinses by the mother’s side.”

“Ah—well—I have but few luxuries, friend Thompson, to offer thee in this mine humble abode: but if, peradventure thou art fond of fish, and bringest a good appetite I will prepare thee such a dish as the townspeople can scarcely make without resort to ‘Seonset.’” Whereupon our companion selected a large fish from his car, and in a trice disrobed it of its scales and disembowelled the intestines;—while in order to gain some little credit for skill in culinary handy-work, and furthermore to convince him that we knew how to accommodate ourself to circumstances, (or that, in the words of a Jonathan in the east, “while in Turkey we could do as the *Turkeys* did,”) we seized upon a bucket and filled it with the purest of water at the village pump;—and then we kindled up the fire anew, and made all things ready for the accommodation of the dinner-pot.

In due time, but not a minute too soon, a savoury dish of chowder came upon the table; and, such is the force of a good appetite, we did think that in all our life before we had never swallowed provender half so delicious. But let that pass:—The reader, whose month waters, must go to ‘Seonset, for his chowder, if he would, like unto us, enjoy a superlative luxury compounded of simples.

As the clam-shell dipper which had come and gone full oft between our pewter platters and the

chowder pan, rested from its labours, the host pushed back his chair. Whereupon, lighting his pipe, and coming to an anchor in his easy chair in the corner, he cast his eyes up towards the well-smoked roof in a sort of thinking reverie, and at last broke silence as follows:

“As I was telling thee, friend Tompkins, the island that now bears the name of Nantucket, whose barren plains thou hast crossed in coming hither, was once a well wooded and well watered garden-spot. It was owing to the improvidence, or perhaps I might better say, to the lack of foresight of our ancestors, that every tree of native growth, save one or two little clumps of oak, hath disappeared from the face of our land. It is melancholy to think on't—for I love the sight of trees. The soil, however, friend Timpkins, as thou may'st have observed, is not altogether as sterile as the world in general imagine. But the cry of the '*sand heap*' hath gone out against us:—and herein I would say something to thee about evil speaking;—but of that hereafter, if we have time.

“To make a long story short, friend Timson,” continued the narrator, “I will give thee merely the outline of our history, which, as time and opportunity serve, thou may'st fill up at leisure. Nay—do not interrupt me—I will answer thee more at large upon any point thou may'st propose, when my sketch is finished. Being a stranger here, it may profit thee to know, that for a long time after the cession of the colony of New-York to Lord Stirling, the island of Nantucket, as well as all other islands

of that distinct colony. It came to pass, however, that by peaceable negotiation, Massachusetts obtained dominion over the islands upon her shore, and Block Island fell to the lot of the Providence Plantations; while Long Island, with which Nature had defended the shore of Connecticut, continued the appendage of New-York.

“Touching the manner in which Nantucket was settled by the whites, I have authority for declaring that it was brought about by accident, as it were, and under peculiar circumstances. We, who are natives of the island, trace our descent to the on the Northern coast, were claimed as dependencies Seceders, or rather to the Non-Conformists who dwelt in the Eastern part of the Massachusetts. They were principally of the Baptist persuasion: and, in ancient times, they were persecuted and hunted down by their Puritanic brethren, for opinion’s sake. By one of those strange inconsistencies incident to human nature, the Puritans upon the main, who had themselves been the objects of persecution in England, began the same infamous and brutal career of intolerance in America, by establishing a code of revolting laws, which would have put a Herod to the blush. I thank God, my friend, that *I* am not descended from that vile fanatical race. Let others boast, if they will, of their Puritanic blood,—*mine* knows not the contamination!”

Here my companion rose from his chair, and opened a tobacco-closet in the chimney side, from

whence he produced a well-thumbed volume, and read as follows:

“No Quaker, or dissenter from the worship of the established dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

“No food or lodging shall be afforded a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

“If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

“No Roman Catholic priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return.”

“Such, my friend,” continued our host, “were the laws of the Cameronians; and to their existence may be attributed the settlement of Nantucket, as thou wilt presently see. About the year 1659-60, while these and other fiend-like enactments were in force in the eastern section of the present United States, one Thomas Macy, a Baptist, who had come from England some twenty years previous, in search after a peaceful habitation in our Western wilds, and who had settled among the Puritans at Salisbury in the Massachusetts, committed a crying sin against the laws of the wrathful Cromwellites or Blueskins. And what think’st thou it was? He had dared to shelter some forlorn and houseless Quakers in his barn one tempestuous night; and for that offence was he doomed, by the Puritanic Roundheads, to undergo the signal punishment of stripes at the whipping-post! Before the day of its infliction arrived, he procured an open boat, or yawl, and with two companions, Edward Starbuck and a youth by

the name of Isaac Coleman, he launched forth upon an unknown sea,—declaring that he would pull his barque to the ends of the earth, sooner than dwell longer among beings so uncharitable and intolerant.

“Macy and his friends arrived at Nantucket, where before the white man had never dwelt. At that time two hostile tribes of Indians inhabited opposite ends of the island, numbering altogether some three thousand souls. The new comers were received with kindness by the natives; and they obtained a great but honest influence over their councils. Thus commenced the settlement of Nantucket by the whites; and in the following year one Thomas Mayhew, having obtained a grant of the island from Lord Stirling, conveyed it, in fee, to ten proprietors, each of whom chose an associate from among his brother ‘heretics;’ and the whole company of twenty, with their persecuted families, immediately thereafter took possession as proprietors in common.”

Our companion hereupon pulled forth a slip of paper from a long-worn pocket-book, from which we took the liberty of transcribing the names of the original settlers of the island. Although some of the names are now extinct, we would preserve the remainder, if possible, to their posterity. Their industry, single-mindedness and perseverance are worthy of the admiration and the imitation of their descendants.

The first ten.

Thomas Mayhew,
Thomas Macy,

Their associates.

John Smith,
Edward Starbuck,

Tristram Coffin,	Nath'l. Starbuck, (son of
Thomas Barnard,	Edw'd.,)
Peter Coffin, (son of Tris-	Robert Barnard,
tram,)	James Coffin, (brother of
Christian Hussey,	Peter,)
Stephen Greenleaf,	Robert Pike,
John Swain,	Tristram Coffin, jr.,
William Pile,	Thomas Coleman,
Richard Swain,	Nathaniel Bolton,
	Thomas Lusk,

Finishing the transcript of these venerable names, we handed back to our companion the original list. He took the paper between his finger and thumb, and with his nail resting on the third name from the top, he remarked, with a glow of pride, that the direct descendants of the senior Tristram Coffin had been computed at the enormous number of twenty-five thousand!—A prolific progenitor, and a goodly posterity, truly.

CHAPTER II.

*Benjamin Tashima, Indian Minister and Teacher.
(Grandson of Sachem Autopscot.)*

Let us enter the humble Indian school-house. The introduction of the strangers was made by Manta to the venerable Benjamin Tashima; and they were at once struck with his dignified manner and the commanding intelligence of his features. There was very little in them, except the swarthy colour of the skin, which betrayed the Indian. But for this, and the prominent cheek-bones, and the deep sunken eyes, the *caste* would not have been discoverable. Though of the true breed, and in his youth a wild ranger of a continental forest, subsequent education, and conformity to the habits of civilization had wrought an agreeable change in his person and demeanour. He had long been looked up to as the father of the tribe, which was now a fast-fading remnant. The last children of the race were before him; and, like a good man and a good Christian, he was endeavouring to smooth the way of their destiny. He was their lawgiver, their preacher, and their school-master. He inculcated, both by precept and example, sound morality and the religion of the Saviour of mankind. He was honest and benevolent; charitable and humane. His people loved him, and feared his displeasure. By his persuasion, the bane of the Indian race was banished from the little ham-

let, and a drunkard was only seen at long intervals. Industry was encouraged, and always met with its reward. It is difficult, however, to change the skin of the Ethiopian; and it did, sometimes, happen that the dogged and loose propensities of the Indian would break forth as of yore. Sullen laziness, drunkenness, petty theft, and cowardly violence—inherent qualities of the race—would prevail for a time among a few of the more dissolute; but the correcting hand of the old chief was instantly laid upon them, and the salutary discipline of the whale-ship was their punishment. A long life of vigilance and kindness he had devoted to the tribe: seventy winters had already passed over the head of the venerable Tashima, and he had, in the time, seen generation after generation of his people pass away. His red companions had dropped one by one around him, and none came to supply their places. The good old man felt melancholy at the sure indications of withering decay, which had caused his people to dwindle to a mere handful of the once terrible lords of the American forest, leaving him to stand,—solitary and alone, without the prospect of succession,—like the riven and mutilated trunk where the blasting hurricane had been busy. The LAST CHIEF of a once great and powerful nation was here; and but little more than half a century was destined to see the total extinguishment of the island race!

A portion of the industrious life of Tashima had been devoted to study; and he had succeeded, with infinite labour, in adapting his literary acquirements to the language and capacity of his tribe. He had

nourished the vain hope of preserving the nation without a cross in its blood, and the language of his people in its pristine purity. It was a magnificent conception! The design was worthy of the last, as he was the greatest, chief of the tribe. He was the last, because none succeeded him; he was the greatest, for he was the most benevolent.

Seated before him, in his little wigwam school-room, were some twenty Indian boys and girls. A gleam of intelligence shot from their dark eyes, which spoke nothing of the savage glare that is so remarkable a trait in the wild Indian when agitated or enraged; and it was equally unlike his stupid, lack-lustre eye when at rest. It was plain that "the schoolmaster had been abroad" among the tribe. Each of the little urchins was provided with a convenient board upon which a paper had been pasted, containing numerous combinations of words in the Indian tongue. These were illustrated by sensible signs or pictures. This method of delineation was an elaboration of a mode of expression already in use among the tribes of the interior, who, in all their treaties with the French and English, and, of later years, with the United States, drew, for their signature, the outline of some animal, or other object, which they had adopted for their title. Thus the "*Black Hawk*," whose depredations upon our frontiers, with less than five hundred followers, have recently called forth the merited chastisement of our government (in a campaign which has cost us more than a million of dollars, and a sacrifice of two men for every live Indian.)—makes his mark by the



Dorcas Honorable,
Last full-blooded Indian woman.
Died 1822.

From Life Daguerreotypes.



Abram Quary.
Last Indian (half-breed).
Died 1854.

strong outline of a pouncing vulture; the "Great Snake," by a coiled viper, &c. It may be apposite here to remark, that Bell, the contemporary and successful rival of Lancaster, took the hint of his plan from an inspection of similar modes of conveying instruction in India, where the pictorial method of teaching has been in use time out of mind.

The characters adopted by Tashima for the instruction of his pupils, were, in addition to his pictures, the Roman letters; and the alphabet, so far as it was necessary for conveying Indian sounds, was substantially the same as our own. The combinations of letters were, however, quite remarkable, and exhibited frequent groupings of the vowel sounds. The letter O, in duplicate, and even triplicate consecutive arrangement, frequently occurred in the lessons, and was perceptible in the deep guttural sounds which predominated in the language of Tashima. The utterance of the Indian is slow, but by no means sonorous or agreeable; yet the voice of the female, when giving vent to feelings of admiration or of pleasure, will sometimes ascend into a modulated *alto*, that falls quite musically upon the ear.

Tashima's numerous books and lessons were all in manuscript; and it is to be regretted that the printer was never called in to aid in their preservation. They would have furnished delicious *morceaux* for the literary wranglers and philologists of the present day; but, at the time we write of, a printing-press was unknown at Nantucket. Even in Boston, which some of its people still insist upon calling the

“Literary Emporium,” that persevering printer, Benjamin Franklin, could scarcely find support for his little “Weekly News-Letter.”

There are a few aged people still living at Nantucket, and elsewhere, and we might include the gallant old Admiral to whom these pages are dedicated, who remember the old chief Tashima, and will attest that there is but little romance in the faint outline here given of his occupations. But his efforts were all in vain! The aged patriarch, after a well-spent life, was shortly gathered to his fathers. Although full of years, and ripe for translation, his death was no doubt prematurely hurried on by a melancholy event connected with this history, and in which one of the characters, already introduced to the reader, had but too intimate a participation. The generation he had undertaken to instruct, grew up, and forgot the knowledge he had imparted. Their parents, no longer under his wholesome restraint, soon relapsed into the beastly habits of the Indian; the loom and the spinning-wheel were cast aside, and intemperance and abject poverty and destitution, succeeded to sober and industrious habits. A few years more, and every vestige of the race must become extinct! A solitary Indian, claiming kindred with nobody living, still wanders over the island, and must shortly sink into the nothingness of his fathers. But shall the memory of Benjamin Tashima, the virtuous and the good, be also buried in oblivion? The pages of a tale like ours are too ephemeral to warrant that it will prove otherwise. It is to be hoped that some permanent

memorial will preserve to posterity the estimable name of Tashima; for no man better deserved to have his virtues emblazoned in monumental marble.

The example of such a man—such an Indian, if you please—is worth more to posterity,—and,—the philanthropist will say,—should be dearer to it, than all the savage glories of a thousand Philips or Tecumthès, whose claims to admiration rest upon countless deeds of blood and rapine, and a very questionable valour displayed in the slaughter of women and children. May God forgive the uncharitableness!—but of such a race of miscreants we are almost ready to say—“Perdition catch their souls!”—as, like the ghosts of Banquo’s line, the red visions of their cruelties rise up before us:—But to the manes of such a truly godlike Indian as Benjamin Tashima, we would say with fervour—

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

CHAPTER III.

Miriam's Town House.

The barque of Jethro had scarcely lost sight of the island, before the first imaginings of Miriam's ambition began to be developed. She surveyed the humble range of apartments constituting her dwelling:—projected alterations and improvements;—and finally abandoned them, after counting the expense, and coming to the prudential conclusion that it would cost more to pull down, and refit, and rebuild, than it would to erect a new mansion from the foundation. She therefore sent for the chief builder of the town, and requested him to make out plans of a building, upon a scale of magnificence then unknown upon the island. At first he suggested a barn-like pile, with the usual tumble-down roof, and broad, unsightly gable to front the street. It was an approved pattern with the generality of the inhabitants, which admits of incontestible proof even unto this day. But Miriam, who had seen other houses abroad, seized her pen, and astonished the architect with her readiness at design. She first showed him the front of a double house, and gave him a sketch of the mouldings, and pilasters, and the well-imagined ornaments of the time, which were then in vogue upon the main:— and *this* front, she said, should face the street.

Here was an innovation that caused the honest

builder to stare! The plan of the roof, too, was to him an absolute marvel. With two strokes of the pen, Miriam indicated to him the fashion of the roof, which resembled the letter A,—only not quite so steep. The very simplicity of the design astonished the builder. What!—not have the roof to slope off behind, with a gradual concavity, until all the out-houses in the rear were covered by it, and its extremity should come almost in contact with the ground? And were the complex, triple pitches of the roof, on the other side, to be discarded for a single descent? Monstrous!—Yet Miriam *would* have it so, or not at all. She selected a pleasant site on the margin of the bay, which threw the front of the building to the North.

“Gadzooks!” said the builder:—“place the front towards the North!—who ever heard of such a thing before?”

The accommodation of looking out upon the bay was nothing. The prevailing fashion of fronting towards the warm South, (even though sand-banks should intervene to shut out the prospect), was everything. Miriam prevailed; and the builder acquiesced. But he had his misgivings as to her sanity. Her prudence, at any rate, he believed to be clean gone. The mansion was, nevertheless, built under the eye of Miriam; and a lapse of more than half a century still finds it one of the best-looking architectural designs upon the island. But its fine water prospect is cut off, by the multitudinous dwellings and warehouses that have since grown up between it and the shore; and you must now ascend

to its "*walk*," or terrace upon the roof, and take your station by the side of the pole supporting the weather-cock, if you would look forth upon the sea.

If the Moslems have their minarets at the top of their dwellings, from which to call their neighbours to prayer at mid-day,—so have—or rather *had*, the Sherburne people their "crows' nests" at the tops of theirs, to look out upon the deep in every direction, and from whence to convey the first news of a homeward-bound ship to the people below. All the ancient buildings of the town still display these convenient look-out places.

Simultaneously with the building of her magnificent town house, Miriam had determined to erect a country seat, a luxury never before thought of on the island. It was a piece of extravagance that no one could comprehend. But her mystery was her own, and she permitted no one to penetrate it. Miriam had ulterior designs:—and the signs of a political storm, which her foresight predicted would shortly break forth, were, in fact, her chief inducements for selecting the distant and lonely spot, whereon to place her country mansion.

A long and narrow bay, navigable only for small vessels, but connected with the main harbour of Nantucket, runs up towards the eastern part of the island. Near the extremity of this bay were the remains of an ancient Indian settlement, close upon the margin of the estuary; and the place still bears the Indian name of "*Quaise*." The Indians had once planted their wigwams upon the little knoll of land that overlooked the water; and upon this same hill

did Miriam determine to build the foundation of her house. The land declined gently to the borders of a small pellucid lake, in which fishes of many varieties sported, as yet unharmed and unvexed by the angler. Altogether the location was inviting and preferable to any other within the same distance of the town; and it was, besides, approachable by water without exposure to the sea. From the hill a broad blue expanse of ocean was visible, shut out by a long low bar of sand that embraced the bay. To the eastward, at the extremity of the harbour, on another gentle declivity, stood, at the time, the little Indian settlement of "Eat-Fire-Spring," with its circular wigwams. These were the only habitations of human beings within sight of Quaise. The back-ground was a vast heath, broken only here and there by a slight undulation in the plain. The romance of the island is in its water prospects; there is none in its heathy plains and stunted bushes.

The progress of building the country-seat,—its details of stone and mortar, and timber and shingles, we will not inflict upon our readers, for to them, as to us, they would be uninteresting. Suffice it, that the country-seat,—a splendid thing of its kind,—was built at a great expense, and was long afterwards familiarly known as "Miriam's Folly." When last we saw it, time and exposure to storms had covered it with a mossy coating, and it was occupied by an industrious farmer and his family, who seemed to take a pride in speaking of its origin and its peculiarities.

A peaceable lodgment being effected in the town

house,—which had been garnished anew with furniture, conforming in splendour to its outward finish,—a party was projected under Miriam's auspices, who were to go in calèches to take formal possession of, and to regale themselves at, the country mansion,—which had also previously been comfortably and even elegantly fitted up with all that was necessary for its occupancy.

A train of one-horse, two-wheeled, springless carriages was got ready to the number of half a dozen, which were seen emerging from the outskirts of the town on a pleasant morning towards the close of September, 1774. The van, as was fitting, was led by Miriam and her daughter, under the escort of Grimshaw, who took upon himself to be charioteer for the occasion. Three high-backed, rush-bottomed chairs, were lashed with cords to the sides or the gunwale of the cart; and being spread over with some soft covering, (a checkered coverlet, or a figured counterpane)—the riders were as well accommodated as the outward indulgence in the luxury of the times would warrant. There were then no carriages with springs—no gigs,—nor stanhopcs,—nor coaches with luxurious seats. It was many years after this before even a chaise was tolerated on the island; and when two of these, with wooden elbow springs, were introduced by some of the wealthier families, the hue-and-cry of persecution was set up against them: and their owners were fain to abandon the monstrosities, and betake themselves again to their calèches. One chaise, however, was allowed to be retained by an invalid; but it is related

that even he was not permitted to keep and to use it, unless upon all proper occasions he would consent to lend it for the use of the sick.

Next in order came the vehicle of our somewhat neglected friend, Peleg Folger, (the kinsman of Miriam,) and his daughter Mary; and these were attended, merry and mercurial as ever by the fashionable Imbert in his red coat and powdered wig. But Imbert and Mary,—who by this time had arrived at much familiarity of speech and intercourse,—had all the talk to themselves;—interrupted, to be sure, once in a while, by “minnows and mack’rel!”—the peculiar phrase of Peleg, as he chided and urged on his fat horse, from a lazy walk to a still slower jog-trot, over the smooth and almost trackless heath.

Cars, holding some of the wealthy townspeople, came next. These guests had been invited by Miriam to take a share in the social jaunt; but although this was held forth as her ostensible design in asking the company of her neighbours, she secretly wished to observe the effect of her splendour, and what she believed to be her first approaches to greatness, upon her companions.

On arriving at her mansion, Miriam descended quickly from her calèche and entered the new dwelling. When her visitors had disengaged themselves from their traveling paraphernalia, she was found ready at the door of her country seat to welcome them. She gave them a reception which was thought, at the moment, to be rather formal and grandiloquent, for one who had been accustomed to the plain mode of

speech and manner, peculiar to those professing the unsophisticated ways of the Quakers: but this was soon forgotten by her visitors, or remembered but slightly, amidst the earnestness with which she pressed her hospitality upon the wondering islanders.

The guests were received in a carpeted drawing room, furnished and adorned with luxuries which strangely contrasted with the plain and scanty articles of household garniture, that they had left at home in their own houses. Allowing a proper time for refreshment, as well as for indulgence in curiosity, Miriam led her guests to other parts of the building, whose appointments excited equal wonder with those of the reception chamber.

The grandeur of the hostess showed itself somewhat after the manner of the sailor, who had seen and admired the vest of his Admiral,—the facings of which had been manufactured of costly figured silk-velvet. The jack-tar, being paid off on his coming into port, forthwith sought out a fashionable tailor and contracted for a similar waistcoat, whose linings, as well as facings, should alike be made of the rich material. Meeting the Admiral in his wanderings, he stripped off his roundabout and displayed his vest fore-and-aft, exclaiming, in the pride of his heart, as he made a complete revolution on his heel—“No *sham* here, you see, Admiral!—Stem and stern alike, my old boy!” It was even so with Miriam. From the garret to the kitchen every thing was complete. Her upper chambers were arranged with a neat display of all that was convenient as well as ornamental. The parlour was by no means furnished at the expense of

the sleeping chambers or the kitchen; and Miriam felt a matronly pleasure in giving ocular demonstration of the fact. There was no *sham* there;—stem and stern—fore-and-aft, were alike admirable.

Her half-brother Peleg surveyed the whole in mute astonishment. When he had, as he thought, seen all within, he proceeded to the kitchen and lit his pipe:—and thereupon he sallied forth to take an outward view of the premises. Here, as his mind became completely filled and running over with wonder, and after making a due estimate of the prodigal expense, he was observed to take his pipe from his mouth, and to puff out a long whiff of smoke.

“Minnows and mack’rel!” said he slowly, as he footed up, and comprehended, the vast outlays which his sister had incurred, for nothing in the world but to indulge in the unheard-of vanity of a country mansion.

Peleg had never heard of Anaxagoras: but he meant precisely the same thing, at this time, by the above peculiar exclamation, as did the philosopher, whose opinion had been asked in relation to a costly imperial monument:—“What a deal of good money,” said Anaxagoras, as he gazed at the pile, “has here been changed into useless stone!”

“Why, Miriam!—Miriam, I say!” shouted Peleg, at the top of his “tin-pipe voice,” as he finished his survey of the wonders of Quaise.

“I hear thee, Peleg:—thou speakest to every body as if they were thick of hearing: what would’st thou, Peleg?”

“I am sorely amazed, and troubled at thy extrava-

gance; and I have called to thee aloud to tell thee so. I will uplift my voice in reproof, *in* season and *out* of season, against such shameless waste of thy husband's property;—and I take these good people to witness, that I cry aloud, and spare not!”

“Go to, Peleg,” said Miriam; “we have enough of the world's goods and to spare, and shall not miss the trifle that thou would'st cry so loud over. I have built this pleasant dwelling, out of town here, as much to set such close-handed misers as thou an example of spending money worthily, as to furnish a retreat from the close air, and the dust, and the turmoil of the town, in seasons when enjoyment may be had abroad.”

“Dust and turmoil, indeed!” said Peleg: “and talkest thou of close air in the town!—minnows and mack'rel! who ever heard of such downright nonsense? The air is as free and untainted in the settlement, as it is hereaway among the rotting seaweed of this choked harbour of Quaise, and the swamps of the stagnant ponds in the neighbourhood.”

Miriam did not much relish the freedom of Peleg's speech, whom, heretofore, she had always found a pliant echo of her own opinions;—but then she forgot that her former actions and performances were the results of wise counsels and profound calculation; and she did not sufficiently credit Peleg for independence of opinion about matters with which he was familiar. The building of a costly house, and that house, too, so far away from town, was the height of folly in Peleg's eyes. His opinion remained unchanged after he had resumed his investigations: and more closely inspected

the interior. He found, by accident, a range of small apartments, curiously leading from one to the other, with doors unnecessarily opening in several directions, and having bolts, and bars, and ponderous fastenings, incomprehensible in their use. He lost himself in the labyrinth, by following a flight of steps, that led from one of these mysterious closets to hidden places beneath the house: and he stumbled along a dark vaulted passage, and up another flight of steps, which led to a small trapdoor concealed among some bushes, and opening near the water of the bay. Peleg whistled outright as he emerged into the light of day, and with more than his usual emphasis he ejaculated—"Minnows and mack'rel! the woman's crazy—stark, staring mad!"

Miriam had lost sight of Peleg in his wanderings: but she caught a glimpse of him just as his head peeped through the trap-door from beneath the ground. He had seen more than she intended should be disclosed to any of her visitors; and she hastened, with real anxiety, to put a stopper upon his speech, before he should let others into the secret. It was no easy matter, however, to lead Peleg away from a subject upon which he could discourse so eloquently, as the extravagance and waste which his eyes had beheld, and of which his kinswoman had been guilty:—and she was right glad when it was proposed and voted that the whole party should walk over to the Indian settlement at the Spring. Miriam forthwith took the arm of Peleg, and walked briskly forward; and she thus effectually secured her plans from further exposure. The other members of the company paired off

with one another, and strolled after them at their leisure.

Miriam's purpose had been so far accomplished, that she knew her visitors would not rest until the whole town should be made acquainted with the magnificence of her country establishment: and she also knew that in proportion as she affected magnificence, so she would excite the envy of the people; and that, in fact, by her assumption of superiority, it would eventually come to be a thing conceded,—and she would thus, by degrees, lay the foundation of her greatness among her townsmen.

CHAPTER IV.

The Shearing.

No one who has ever voyaged to Nantucket at this interesting period, has sojourned with regret, or gone away unamused or uninstructed. The Shearing, which lightens many thousands of sheep of their fleece, and adds proportionately to the wealth of the people, was celebrated with a "pomp and circumstance" before the Revolution that is, perhaps, not equalled by the parade of the present day. We are not among those who value the past at the expense of the present, and would fain assert that no unseemly innovation has been suffered to creep in upon this time-honoured festival,—nor to retrench the homely, but well ordered—nay, liberal provision, that of yore was furnished forth. It is not likely, however, that the festal day will ever be forgotten, though its splendours may be somewhat dimmed. At any rate, it is still kept sacred by the islanders, and the proper day of the month of June is regularly marked upon the calendar as the advent thereof.

It is remarkable that war, though it has more than once sensibly diminished the number of the flocks annually submitted to trenchant instruments of the island shepherds—and terrible and overwhelming as it has always proved to Nantucket especially,—it is remarkable, we repeat, that it has never put its extinguisher upon the merry sheep shearing. Amidst sufferings the most intense, and privations the most

appalling, it has been kept as a holyday season for more than a hundred years, and without the interregnum of a single year. Its undoubted antiquity thus carries it back to a period long prior to the existence of the Republic; while its observance, both ancient and modern, has been as regular as that of the national jubilee. It is a rational holyday of labour and recreation—of toil and profit—of enjoyment, unsullied by dissipation or excesses. Long may it endure—and long may it prove the source of happiness, and of increase of store to the worthy island dwellers!

By early cockerowing, the plain, or common, which we have elsewhere spoken of, was ornamented with its yearly complement of camp tents and awnings of canvass, marshalled in approved array, and skirting the area in the vicinage of the sheep-pens. The flocks scattered here and there since the shearing of the previous year, had been carefully collected, and after the inspection of the marks of the owners, and the customary washing in the limpid waters of Miacomet, had been folded in temporary enclosures. They were thus kept in readiness for the operation of shearing. The poet Thomson gives a vivid description of a sheep-washing in his own land, and has saved us the trouble of entering into the same preliminary particulars:—

“They drive the troubled flocks
To where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore,
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys,
Ere the soft fearful creatures to the flood

Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in;
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And pant and labour to the farthest shore.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed
Head above head; and, ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit and whet the sounding shears."

By sunrise the selectmen, or magnates, dressed in their "best-bib-and-tucker," were seen moving towards the common in a body. The solemn importance of the office, and the magnitude of their calling, were observable in their prim and sedate carriage, while acting in their official capacity of umpires or judges in the division of the fleece, or in determining the ownership of the sheep whose marks had been obliterated or defaced. Next came the inhabitants and their guests—staying not for precedence, or the order of going forth—but bending their hasty steps to the common. These were immediately followed by a train of carts and calêches, or those little two-wheeled vehicles peculiar to Nantucket, and adapted, by their uncommon lightness and small friction of the hub and axle to the sandy soil—if such may be dignified by the name of soil which forms the super-stratum of the island. The heavier and more capacious carriages were laden with the profusion of good things, carefully provided against the great day by every family, and destined for the comfortable refreshment of the body during the progress of the shearing. Each family had reared its own tent, and now garnished the subur-

ban board with its choicest provisions. With some, the savings of a whole year were liberally and anxiously appropriated to furnish the various appointments of tents and camp equipage, and the other paraphernalia of meats, breadstuffs, and vegetables. The rare teas of the East, so shortly destined to provoke a bloody quarrel between Great Britain and her stubborn daughter: the confectionery of the West Indies, and the substantial *et cetera* of their own island and adjacent coast: foreign wine, of generous vintage—seldom used except upon rare occasions, by these people of simple habits: home-made fermentations and pleasant beverages: the freshest produce of the domestic dairy, in all its variety of rose-impregnated butter, yielded by means of the tender herbage of June: pot-cheese, curds and cream, and the venerable cheese, which in distant countries would pass current for “Parmesan,” pies of dried fruit, custards, and tarts of cranberry: cakes of flour, mixed up with ginger and treacle, and the more costly and ambitious pound-cake, stuffed with raisins, and frosted over with an incrustation of sugar, resembling ice: puddings of bread, of rice, and of Indian meal, enriched with eggs: pickles of cucumber, beans, beets, and onions;—these and all the other eatables and accompaniments, which a prudent and well instructed housewife can imagine, or put down upon a catalogue, after a week’s thinking and preparation, were plentifully provided, and importunately—after the good old American fashion,—piled and pressed upon the pewter platters of the thronging guests, as long as the shearing lasted, or a hungry customer could be found.

While the tables beneath the tents were spread with snow-white linen, and decorated with the choicest and best provisions by the matrons, the sturdy and vigorous men were hard at work among the sheep. It was the pride and boast of these people, in that day, to rear the best sheep in the colonies;—and wool as fine, though without the Merino cross, and mutton as fat as any found in America, were the produce of the excellent breed possessed by the Nantucketers, whose flocks in the aggregate numbered some twenty thousand head. It was, therefore, no trifling job to shear the fleece from so many animals; and, although a day of leisure and pastime to most of the islanders, especially the females, it was to the men a busy and laborious season, and, at the same time, to strangers a curious and highly gratifying display.

“—The glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace;
Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp the cipher, ready stand;—
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Fear not, ye gentle tribes!—'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the swain's well guided shears.”

It was not, however, the congregation of the flocks, and the temptations for the appetite, that solely constituted the interest of the scene. The shearing, as it is called, is seized upon, also, as a fitting occasion for the free interchange of those friendly courtesies

that so signally distinguish and cement the families of the island, whose pursuits and whose gains, whether on land or on sea,—are in a measure common to the whole. The success of one is sure to bring gain and prosperity to his neighbour. Their sheep and their cattle feed and herd together on the same unenclosed pasturage, which of itself is owned in common by the islanders, and denominated the property of the town. The success of a whaling ship at sea brings joy and worldly store, not only to the owners, but to the crew and their families in their due proportions. The people are thus linked together by the strongest ties;—by a sort of community of interest. The failure of pasturage, or blight in the flocks, curtails the enjoyments of all; and a disastrous voyage affects, in the same degree, the property and happiness of all the members of the little community—

——“If there is sorrow there,
It runs through many bosoms;—but a smile
Lights up, in eyes around, a kindred smile.”

But there are other considerations that weigh with the inhabitants, and mark the wisdom of the founders, if so they may be called, of this annual festival. Friends and relatives, long sundered and kept apart by a wide expanse of water, now make it a point to cross the Sound which divides them; and a pretty general assemblage upon the island at the shearing, though but for once in the year, compensates in a considerable degree for the long separation, and for the slender and unvarying amusements of the isolated settlement. The reunion is not unlike that of the aged

grandfather who assembles his children and his grandchildren, during the Christmas holydays, at his own festive board; and, by promoting general hilarity and exciting the buoyant mirth of his youthful descendants, adds thereby to his own happiness, while he contributes to that of those who surround him.

The hour of eating approached, and was welcomed by the worshipful the Selectmen, "and all others in authority," as well as by the industrious clippers of wool and the gadders after amusement: who all sat down, as they could find places in the tents, and intermingled without ceremony. It may perhaps be a work of supererogation to inform the reader that, thus circumstanced, they fell to work upon a substantial and "glorious breakfast." To attack and demolish huge mountains of toast, vast broiled slices of the unequalled salmon, caught by the Indians and brought in cars from the waters of the wild region of the Penobscot, cutlets of veal, slices of mutton, ham boiled and peppered in various dark spots, and garnished at intervals with cloves, beefsteaks swimming in butter, the finest flavored fish which but an hour before were sporting in the sea—but which now appeared in the various garbs of "roasted, baked, and boiled, and brown:"—we say, to attack and demolish these comfortable appliances, and to wash them down with a strong mug of coffee or tea, was but the work of a few minutes; for the Americans are quick eaters, and the invigorating air, and the morning's exercise had whetted the appetite of the multitude. And yet there was enough for all, and many baskets to spare, without the imputation of a miracle.

The savoury and hearty meal was further supplied, or we may say "topped off," with amazing quantities of a species of animal called by the islanders the "Pooquaw," and sometimes by the other Indian name of "Quohog." These are found in great numbers on the sandy shores of the island; and, but for their great plenty in the northern parts of America, they would be esteemed a delicious luxury.

Lest we may not be well understood while we speak of the inimitable quohog, and, by our obscurity, engender doubts of its inexhaustible abundance, it may be well to inform the gentle reader and enlighten his understanding. Its aboriginal name, and that which it still holds in the oldest parts of America, is just as we have written it down. Nevertheless the "*quo-hog*" hath neither bristles nor tail, nor is it a quadruped, as its name would seem to import; but it is in truth a species of shell-fish, which naturalists, in the plenitude of their lore, denominate *bivalvular*. It is grievous further to say, in explanation, that its original and sonorous name, and that by which it is still known in Nantucket, has been made to yield, by the pestilent spirit of innovation in the middle states, to the flat, insipid and unsounding title of—the clam! Spirit of the erudite Barnes, the conchologist—spirits of Sir Joseph Banks, and Sir Humphrey Davy—spirit of the learned Mitchell—could you not, in the course of your long and well-spent lives, hit upon a more expressive and euphonious jaw-cracker for the persecuted quohog, than the abominable name of "*clam*?"

The manner of cooking the quohog in the most

palatable way at the "*Squantums*" of Nantucket, as oracularly given out by the knowing Peleg Folger, was resorted to on this occasion, to eke out the foregoing meal. Even unto this day, some of the eastern people adopt the same method, to "stap the vitals" of the quohog at their "roast-outs" or forest junketings. As to the peculiar mode of cooking, we adopt the argument of Peleg, even as he learnedly discussed the matter while arranging a bed of the aforesaid bivalvular shell-fish on the morning of the shearing. Imprimis—The quohogs were placed upon the bare ground, side by side, with their mouths biting the dust. The burning coals of the camp-fires, which had done the office of boiling and broiling, were removed from under the cross-trees, where hung the pot and tea-water kettle, and applied plentifully to the backs of the quohogs. In a few minutes after the application of the fire, the cooking was declared to be at an end, and the roasting of the quohogs complete. The steam of the savoury liquor, which escaped in part without putting out the fire, preserved the meat in a par-boiled state, and prevented it from scorching, or drying to a cinder, and the whole virtue of the fish from being lost. The ashes of the fire were effectually excluded by the position in which the animal was placed at the beginning; and the heat as completely destroyed the tenacity of the hinge which connected the shells.

"And now," said Peleg, "take a few on thy platter; remove the upper shell, and apply a hump of fresh butter and a sprinkling of pepper and salt." Our blessings on thee, Peleg Folger. The morsel, if taken hot, might be envied by an eastern emperor, whose

palate is pampered by bird-nest delicacies; or by the exquisite gourmand of any nation. But in America, who eats a clam or a quohog? None but the wise—and that includes a majority of the people:—the fashionable, never—more's the pity.

“Just in time for the quohogs, eh?” exclaimed Peleg Folger, as, blowing like a porpoise, he ran his head under the tent of Jethro Coffin;—“A meal without quohogs goes for nothing with me. But, minnows and mack’rel! as near as I can make it out, I’ve come behind the feast, and I’m in a fair way to have the quohogs served up without the meal;—and it all comes of my running after the rascally ram that jumped over the shear-pen, followed by the other four-and-thirty imps of Sathan, that the S’lackmen put under my charge to gather wool from. Cousin Miriam,—a cup of thy tea,—ah, it’s always the best on the island; where did’st thou light on it, pray?—a slice of that ham, Jethro—a little toast and a few of thy pickles, Miriam,—and then—I shall be ready for the quohogs. Whew! I’ll just throw my coat on the bench, and hang my wig on the peg of the upright there;—now then for a morsel to stay my stomach. I hope thy tea is hot, Miriam, for I’m summat warm with running; and hot tea, thou know’st cools one so nicely.”

Thus warbled the musical Peleg, as, with the utmost nonchalance, he took possession of a seat at the board of Jethro. It was nevertheless no intrusion;—he might have done the same thing with impunity at any other table on the common. His own tent, had he sought it among the many similar

temporary shelterings, he would have found occupied by some of his neighbors and friends, who cared as little as himself where they sated their hunger or slaked their thirst. When both these had been reasonably appeased, and Peleg began to be afflicted with loss of appetite, he came to discover that other persons besides himself were in the tent;—though Jethro and Miriam had made their escape, leaving Ruth and Isaac to do the honours of the morning to Peleg. Between the pauses of his slackening efforts at mastication, he found leisure to address himself to the persons present; for when not employed in eating it was painful to restrain his tongue.

“So, Isaac, thou hast found thy way to the shear-in’ again,” said Peleg: “How didst thou relish the sea?—rather sickish at the stomach once-in-a-while, eh? Didst thou strike a whale, Isaac?”

“Besure I did,” answered Isaac, with the proud bearing of a young whaler: “Dost thou think I would be gone three years, and not use a harpoon on a whale?”

“But thou’rt quite young, Isaac, and hardly strong enough to do execution on a ‘parmacitty.’”

“Young or old, cousin Peleg, I’ve done the deed more than once, and have fairly earned my share of the Leviathan’s cargo.”

“I warrant me,” said Peleg, with a knowing wink,—“young as thou wast, thou hadst some damsel in thine eye, who told thee not to come back without killing a whale, under penalty of losing her favour. Thou hast heard of the female combination at Sherburne? Thy sister Ruth can tell thee all about it, and translate to thee the meaning of my words.”

CHAPTER V.

The Dance in the Loft.

There are, or were, no ball-rooms in Nantucket; and it was with dismay that the committee of arrangement, on the morning of the shearing, reported progress—if being foiled at every turn in obtaining a room suitable for dancing and finally being beaten to a stand-still, may be so reported. The cards of invitation, or rather “*invites*,” by word of mouth, silyly whispered, with an injunction of secrecy, by way of *nota bene*, were given out; and it now became an affair of honour, as well as of credit, to make the invitations good. What was to be done? Several of the empty warehouses, or oil-stores, could with but little preparation be put in order for the reception of the company; and it was a matter of perfect indifference, as to the appearance of the place, if a spacious room could be obtained where dancing could be going on with comfort:—but such a place was not to be had for the asking, nor for love;—much less could it be obtained for money, when the object was made known. The bare proposition to any of the owners would have defeated the whole scheme, and rendered any subsequent attempt to get up a ball abortive: for the opposition and the ire of the Selectmen would have been roused.—and then—“good night to *Marmion*!” Secrecy was, therefore, the watchword; and he or she who could

not keep the secret was unworthy of dancing. Ulysses gave a similar intimation to Telemachus, when he whispered in his ear—“*Quiconque ne sait pas se taire, est indigne de gouverner.*”

The second story of Jethro Coffin's storehouse, situated near the wharf, had been cleared of its contents for a considerable time, in anticipation of the arrival of his ships. Nothing but the intervention of the shearing had prevented its being filled to overflowing with oil-barrels from the Leviathan; and the following morning was set apart for breaking bulk, and for the transfer of a portion of her cargo to the building. The situation was sufficiently remote from the habitations of the uninitiated islanders; the noise of the fiddle would scarcely be heard in the town, and Jethro would retire to bed early—and so would doubtless the rest of the *mag-nates*, after a day of toil upon the common. The young men were desperate—it was noon of the day—a place *must* be had:—Jethro Coffin's loft was a good loft—a capital and capacious room—he would surely know nothing of its occupation until all was over.—and *then*, what if he did?

Thus pushed to extremities, there appeared no alternative but to take possession of the empty store-room; and the committee forthwith agreed among themselves that Jethro's loft should be the ball-room, and that young Isaac should be called in as an adjunct committee-man;—and this for two reasons:—first, because he might otherwise feel himself neglected, and so blab of the base uses to which the premises of his father were about to come; and

second, because certain keys, to which Isaac could have access, were necessary to unlock certain doors of entrance and egress. Violence would scarcely be tolerated; and indeed it could by no means be resorted to. A convenient flight of steps led to the second story from the outside; and the drawing of a bolt would give them admission, without the necessity of passing through the lower apartment, which was stowed with barrels, cordage, sea-stores, and apparatus for whale-fishing; and withal was by no means a pleasant entrance for the revellers. Isaac was therefore hastily sought out, and the project was warily proposed to him.

"Neighbour Isaac, how dost thou do?—Fine sport this, once more, after thy three years' absence!" said one of the managers to the lad, as he found him strolling among the shear-pens, munching a huge piece of gingerbread.

"To-be-sure!" said Isaac; "nobody enjoys it more than I do."

"Art thou going to the dance to-night, Isaac?"

"I should like to go very well, but I've got no *invite*,"—answered he.

"Oh, that's easily managed," replied the manager; "and we've put thy name on the list. Thou must not miss coming by any means;—I hear there are a number of smart little girls from New Bedford, with black eyes and rosy cheeks, who are setting their caps for thee—and they will all be at the dance to-night;—so thou see'st that thou'rt expected."

"Indeed!—I'll come,—thou may'st be sure on't.

said Isaac, "but where dost thou hold the dance?"

"Why, to tell thee a truth, and a secret to boot, we have not yet made up our minds as to the place. Canst thou not put thy wits at work, and help us in our extremity? There's Peleg Folger's shanty—but we don't like it altogether: it's rather old, and the floor is none of the best—and then he's had the cooper at work for some time, and it might be dangerous to carry lights in among the shavings:—then there's neighbor Hussey's storehouse: but it's full of tar and grease, and the fry-kettles are in the way. What dost think of thy father's loft?"

"There's not a larger nor a better place on the island," replied Isaac, upon whom the invitation from his seniors, and the story of the New Bedford girls, with black eyes and cherry cheeks, added to the morning's lecture of Peleg Folger, had their full effect.

"Well, then, suppose thou should'st take a turn with us down to the landing, and help us to arrange a little; thou'rt not particularly engaged, I see?"

"Not in the least," replied Isaac: "I'll give thee all the assistance in my power to set the dance a-going. Truly a shearing without a dance would be a new thing with us. But it is time thou should'st be at thy preparations, if thou dost intend to have **anything** but bare clap-boards and shingles to look at."

"Thou art right, friend Isaac: and we are well reminded that it is time to be stirring. By-the-by, thou had'st better run and get the key of the storehouse, and we will meet thee at the door. Hark, in

thine ear,—there's no particular necessity for telling thy father about the affair. He will know all about it in due season, thou know'st."

"I understand," said Isaac, winking and placing his finger knowingly by the side of his nose;—and away he scampered for the key.

"There—that's well got over," said the manager, "and our prospects begin to brighten up apace."

"But," observed another committee-man, "suppose we should be thwarted in obtaining possession—or suppose, after we do effect a lodgement, and all is arranged for the dance, that neighbour Jethro should get wind of the trespass, and come in and order us away—eh? What say'st thou to that?"

"Never fear—never fear; he'll be none the wiser till it is all over. The chances are in our favour, in consequence of the delay in making preparation. I'll tell thee how we've managed such things before. A sentinel must be posted to give us notice of interlopers, and the cabin of some convenient vessel, with a strong padlock for security, will serve to imprison a spy for a time;—or, for lack of a cabin, I would consent to head up the ill-natured fellow in an oil-cask, sooner than be defeated after all this trouble. Jethro Coffin was once a young man himself, and is up to all these tricks;—so that if he does get information of the dance, he will be wise enough to go to bed quietly, and forbear to thrust his head into the lion's mouth."

"Thou art a veteran, and a daring manager, truly," replied his companion; "and I will follow in thy wake with the obedience of a pupil. But

Isaac comes,—and see!—he holds the key up in token of his success.”

Isaac now made his appearance, and applied the key to the yielding lock. Having admitted the managers through the inside passages to the loft, the door opening upon the outer stairway was unbolted, and the trapdoor over the store-room secured against intrusion from below. The committee-men were soon reinforced, and they went about their task in good earnest. Jethro's key was shortly afterwards hanging in its usual place at his dwelling-house, over the mantel-piece. The reader will pardon us for being thus particular about small matters, because we are anxious to show what pains were taken, by the young men of the time, to hoodwink the authorities, both legal and parental, in a community that was once, if not now, accused of being Puritanic and over-strict in their manners and habits.

Many hands make light work, they say: and some twenty young and athletic men soon completed the decorations of the loft. The beams and the rough siding were quickly covered with the spare white canvas of the neighboring vessels—the festooning of which was much easier and better accomplished by the sinewy hands of the sailor-managers, than it could possibly have been by the delicate touch of a modern upholsterer. It is said that the Grecian architect took the hint of his capital, from a bush of acanthus drooping from a flower-pot; and why should not the sailor learn the art of festoning from the brailing of a sail, or from the graceful appear-

ance of a half-flowing sheet when he is reefing. There are more natural folds in the drapery of a ship's canvas on various occasions of enlarging or taking in sail, than a landsman would dream of. Therefore, let the fresh-water critic put a stopper upon his smile, if, haply, one should light up his vinegar countenance, at the idea of a sailor turning upholsterer.

Flags of every description, and eke of every maritime nation extant, were procured from the same source that yielded the canvas. The stripes and the stars,—the handsomest of national emblems, were then not in being. The grouping of the party-coloured hunting upon the white ground of the canvas, and the festooning overhead to hide the rafters of the building, were not so soon arranged as the ground-work. But by dint of putting up, and taking down to alter for the better, and a deal of consultation upon every point of the display, it was at last agreed that the ornaments could not be improved in arrangements, nor be placed so as to present a more finished *coup d'œil* to the spectator. The lighting of the apartment next claimed the grave consultation of the committee. But how could that be a subject for long consultation, when oil of the best, and candles of the whitest sperm, were the staples of the island? There were ship-lamps to be had for the asking; and the lamp apparatus of the lighthouse, which still lay untouched and uninjured where it had fallen, was to be had for the trouble of picking it up. Chandeliers, to be let down from the peak of the roof, were easily sup-

plied, by boring holes in barrel heads, and suspending them with light cordage, from which the incomparable sperm-taper would send forth its clean light, as well as from a more costly piece of workmanship. A dressing-room for the ladies at one end of the apartment, and a closet for refreshments at the other, were prepared by stretching sails across the room, whose blank and bald appearance was relieved by festooned flags, and bunches of party-coloured signals, fancifully grouped. Benches placed round the entire space of the ball-room, covered with clean ravens-duck, unrolled from the bolt, furnished seats for at least two hundred guests. These arrangements being completed, the floor next claimed attention. The holy-stones of the craft in the harbour were put in requisition; and a vigorous application of these abominations of the sailor, over a plentiful supply of soap and sand, soon reduced the asperities of the planking, and rendered the floor sufficiently smooth on the surface for dancing. The trundling mop did the rest, and put the finish to the arduous duties of the committee-men:—who now, with arms a-kimbo, surveyed their handiwork with no little pride and exultation.

“We have two hours yet to sundown,” said one of the active managers, “and have barely time to spread the information among those who have received invitation to the dance. Let us retire; an ablution, and a change of dress, will do some of us no harm—particularly those who have sealed the rafters among Jethro’s cobwebs.”

The door of the ball-room was carefully closed,

and the managers went into the town. Presently young men and women might be seen scudding from house to house, where a nod, and a wink, and a whisper, or a telegraphic signal from the fingers, told the news that all things were prepared for the dance. The information spread, also, among the young folks who yet lingered on the common; and by sundown all the *invitees* were rigged out in their best, and ready to steer for the metamorphosed storeroom of the unconscious Jethro.

The secret was well kept as to the place of meeting; and even Miriam, and the other staid dames, could only conjecture that a dance was on the carpet, by the unusual attention of their daughters to their personal appearance, after the amusements of the day were supposed to be over. By a species of management, which the young ladies of Sherburne were obliged to resort to, and which is well understood by all other females who are bent upon the gratification of their wishes, they slipped off under various pretences,—such as a walk, or a visit to a neighbour,—in company with their favoured swains; and when evening began to gather, the ball-room began to fill. The young damsels were delighted with what they saw, and they took every opportunity to praise the zeal and taste which had been exerted, “at the shortest possible notice,” in their behalf; and they essayed to recompense, by their smiles, and their cheerful behaviours, the projectors of the entertainment which would wind up the festivities of the Island Carnival. Who, but a sour old hunk, would put his veto upon an amusement so

congenial to the buoyant feelings of the young,—especially on a day like the shearing!

But alas!—what a short-sighted animal is man! How small a thing is sufficient to disperse his visions of glory, and becloud the bright colours of the rainbow! Napoleon, it is said, would have gained his last battle, and riveted the chains of Europe, but for a trivial accident: and Columbus would have missed the discovery that gave him a deathless fame, except for the appearance of a few straggling spears of seaweed, as he was on the point of putting his ship about to return homeward. The great machinery of life—as well as that which brings happiness to mankind, or gives peace and plenty to a nation, is equally dependent upon trifles for its nice adjustment and regularity of motion. The drawing of a bolt or a pin, which a man may move with his little finger, will set an entire establishment at work, which gives bread and employment to a thousand human beings—and for further illustration—the scraping of a single bow upon the strings of a fiddle will set a whole ball-room in active motion.

In the hurry of “getting up” the preparations for the dance, not a thought had been bestowed upon the fiddler—the very mainspring of the great movement! Certes, it was a most unfortunate oversight; for some five score of dancers were already assembled, and stood on tiptoe with expectation, and waited, with beating hearts and anxious palpitations, for the signal to begin. But if the dancers appeared with beating hearts, how much more did the hearts

of the managers beat with anxiety and throb with dismay!

"We are all aback!" exclaimed one, as with blanched cheek he hurriedly gathered some half dozen of his coadjutors into a corner: "devil a fiddler have we provided for, and not a man is there on the island who can draw a bow!"

"The devil!" exclaimed the rest, in concert.

"What is to be done? I would give a barrel of the best sperm, if Captain Jonathan Coleman was here. He doffs the Quaker, and plays the fiddle, at sea; although he wears his big beaver and shad-belly when ashore. We might press him into the service, if Jethro's other ship had arrived:—zounds! was there ever anything so unfortunate!"

"What's the matter?" asked a manager who had just come in: "why a'nt you on the floor, jigging it away to some lively tune?"

"Matter enough, my friend!" was the reply. "we have no tune to jig to—*no fiddler, d—n it!*"

"*The devil!*"

"We have called upon that gentleman often enough, and I don't see that he is forthcoming to aid us in our strait:—But hist!—listen!—what is that? Speak of the devil, and straightway his imp appears! There is a fiddle a-going somewhere in this vicinity, or my ears deceive me. Don't you hear the squeak? Come!—let us follow up the sound in a body: and be he man, or devil, forth he shall come,—unless he be too unsubstantial for our grasp!"

"Ay—ay!" exclaimed another. "I'll lend a hand to bring him, will he, nill he:—at all events, he *shall*

fiddle for us. 'whether he will or no—Tom Collins!' "

The affair did not brook delay, and forth rushed the managers in pursuit of the fiddler,—exciting, by their conduct, no little wonder in the ball-room. They traced the sounds of the scraper of catgut, until he was fairly made out to be the black cook of a sloop, that had lately arrived from New York, and was waiting for a cargo of oil. The negro was the sole tenant of the little vessel, and was amusing himself in the cabin, during the absence of the commander, by running over his short catalogue of dancing tunes, which he played "*by ear*;" that is to say, mechanically, without knowing one note from another. He was now playing them for the thousand and first time, and had, of course, by much practice, got them well established in his memory. He was one of that numerous tribe of self-taught violin players that inhabit the Dutch neighborhood, along the shore of New Jersey, and in sight of the city of New York. The spot most prolific in such ebony artists, is familiarly known by the name of Communipahg.

The black, who was now sawing away for his own edification, had played many a night, and all night, at the frolics in and round about the little village of Bergen, while the untiring Dutch girls and their athletic admirers "stomp'd it down" to his rattling music. He was just the man for the dance at Jethro's storehouse: and, as time developed, proved no mean professor in his way.

"Hillo-there!" exclaimed a voice at the companion-

way of the sloop; "come up here, thou man of the fiddle!"

"Hello-dere, yourself!—what a want wid a nigger, massa?" demanded the black.

"Come up here, thou gut-scraper, and bring thy fiddle along with thee:" said a committeeman:—"thou'rt wanted ashore, to play for the folks."

"I can't leave de sloop:—massa cap'n gone ashore, and nobody here. What you gib a nigger, if he go:—heh, massa!" demanded the negro, thrusting his curly pate through the companion-way.

There was no time for parley nor bargaining: and he had no sooner shown his body halfway above deck than he was seized by four gentlemen in drab, against whom he found it useless to contend, and was quickly trundled ashore; while a fifth descended into the cabin and captured his instrument. A few steps brought them to the foot of the stair at the storehouse. Here, putting down the black, who was sorely frightened at the unceremonious usage of his abductors, they addressed a few words to him, of the following effect:

"Now, friend, thou'rt to understand that there is one of two things to be done—and that quickly. Mark! we will have no words—either thou must go up, and fiddle for the dancers until midnight, for the which thou shalt be well rewarded,—or thy fiddle shall be broken into shivers over thy pate: and perhaps a ducking alongside the wharf will be thrown into the bargain. Choose, and be quick!—Yea, or nay!"

"Well, but, massa—"

"Not a word more—be quick, or I'll try the strength of thy instrument on thy head!"

"Stop! massa—stop!—don't smash a-fiddle, massa. I s'pose I *mus* go; but you scare a-nigger so—you 'mos make 'em turn white!"

"Never care for that;—up stairs with thee!—and a neggin of strong waters shall restore the tone of thy stomach; and the Egyptian darkness of thy complexion. March, march!" And upstairs went the unfortunate fiddler, attended by the honorable the committee as a rear body-guard. The bareheaded professor was quickly "ensconced behind the arras," and a full half-pint of "raal ginniwine Jimmecky," without dilution, was poured down his throat, by a desperate tormentor.

"Hah!—dat smaacks!—Yah—yah—yah! I t'ink I feel 'mazin better now," said the black; "I don't care if you scare a-nigger agin, if you treat him *arter* wid good likker like dat."

"Thou feel'st much better—dost thou? What's thy name?"

"Pete Schneiderkins, massa."

"Where art thou from?"

"I comes from Communipough, in de Jarseys."

"Well, then, Mr. Pete Schneiderkins, of Communipough, thou wilt be pleased to take thy station, and strike up." The managers' edict having gone forth, Pete was introduced to a little bunk, or raised pulpit, at the side of the ball-room, where he began to tune his instrument;—and the dancers took their places.

Serape—serape, jangle—jangle, twang—tang,—went Pete's fiddle, as he screwed it up in the tuning; but he screwed up the string too much; and then he let down the peg too far. Between his flats, and his

sharp, and his scrapings, the restraint of the dancers began to wear off. The glee and the good humor of the managers returned, now that they had secured a fiddler, which ten minutes before was considered a hopeless thing. The incident was buzzed about, while Pete was trying to hit the happy medium of the strings; and it caused no little merriment among the dancers. The relief did not come a moment too soon: for that something was out of joint was manifest to the girls; and the absence of all the active managers, at a time when dancing should have been under way, threw an awkward chill over the spirits of the assembled guests. All was now right again!—and so determined were the conductors of the revel that there should be no other vexatious interruption that, had the meddlesome Selectmen made their appearance in a body, it would have been only a "*hey—presto—begone!*" operation, to have bottled them up in their own oil-casks.

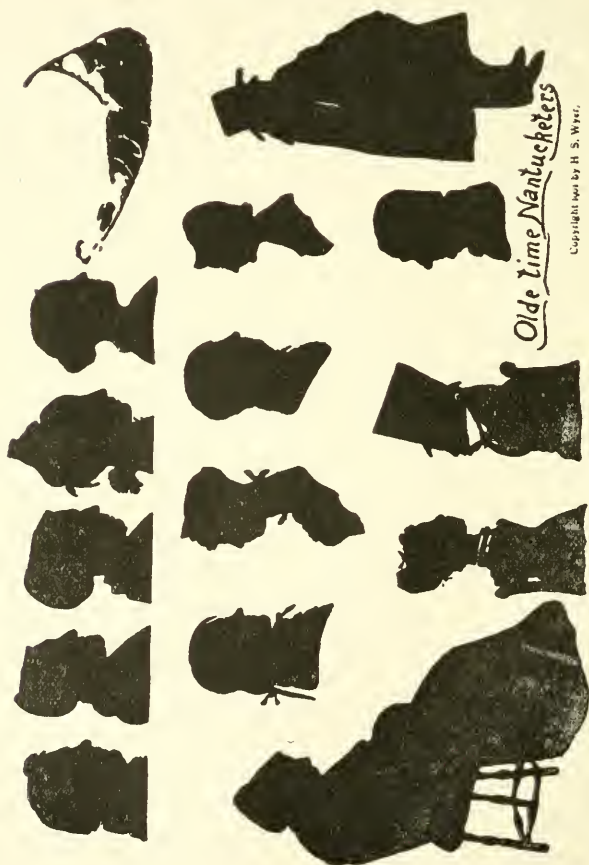
We find it recorded among the papers of Peleg Folger, who amused himself, at an advanced age, in writing an unpublished history of his time, that "Certayne Yuthe nott having ye feare of God afore theire Eyes did sorely grieve ye S'lack Menn by their Doings, and did threaten most contumanshusly and with a high Hand to bungg ye afore said Magistrates up within certayne He-Casks—ye which would indubitably have proved an unsavoury Operation and a most unChristian Trespasse upon the Libertys of ye Subjects." We are thus fortified by the authority of a writer of antiquity, whose lucubrations no contem-

porary worthy of notice has dared to controvert; and we may therefore venture to publish the fact to the world, that the managers of the ball aforesaid, did actually prepare "certain oil-casks" for the reception of the intruders, provided the Selectmen had made the anticipated onslaught.

But let the dance proceed:—scrape—scrape, again sawed out the violin of Peter of Communipaugh, and a short prelude upon the strings announced that his instrument was in perfect tune. The precision with which an ignorant Communipaugh fiddler will attune his strings, has often excited the astonishment of the scientific professor; and a violinist of repute, who had witnessed their displays, was once heard to assert that not one player in a hundred who made pretension to skill ever equalled the sable Dutch fiddlers of Bergen in nicety of ear in the detection of discord.

Peter Schneiderkins of Communipaugh gave the signal, and a country dance was led off. Vigorously did Peter play that night, and well did he sustain the musical reputation of the Dutch neighborhood, which the inimitable Deidrich Knickerbocker, the American Herodotus, informs us may be distinguished from all other places by an overshadowing cloud of tobacco smoke. The sweat rolled down the ebony face of Peter while laboring at his instrument and keeping the time with the heel of his iron-shod brogan of horse-skin and ben-leather. And lightly tripped the cherry-cheeked damsels to the music of the ebony Peter; and never has Nantucket seen a sprightlier dance nor a better arranged ball-room:—nor an assemblage of

fairer women, nor a more robust, active and intelligent set of young men, than were then gathered together, by stealth as it were, to partake of an innocent amusement.



CHAPTER VI.

Race After the Whale.

Among the indentations of the coast of Western Africa, the bay of Walwich may be traced upon the chart. This bay was much resorted to in years past for the right-whale, or the species that live by what whalers call "*suction*." The bay contains good anchorage ground, and shelter for ships; and, at some periods of the year, known to whale-fishermen as the season for feeding, the coast along its margin is visited by these huge animals in pursuit of food, which consists principally of peculiar kinds of small fish, that keep in shoal water about the bay and herd or school together in countless numbers. Thousands of the mullet, the roman, the stonebream, the harder, the mackerel, and many other varieties that abound in African bays, together with myriads of the Medusan race, are *sucked* in by the right-whale for a breakfast, through the vertical bars of whalebone that stud its mouth, like the gratings of a prison window, or the palings of a picket fence.

There are but few persons who do not know the difference in the formation and habits of the two principal species of the *cetaceous* tribe—the *mysticetus* and the *cachalot*—which are the object of pursuit of the whale-fishermen. They are called the *right-whale* and the *spermacetti*. The former has immense jaws of bone, without any well-defined teeth, but with a groove

of dark fibrous material within its huge mouth, called whalebone, through which to strain its food:—keeping mostly in shallow water, and living upon small fry; disappearing from the surface at short intervals; remaining under water but for a few minutes: breathing, or ejecting from its blow-holes columns of water, in two perpendicular streams, or *jets d'eau*, on rising to the surface, and producing inferior oil. The latter, to wit, the spermacetti, has tusks of ivory on a huge dropping under-jaw; blunt, clumsy head, and broad tail; frequenting none other than the deepest water; diving deep and perpendicularly: staying long out of sight, and, on rising, blowing or spouting in a single jet, or stream, which inclines to the horizon; and producing a better quality of oil, though in smaller quantity according to its bulk, than the right-whale. The spermacetti yields, in addition to its oil, a valuable matter called *sperm*, which is highly prized as an article of commerce: and also produces that rare aromatic drug called *ambergris*.

Jethro, with his son Isaac, remained in London, intending, when his business should be finished there, to take passage home in some merchantman bound for the colonies.

The Grampus set sail from the Thames. The place of her rendezvous with the Leviathan had been appointed at Walwich bay. The Grampus, without any remarkable incident, arrived first upon the spot, and had waited for her consort for several days. Some forty whaling vessels, of all nations, were riding at anchor within the bay, waiting the expected visits from the whales. Day after, day—week after week—

had glided away since the arrival of the major part of the fleet, but not a solitary animal had as yet made his appearance. The Grampus was fitted out for the sperm-whale fishery, and had taken in her three years' provisions at London. Her captain and crew, who had been some time idle, now longed for sport; and they cared very little,—since wait they must for the good ship Leviathan, in order to double The Horn in company,—whether the invitation to amusement should come in the shape of a right-whale, a spermacetti, or a razorback:—the last the most dangerous and least productive of all.

Africa has a burning, sultry coast. • The sun was sending a lurid glare upon the sea, which heaved long and sluggishly in the bay, without a breath of air to curl the crest of the swell. The crews of the assembled ships were at their early breakfast, and the officers and men on the lookout were lazily gazing upon the mirrored surface of the water, or listlessly walking to and fro upon their posts. In many of the whale-ships,—particularly in those that had previously been in Northern latitudes,—a crow's nest, or a sort of sentry-box, surrounded, breast high, by canvas stretched as a protection against the weather, and covered with an awning,—was perched on the maintopmast, or at the topgallantmast-head. In these places of look-out, a man is always stationed to observe the approach of the whale, and to communicate his motions to those on deck. But in the Grampus,—destined as she was for temperate latitudes in the Pacific,—no other accommodation was provided for the sentry than the bare maintopgallant cross-trees,

where for hours together the lynx-eyed watcher sent forth his anxious regards upon the ocean, and deemed his station a post of honor,—as it always proved of extra profit, if he should be the first to discover a whale within pursuing distance.

“Dull work!” said Seth, slowly pacing the deck;—“dull work,—by my hopes!—in this accursed climate, where scorching airs blow from the great Afric desert: and as for *amusement*,—we may feast our eyes, if we like, by looking upon armies of naked Hottentots, ‘capering ashore,’ smeared with slush, and surfeiting upon tainted blubber!—who mock us in our commands, as we coast along the bay,—repeating, as they follow us, our very words like an echo—and mimicking our minutest actions, when we attempt to make ourselves understood by signs. Poor brutes! The Creator has smitten their continent and their minds alike, with barrenness; and has given to the one its arid plains, which defy the hand of cultivation,—while the souls of the people are unblessed with the refreshing dews of intelligence. But what boots it?—they are happier, in their ignorance, than we who boast of knowledge, but who are restless in our desires

‘——As the Ocean—

In one unceasing change of ebb and flow.’ ”

The reflections of Seth, upon the blessings of ignorance, were interrupted by a thrilling cry from the mast-head.

“*Flooks—flooks!*” was the welcome salutation from aloft. The half-eaten meal was broken off,—and the rush to the boats was tumultuous. It was

like that of an army of practised gladiators, in the arena of the Coliseum. The alarm was heard by the crews of other vessels; and the intelligence spread like wildfire that a whale was entering the bay. Four boats were lowered—manned—and put off from the *Grampus*, in less than half a minute after the cry was uttered aloft. A hundred other boats were instantly in motion, and bearing down upon the animal. Some, however, took the precaution to separate from the rest, and thus divided the chances of capture. None could count with certainty upon striking the prey, for his course was irregular while in pursuit of his food. The whale is not a vicious animal, unless wounded; and, if not frightened, will move off sluggishly from his pursuers, and appear and disappear at regular intervals:—so that, if the direction is well observed when he sinks, (or shows his *flooks*, or forked tail, as he dives,) a pretty accurate calculation may be made as to the place of his reappearance.

The whalers in the boats that had scattered, had their share of excitement in turn; while those who had headed the whale, when he sunk from their sight for the first time, saw with mortification, by the indication of his *flooks*, that he had already deviated largely from his first course. As a score of others were already near the spot where he would next rise to blow, the first pursuers naturally lay upon their oars;—but they were watchful of the event of the chase.

Macy, with his two mates, and an approved boat-steerer, had each command of a separate boat. The

selection of the crews for these boats, is in fact a matter of taste or favouritism with these officers of the ship. The captain has the first pick of the whole crew:—and, if his judgment is good, he chooses those of the most powerful limb and muscle, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of execution. The next choice falls to the first mate:—the second officer's turn comes next:—and the siftings of the crew fall to the boat-steerers. It may readily be believed that Macy, who was an experienced whaler, was altogether discreet in his choice, and had a crew of oarsmen who might be pitted against any other crew of the whole fleet.* To say that they were Americans, and experienced whale-fishermen, is sufficient assurance, of itself, that they were competitors for all whaling honours, against the whole world. It is still, as it was eminently then, altogether un-American to admit of superiority in this business. It was, therefore, with deep chagrin that Macy saw the game escape him; for thus far he had led the van of the attack; while the whalers in some fifty boats in the rear, if not altogether content that he should be their leader, were at least satisfied, that to be beaten by *him* was no dishonour.

The Englishman, the Dane, the Dutchman, the Swede, as also representatives of other European nations, were Macy's ambitious competitors, for the honour of killing the first whale of the season:—the long and the strong pull was exerted to carry off the prize, and fair words of encouragement were offered, and enforced in the blindest and most persuasive manner, by those who controlled the boats.

Some, uselessly enough, where so many were engaged, pulled after the animal in his devious course after food; while others rested on their oars to watch the result, and to take advantage of his wanderings. The scene was most animating—and but a few minutes served to scatter the boats in every direction;—to sprinkle the bay with dark moving spots;—to people it with life—sinewy life;—in short, it was an exhibition of the noblest of God's creation, both animal and human, waging a war of extermination, and threatening death and destruction by collision.

The noble animal,—for it was a right-whale of the largest class,—held on its course up the bay, scooping its food from time to time, and annihilating its thousands of small fish at a dive;—leaving the boats far in the rear, and darting off in new directions, until those who were most on the alert, or rather those who pulled the most constantly, were fain to give up the chase and to lie on their oars. The whale approached the anchorage ground of the ships; and its speed was increased as it shoaled the water, in proportion to its eagerness after its flying victims. The small fish, driven before their huge devourer, clubbed together, and concentrated in schools of such immense magnitude, that the ships were surrounded, as it were, with a dense mass of animal matter, huddling together for common safety, or flying in swarms before their common enemy, like the multitudinous and periodical flowings of the herring from the Greenland seas.

Intent upon his prey, the whale appeared unconscious of the dangerous vicinage of the ships, and

played among them with a temerity which evinced a tameness, or perhaps an ignorance of its danger, that plainly showed he had never been chased by the whaler, nor hurt by the harpoon. His eager pursuit after food may, however, account for his recklessness; for, generally speaking, the instinct of the whale is sufficient, upon all occasions, to avoid an unusual object floating upon the water; and at such times the nicest stratagem of the art of the whaler is required to capture him.

The persecuted tribes have been chased so often,—pursued so relentlessly, from haunt to haunt, that they must not be unnecessarily scared;—for, if they are, the pursuit may as well be abandoned first as last. No crew can row a boat, for any length of time, to keep pace with a frightened and fugitive whale.

The animal, gorged with its fishy meal, at last commenced its retreat from the bay; and the boats manœuvred to head him off as he retired. Obeying the instinct of his nature, he now showed his flukes and vanished from sight, before the boats could get within striking distance. A calculation being made where he would next appear, (for beneath the water the whale does not deviate from a direct line in his horizontal progress,) a general race ensued; and each strove, as if life were on the issue, to arrive first upon the spot. Some twenty minutes' steady and vigorous pulling found the foremost boats a full mile behind the whale, when he rose again to breathe. Several boats were unluckily ahead of Seth in the chase, as their position at starting enabled

them to take the lead, when the animal began to push for deeper water. But Seth's men had been resting on their oars, while nearly all others had exhausted their strength, in following the whale among the ships; and the captain judged rightly, that in darting after his tiny prey, he would lead them all a bootless dance. He had determined to wait for the retreat, and then hang upon the rear of the enemy. There were others, however, acquainted with the soundings of the bay, whose tactics were scarce inferior to Seth's; and the advantage gained over him by several boats was proof of this, or at least of the superior accuracy of their calculations. It was a long time since Seth had given chase to an animal of the right-whale breed;—he had grappled, of late, only with the spermacetti;—and, therefore, it was not to be wondered at, at this time, and under the circumstances, that some of those around him should beat him in manœuvering in the bay. But, in the steady chase, he knew that he could count upon the speed and bottom of his boat's crew, and he was now resolved to contest for the victory.

“We have a clear field now, my boys—give way steadily—we gain upon them—give the long pull—the strong pull—and the pull together: keep her to it—heave ahead, my hearties!” Such were the words of Seth, as with eyes steadily fixed upon a certain point, and with his steering oar slightly dipping at times, he guided the light whale-boat unerringly towards the place where he expected the whale to reappear. On by one he had dropped his antagonists by the way, until three only remained

manfully struggling between him and the prize. The whale again breathed at the surface, and the distance between the headmost boat and the animal was found to be diminished to half a mile—while the ships in the bay were run “hull down.” The pursuers were now out upon the broad ocean. Those who had abandoned the chase in despair, were slowly returning to their ships. The rigging of the vessels was manned by anxious spectators, watching the motions of the tiny specks out at sea, with beating hearts. The whale again cast his flukes in the air, and sank from the view of his pursuers. Now came the tug of war.

“You must beat those foreigners ahead,” said Seth to his men, “or crack your oars: they are of good American ash, and will bear pulling,” continued he:—“Give way with a will?—Pull—pull, my lads;—that whale will not sink again without a harpoon in his body:—and ’twill never do to tell of at home, that we allowed men of other nations to beat *us*. Keep your eyes steadily on your oars; mark the stroke of the after oar, men—and give way for the credit of the *Grampus*!”

Here Seth braced himself in the stern-sheets—seized the steering oar with his left hand, and placed his right foot against the after oar, just below the hand of the oarsman.

“Now pull for your lives!” said he, “while I add the strength of my leg to the oar:—Once more!—Again, my boys!—Once more—There,—we pass the Spaniard!”

“*Diabolo!*” exclaimed the mortified native of Spain.

The additional momentum of Seth's foot, applied to the stroke oar had done the job;—but two more boats had to be passed,—and quickly too, or all the labour would be lost.

“At it again, my boys!—steady—my God, give way!—give way for the honour of the Grampus.—One pull for old Nantucket!—and—there—we have shown a clean pair of heels to the Dutchman!”

“*Hagel!—Donder and Blixem!*” said the Hollander.

“There is but one boat ahead,” said Seth:—“It is the Englishman!—We must beat *him* too, or we have gained nothing! Away with her—down upon him like men!—One pull for the Grampus, my boys!—another for old Nantuck——”

The American now shot up alongside of the English boat: but the honour of the nation, too, was at stake, and they bent to their oars with fresh vigour. Five athletic Englishmen, each with a bare chest that would have served for the model of a Hercules,—with arms of brawn and sinew,—swayed their oars with a precision and an earnestness, that, for a minute, left the contest doubtful. The English commander, seeing how effectually Seth managed the stroke oar with his foot, braced himself in a similar attitude of exertion:—and his boat evidently gained upon the Nantucketer! Seth saw the increase of speed of his rival with dismay. The whale, too, was just rising ahead. The bubbles of his blowing, and of his efforts at rising, were beginning to ascend! It was a moment of intense anxiety. The rushing train, or vortex of water, told that he was near the surface. Both commanders encouraged their men anew

by a single word; and then, as if by mutual consent, all was silent, except the long, measured, and vigorous stroke of the oars.

“For old England, my lads!” shouted the one.

“Remember old Nantucket, my boys!” was the war-cry of the other.

Both plied their oars with apparently equal skill; —but the hot Englishman lost his temper as the boat of Seth shot up again, head and head with him —and he surged his foot so heavily upon the after oar, that it broke off short in the rowlock! The blade of the broken oar became entangled with the others on the same side, while the after oarsman lost his balance, and fell backward upon his leader.

“I bid thee good bye!” said Seth, as he shot ahead.

“*Hell and damnation!*” vociferated the Englishman.

“Way enough—peak your oars!” said Seth to his men. The oars bristled apeak, after the fashion of the whale-fishermen. The harpooner immediately seized and balanced his weapon over his head, and planted himself firmly in the bow of the boat. At that instant the huge body of the whale rose above the surface; and Seth, with a single turn of his steering oar, brought the bow dead upon the monster, a few feet back of the fin. Simultaneously with the striking of the boat, the well-poised harpoon was launched deep into the flesh of the animal.

“*Slarp all!*” shouted Seth.

The boat was backed off in an instant; and the whale, feeling the sting of the barb, darted off like

the wind! The well-coiled line flew through the groove of the bow-post with incomparable swiftness, and it presently began to smoke, and then to blaze, with the rapidity of the friction. Seth now took the bow with his lance, exchanging places with the harpooner, and quietly poured water upon the smoking groove, until it was cooled. The oars were again *peaked*, and the handles inserted in brackets fixed on the ceiling of the boat beneath the thwarts—the blades projecting over the water like wings; and the men, immoveable, rested from their long but successful pull:—and much need did they have of the relief,—for a more arduous, or better contested chase they had never experienced.

The line in the tub was now well nigh run out; and the boatsteerer, with a thick buckskin mitten, or *nipper*, as it is called, for the protection of his hand, seized hold of the line, and, in a twinkling, caught a turn around the loggerhead, to enable the man at the tub oar to bend on another line.

The rapidity of the animal's flight the while was inconceivable. The boat now ploughed deeply and laboriously, leaving banks of water on each side, as she parted the wave, that overtopped the men's heads, and effectually obscured the sight of every object on the surface. The swell of the closing water came after them in a heavy and angry rush. The second line was now allowed to run slowly from the loggerhead; and a *drag*, or plank about eighteen inches square, with a line proceeding from each corner, and meeting at a point like a pyramid, was fastened to it, and thrown over to deaden the speed

of the whale. Another and another drag were added, until the animal, feeling the strong backward pull, began to relax his efforts;—and presently he suddenly descended, though not to the full extent of the slackened line.

It now became necessary to haul in the slack of the line, and to coil it away in the tub carefully; while the men pulled with their oars, to come up to the whale when he should rise to the surface. All things were soon ready again for the deadly attack.

The ripple of the whale, as he ascended, was carefully marked; and when he again saw the light of day, a deep wound, close to the barbed harpoon, was instantly inflicted by the sharp lance of Seth. It was the death blow.

“*Starn all!*” was the cry once more,—and the boat was again quickly backed off by the oarsmen.

The infuriated animal roared in agony, and lashed the ocean into foam. The blood gushed from his spout-holes, falling in torrents upon the men in the boat, and colouring the sea. The whale, in his last agony, is a fearful creature. He rose perpendicularly in the water, head downwards, and again writhed and lashed the sea with such force, that the people in the retreating boats, though ten miles distant, heard the thunder of the sound distinctly. The exertion was too violent to last long;—it was the signal of his dissolution. His life-blood ceased to flow, and he turned his belly to the sun! The *waif* of the Grampus floated triumphantly above the body of the slaughtered Leviathan of the deep—and the peril of the hardy crew was over.

CHAPTER VII.

Fight with Cannibals.

With the rising sun the Leviathan tripped her anchor, and took her departure for the place of rendezvous at Walwich Bay. Before her sails were loosed, with extraordinary punctuality as to the time appointed, two boats reached the ship, containing the shoregoing part of the crew, of whom we have spoken, accompanied by the captain, who had gone ashore with a determination to be prompt in supplying the place of any man who should unnecessarily linger beyond his hour. He was not a little surprised to find Quibby among the rest; for as yet he had not been missed from the ship. The sulky Indian was duly delivered over by his captors, and compelled to aid in pulling himself back to the Leviathan. The manner of finding him was honestly detailed to the captain by the young men; and every word and circumstance of the fortune-teller's prophecy minutely recapitulated. Good-natured and careless of speech as Coleman was generally,—inspiring life and activity in his crew by his own cheerfulness,—he could not resist the solemn impressions that stole over him, upon hearing the circumstances of the interview with Judith recounted.

Taking the cue from the captain, who was unusually taciturn for the hour, the two boats had rowed off to the ship in silence, side by side; and

scarcely a word, except occasionally a slight command from the coxswain, was breathed by the crews. The misty advance of the dawn, and the deep, blood-red, refracted sun, struggling through the thick atmosphere at his rising, were in unison with the chill silence of the oarsmen, broken only by the long and measured stroke of the oars, which gave back a melancholy sound, much like the cheerless ticking of a clock, in the still hour of midnight. A few sea-gulls hovered over the boats, screaming, at times, loudly and unpleasantly. The scene was painful to all; but nothing occurred to interrupt its awkwardness, until the boats touched the side of the ship, when the men, glad to escape from the unnatural coventry to which they had subjected themselves, scrambled eagerly up to the deck.

"This is anything but a merry parting," whispered one. "Long faces are the fashion with all hands!"

"It's a bad omen!" said another.

"There must be a Jonah aboard!" exclaimed a third.

"True!—that infernal Indian is here!" responded a fourth.

The lynx-eyed captain saw his men gathering into small groups about the deck, and conversing in mysterious whispers. The scene at the fortune-teller's was rehearsing among them, with variations and additions, as he judged by the sober faces of the men. An hour's conversation upon such mysterious subjects, at a time like the present, he knew would be fatal to the voyage; for some of the men, unwilling

to abide the witch's augury, were already hinting that they would fain return to the shore. There was a movement made by several towards the quarter-deck; and Coleman thought he could read that in their faces which betokened a determination to be liberated from their engagements. The superstitious belief of some seamen is, in fact, their religion; and its promptings are matters of conscience. The most skillful tact is, therefore, required to counteract its baneful influence over the minds of a crew. The captain bethought himself of an expedient. His luggage was still in the boat alongside, and he hastily called two or three of the malcontents, in his wonted cheerful voice, to jump into the boat and pass up the articles lying in the stern-sheets; while, in the same breath, the mates were ordered to loose the sails and heave up the anchor. This had the desired effect; for the bustle that followed, was in consonance with the sailors' notions of the spirit-stirring scene of getting under weigh. The cheering sound of "*ye-ho-hoave-o!*" was responded to by the men upon the fore-castle, tugging lustily at the windlass; and the men upon the yards began to feel in their element once more, as they briskly executed the quick and peremptory orders of their officers. The captain still kept his eye upon the boat at the side, giving the disheartened men upon luggage duty no time for a moment's consideration.

"Bear a hand there, Jenkins, and pass up the can containing the morning's grog:—be careful, man, and don't spill the kitter—unless it be down thy own throat—so!—all's safe!"

The serious face of Jenkins was lit up with a faint smile at the attempted joke of the captain, and he tugged the more earnestly at his work.—passing up in succession all the nick-nacks and small stores that had come off in the boat. At last, packed away at the bottom of the stern-sheets, a curious box was discovered, that drew forth a silent chuckle from the men in the boat, as it was lifted up to the captain.

“Aha!” shouted Coleman, as he seized upon the circumstance to say something encouraging to his men, “be careful of that box, boys; there’s fun and frolic packed up there;—it’s my favourite child,—and he squalls terribly with bad usage: but a good nurse and delicate fingering delight him overmuch. Come up here, thou king of *fiddles*!—and let me try whether the dews of the morning have affected thy smooth voice!”

The captain immediately strung the instrument, and, apparently in a careless mood, as if to try the fiddle, but in reality with deep anxiety, he dashed off upon some rattling tune, that reached the ears of all on board, alow and aloft. He furtively watched the effect upon the men, and was not disappointed in the result. A grin of satisfaction, and a knowing nod of the head passed from one to another, and good humour was restored. He put the cap-sheaf upon his manœuvre by piping the men to grog.

“Avast heaving there!” said the captain. “Let all hands come aft. Steward, pass the horn round, and see that the main-brace is set up taut:—a cold morning this, boys—fill up—fill up, the liquor’s good, and plenty of it!”

There were no more sober faces that day; and the occurrences of the morning and of the previous evening were soon forgotten. The Leviathan held on her course steadily, and, in due season, entered the bay of Walwich. She there found her consort; and, as she anchored abreast of the Grampus, the crews saluted each other with three hearty cheers. Boats rapidly passed from one to the other; and news from home, and many kindly greetings were given and received; and a day of merry indulgence crowned the happy meeting. The fiddle of Jonathan was put in requisition, until the cramped fingers of the player could hold out no longer.

The wondering Hottentots crowded the shore as usual; and, seeing the sailors jigging it away, the huge bronzed natives of the woolly tribe commenced cutting their capers too, in close imitation of their white visitors; but they danced without motive, and without feeling a particle of the enjoyment or spirit of the scene. The Hottentots carry no *soul* into their amusements. They are a languid and gluttonous race, and are devoid of energy or enterprise. Those now assembled upon the shore, were waiting for the *kreng*, or carcass of the whale, the prize of Seth, which had been towed to the anchorage of the Grampus, and was undergoing the operation of "*flinching*," or "*flensing*," which deprives the mass of its outer coating of blubber. Temporary try-works or oil kettles had been set up on board the ship; and, when the Leviathan arrived, a hundred barrels of oil had been tried out; and, in the course of the day, the huge carcass, deprived of all that was

valuable, was cut loose, and launched into the bay, before the longing eyes of the hungry natives. It soon grounded on the shore, and, when the tide receded, the feast of putrescence was greedily commenced by the locust multitude of dainty ebony gourmands.

The ships now left their anchorage, and bore away for The Horn.

The passage round this promontory is made by all navigators, except our own, with dread and apprehension. The "Stormy Cape,"—the bugbear of the Spaniards—has ceased to scare the Americans, as it should all other nations. With us, there is no longer any foolish preparation of spars and rigging while doubling this cape; and, from our fearless example, we may shortly hope that, forgetting the nursery tales of Patagonian giants and storms, all navigators will cease to look upon "The Horn" as a "*Cabo des los Tormentos*," and that they will regard it, with its prominent brother of the other continent, and for similar reasons, as a "*Cabo di bon Esperanza*." Much of ideal security or of danger is made to consist in the presence or absence of the means of relief and support and, perhaps, if a friendly settlement, capable of yielding supplies, were established at or near Cape Horn, as at the Cape of Good Hope, the exaggerated dangers of the former would never more be dreamed of.

It has fallen to the lot of our Nantucketmen to pilot the way here, as it has, in many other instances, to be pioneers amidst nautical dangers—amidst reefs and quicksands, rocks and currents, in

distant and unexplored seas. Whilst the Island of Nantucket is their sea-girt place of rest, in which all their joys and affections centre, their secondary home is upon the broad Pacific. Distant as it is, it is their own ocean. It is their fishing-ground; its perils, and its sources of wealth and enjoyment are theirs. Hail, mighty water!—thou hast been generous to brave men, and we would speak of thee proudly, and as thou dost deserve to be spoken of!

Upon emerging into the Pacific Ocean, and coming into more temperate latitudes, arrangements were made by the captains for recruiting after the long voyage. A large portion of the oil of the whale caught in Walwich Bay was transferred to the Leviathan; and Coleman bore up for one of the South American ports, with the design of exchanging or disposing of it for fresh provisions. The Grampus held on her way to the Gallipagos Islands, to lay in a supply of the delicate turtle which abound there in inexhaustible numbers.

The Gallipagos turtle, or terrapin, which lives only on land, and differs in that respect from the green turtle, is a peculiar and luscious food. These animals are found in no other place than these islands; and hence the name of the cluster. They may be stowed away in the hold of a vessel; and, without being fed, can be preserved alive for more than a year, without any sensible diminution in their weight. They carry their own supply of water about them. Their flesh is a luxury from which the appetite never turns away with satiety; and every whaler will dilate upon the dainties of the dish with

irrepressible fluency. "*Toujours perdrix*" never applies to the uncloying terrapin food of the Gallipagos.

The rendezvous of the ships was appointed at one of this group of islands, and a fortnight from the time of separating was fixed for their reunion. No whales had yet appeared. The season for the spermacetti, in this latitude, had not yet come. Indeed, whole months are sometimes passed without falling in with a solitary animal, in some of those seas; while in other parallels they may be found in abundance. The experienced whale-fisherman will accommodate his cruising latitudes to the known seasons of their appearance: while the novice will keep all sail set for months together, and be as likely to run away from their haunts as to approach them. When the sperm whale is met with, however, it is not singly, nor in pairs; but whole troops go together, consisting sometimes of females and their young, led on and protected, as it were, by a single enormous patriarch of the male species. A skillful commander among a troop of these, aided by expert officers, will contrive to thin their ranks of some half dozen, before his day's work is complete; and if the young ones are first singled out, the mothers generally fall an easy prey to the pursuer, from indulgence in that affectionate principle, implanted in all natures, brute as well as human, which prompts the female to protect her young.

While the voyage of the Leviathan was successfully made, so far as to get into a Spanish port without accident; and while Jonathan is chaffering for

the sale or exchange of his oil, we must follow the *Grampus* in an unexpected turn of fortune.

The latter vessel was within a few days' sail of the Gallipagos, when she was arrested by one of those tremendous hurricanes that sometimes blow up suddenly in heated equinoctial regions, and carry everything before their irresistible power. To contend against the gale that now blew upon the *Grampus* was worse than useless. There was hardly time to hand the sails, and put the vessel before the wind under bare poles, before the strength of her spars was tried, by a rushing blast that made all crack again. The ship behaved well, however, and sustained her previous reputation for a capital sea-boat. Nevertheless, she was careering on, with unmeasured speed, before the hurricane, until Seth had gone over many degrees of longitude than he had ever before ventured to traverse in the present region.

The ship was constantly leaving the American coast, before a strong gale from the north-east. Macy knew that all or nearly all the islands in the Pacific were laid down, upon the common charts then in use, imperfectly; and that others were growing out of the water, from day to day, by the slow but sure process of deposit of that *building worm*, to which the coral islands in the Pacific owe their origin. He found himself dashing in among these numberless isles, without the power of controlling his noble ship, except in keeping her steadily driving before the wind. The perils of these seas at such a time are great and inappreciable. The heart of

Seth was dismayed:—but the crew, who never troubled themselves with the intricacies of navigation, were as yet unaware of the extent of their danger. They were active and on the alert, and quick to obey every command about the deck; but no man dared to ascend the shrouds. Indeed, Seth would sooner lose his masts than his men. The spars might possibly be preserved by running with the wind; but it was sure destruction to the individual to order a man aloft. He could control nothing—remedy nothing:—for the masts and spars bent and quivered like the leaves of the aspen, while the cordage rattled to and fro, as if swayed by a thousand furies.

For two days the gale held on in its turbulent fury, lashing the ocean into foam, and forcing the billows mountain high. Island after island was passed, of that countless number that stud the Pacific:—some barren, some covered with verdure and trees,—but all so low as to be but just verging above the water. Some were peopled with naked inhabitants, who ran along the shore, and clapped their hands in wonder at the strange sight of the ship, which they mistook for some huge animal rushing by with inimitable speed. No haven appeared in sight to which to fly for shelter; and the seamanship of every man was tried to the uttermost, in manœuvring to escape shipwreck upon these inhospitable shores. The stormsails were tried; but before they were well hoisted they were torn to ribbons, and the flapping shreds became knotted, like thongs, in an instant.

The night of the second day set in. The crew by this time had become acquainted with all the dangers of their fearful progress. The first day had been passed without meeting with many islands: but, with the experience of the second, they now saw nothing but the horrors of death before them at every plunge. Still they were bold and courageous, and blenched not. They were ready to use all human means for their preservation; but they were deeply impressed with the belief that their time was come, and that all exertion would be unavailing, among the dangerous archipelagos through which they were forced to thread their uncertain way. The night was dark: and the look-out, upon the bows, while endeavouring to pierce the gloom, declared from time to time, as he was hailed in the pauses of the storm, that he could not distinguish the end of the bowsprit. Thunder and lightning now accompanied the blast. The roar of the one seemed to give notice that all Pandemonium was let loose, while the vivid lightning, so terrible and impressive at other times, was now a relief to the terror-stricken men who eagerly strained their eyes in the direction of the ship's course, whenever it sent forth its strong lurid coruscation upon the waters. Flash after flash gave them a momentary reprieve, and showed them, as yet, clear sea-room ahead.

The night was considerably advanced when the fierce tempest began to lull. Hope, for the first time, sprung up in the bosoms of all. The ship was now brought with her side to the wind, and her speed to leeward was consequently greatly diminished. Sails

were about being set to keep the ship in her position, when a strong flash of lightning brought a renewal of all their dangers.

“Land on the lee-bow!” resounded from twenty voices.

“Let go the anchor!” shouted the captain; but before the order could be executed, the ship struck and became immovable. The shock was not severe, but seemed to produce a sort of grating sound, as if the keel was running like a sleigh-runner over the ground.

After the first confusion subsided, it was discovered, by the flashes of the lightning, that the ship, after being brought to the wind, had worked herself, by the aid of a strong current, around a projecting point of land, and had grounded, at some distance from the shore, on the lee-side of a high island. As yet it could not be discovered whether the situation was dangerous, or whether the ship could be got off at a favourable state of the tide. It was with great joy, however, that the pumps were sounded, and no leak appeared. The ship, in a few minutes, gently heeled over, and showed that the tide was receding. It was determined to wait for the dawn of day, and for the reflux of the tide, before any measures should be taken to relieve the ship. The eyelids of the sailors were, by this time, almost glued together with watching and fatigue. They had been constantly and fearfully occupied for more than two days, without a wink of sleep; and deep anxiety had deprived them of all appetite for food. Now all was comparatively safe, and they were fain to seek

nourishment, and repose for their worn bodies. The captain alone slept not. He continued walking the deck until morning. The storm had by that time ceased altogether.

As the day broke, the situation of the ship became apparent. Her keel was found to be slightly sunk in a yielding bed of coral branches, and the vessel lay about two miles from the shore of a well-wooded island, of large dimensions. By sunrise the tide was on the flood, and all hands were called to assist in constructing a raft of the spare spars, in order to lighten the ship of such heavy articles as could be got at readily. The longboat was launched; and that, as well as the quarter boats, were filled to overflowing with provisions and water casks, whose contents had as yet been undisturbed. The raft, too, groaned under its burthen; and everything was got ready to heave the ship off when the tide should be at its height.

When all was prepared, Macy caused a spare boat to be manned, and carried off a small kedge anchor to a suitable distance from the ship, where, carefully dropping it, the warp was hove taut on board, and kept ready to take the first advantage when the ship should float clear of the reef. He now heedfully sounded the passage by which he had entered upon this dangerous ground, and noted the bearings and distances of the crooked channel. At times, shoaling the water upon the steep sides of the coral banks, he ordered his men to rest upon their oars for a minute, to enable him to look at the brilliant scene beneath him.

Columns and spires of variegated coral shot up from the bottom of the sea, assuming the appearance of architectural regularity, which, with but little stretch of the imagination, might have passed for gothic ruins of spar, changing the hues of its material as the bright sun darted its rays directly or obliquely upon its varying surface of stone and adhering shell, until all other colours were blended with the green of the water in unfathomable depths. Here and there the bright-hued tropical fish would dart across the eye, or gently swim out from the recesses of the rocks, or carelessly approach the surface, as if to flaunt its surpassing beauty of intermingled tints of gold and silver, in the strong light of the sun. No comparison between the rich, sparkling dyes of the fishes that play between the glowing tropics, among the ever-changing coral reefs of the Pacific, can be instituted with those of the piscatory tribes of any other seas.

Macy had scarcely completed his surveys, when he espied a stealthy gathering of natives on the shore, and a launching and mustering of warlike canoes, with javelins and missiles bristling above the heads of the savages as they put off towards the ship. The whale-boat was instantly put in motion, and a race for life commenced. The natives manœuvred to cut Macy off;—but the sinewy rowers bent to their oars with Herculean vigour. The boat reached the ship, and the last man sprang into the chains just in time to avoid the stroke of a well-poised lance, which was aimed to pin him to the side of the vessel.

The ship was now surrounded with savages of

fierce and frightful aspect, and forms of gigantic mould. Already were the natives clambering up the sides of the vessel; but the crew of the *Grampus* were prepared for their reception. They had observed their hostile approach, and hastily mustered their harpoons, their lances, and their blubber-spades,—tools always kept in order by the whale-fishermen,—gleaming with brightness, and trenchant as a well-tempered razor. As the assailants showed their ferocious heads above the bulwarks, they were pricked off with the ready weapons of the crew, and forced, repeatedly, to loose their hold and plunge into the water. But they were undismayed by this species of resistance, which was nearly allied to their own mode of warfare of clubs and javelins, slings and arrows, and mace-hammers of stone—all of which the savage of some of the South Sea islands wields with inimitable skill. They are missile implements with which his hand is made familiar from his childhood.

Again and again the dark warriors returned to the assault; and as often were repulsed by the active crew, who handled their weapons with as much dexterity as their assailants, but with far less exposure—being protected by the thick planking of the ship's bulwark. But this defensive warfare served only to exasperate the savages, who were spared by the American crew from motives of sheer humanity. If wounded at all, they were only slightly pricked by the harpoons and lances of the Nantucketers.

By this time, however, the number of war-cauoes and natives had become greatly augmented; and

they were skillfully arranged in several formidable divisions, for the evident purpose of making a simultaneous attack upon various parts of the ship. Two divisions drew off upon the bows, and an equal number took their positions under the quarters; while the sides of the ship were menaced with a countless multitude, that advanced in an array that would do credit to the tactics of an experienced commander.

Macy hastily made his dispositions to anticipate the assault, and stationed his men under cover of the various points which it was presumed would be attacked. The captain then harangued his men with few, but impressive words:—

“We must now fight,” said he, “in good earnest, my boys, or be murdered and eaten by those horrid cannibals. I, for one, will not be captured alive. If there is a man among you that shrinks from the battle, or from the sight of blood, let him go below, and not encumber us with his presence. There must be no more pricking: every stroke must be a home thrust: and every thrust we give with our irons must let daylight through a savage. We must, from necessity, kill without remorse, or be, ourselves, crushed in a twinkling!—Who goes below?”

“Not I,—nor *I*,—nor *I*!” was responded by every man of the crew, as they clutched their weapons with earnestness.

“Will you all stand by me, then, and follow my example?”

“Ay—to the death!” was the united reply.

“Be ready, then; and the first savage that touches

the deck—pin him with the harpoon,—in short, bleed him as you would a whale—and be sure to strike home!—There will be no more children's play, or I miss my guess as to the intention of their present preparations.”

Macy now headed up an empty cask near the mainmast, and quickly collected all the spare weapons. With one stroke of the cooper's adz he stove in the head, and planted his sharp irons therein, as a sort of arsenal, or arm-chest in reserve, ready to be resorted to by any of the crew who might lose his weapon in the conflict.

The native armament came boldly on, in the most approved order, but in perfect silence. Suddenly the sound of a single conch was heard, and the savages instantaneously rose in their canoes, brandished their spears, and shouted their formidable war-cry! The men in the *Grampus* rung out a shout of defiance in return. But they had no sooner shown their heads above the rail of the bulwark, than the savages poured in upon them a cloud of stones and arrows, that seemed almost to darken the air with their flight. No damage, however, was done to the crew, as, after giving their shout, they anticipated the action of the assailants by covering themselves immediately. The natives waited for some answer to their fire; but perceiving no demonstration of its being returned from the ship, they pulled up to her sides, and sprang into the chains and rigging. They had no sooner effected a lodgment there, than some two score of them, who were gathering themselves for a spring upon the deck,

were obliged to loose their hold, and they fell backwards into their canoes, or into the sea. Before they touched the water, they were dead. They were pierced with the weapons of the whalers, and their life-blood dyed the sea with crimson.

The savages of those far-off isles of the sea are not, however, daunted at the sight of suffering or of death, when it comes in a way that is comprehensible to their obtuse faculties. They saw their fellows fall by weapons similar in shape to their own, and they were, of course, accustomed to that mode of warfare. They beheld thousands of their warriors still alive and full of eagerness for the fight; and they had been accustomed to see the tribes of other isles yield only when the power of physical resistance, numerically speaking, was nearly annihilated. They saw, also, that the numbers of their enemy were as but a drop to the bucket, when compared to their own host of warriors, and that their foothold was upon a diminutive spot, growing, as they imagined, out of the sea, in the shape of a contemptible islet.

The signal for assault was again sounded, and the war-whoop swelled upon the air in discordant shrieks. The canoes suddenly and vigorously pulled up to the ship again, and the natives seemed to vie with each other for the honour of scaling the ramparts. But the barbed weapons of the crew met them as their breasts were elevated above the bulwark, and they were transfixed on the spot. Some of the lances and harpoons were secured to the ship by whaling lines attached to belaying-pins; and, as the sable victims fell beneath their deadly touch, their writh-

ing agonies were horrifying. But humanity could not now be propitiated. Self-preservation, which is declared to be "the first law of nature," was the uppermost consideration. As the savages fell alongside, the smooth lances withdrew from their bodies, and were quickly regained by the crew. Not so, however, with the harpoons. The bodies of some of the slain hung, upon the barbed steel, by the side of the ship; and frequently the irons could not be recovered by those who had wielded them, without exposure to the constantly projected missiles of the assailants.

Resort was now had to the arsenal of Seth; but the weapons of the cask were soon put *hors de combat* in the same manner, and only a few lances and blubber-spades remained in the hands of the defenders. Each of the harpoons that hung over the sides of the ship held the body of a dead savage suspended midway, serving for the foothold of fresh assailants to ascend. The cords were cut from necessity, and the carrion-carcases dropped heavily into the water.

The means of defence were greatly exhausted by this procedure, and the sailors were becoming weary in their active and alarming labour. But the voice of Seth arose, encouragingly, above the din of battle.

"Fight on, my brave boys?" shouted Maey: "fight on! We have already slain our hundreds—and, thank God, not a man of the crew is hurt! Strike boldly—kill—kill the black brutes!—Drive it home there on the lee-bow. Repel the savages from the larboard quarter! Slay the rascals at the weather

gangway! Bravely done, my lads! Now follow me, my boys, to the forecastle—away with them, before they gather their limbs to use their weapons. If we give them foothold we are gone! Aha! That swoop was well executed! Follow me once more!—down with the savages from the starboard quarter! God!—they are pouring over the bow again! All hands rush to the forecastle, while I sweep with my single lance, the few that are clambering over that taff-rail!”

Maey could not be everywhere; and though he was well imitated in the business of extirpating nearly a whole savage generation, he found his devoted ship assailed at so many points at once, that his hopes began to flag. With one broad sweep of his lance-blade, similar to that by which a mounted dragoon would mow down a whole rank of infantry, he cleared the starboard quarter rail of some half dozen heads that were rising into view; and jumping to the larboard quarter, he performed the same service to as many more,—while every individual of his crew was bravely battling for existence along the waist and on the forecastle.

Suddenly a giant-savage made a spring over the bows; and, seizing the first mate from behind, hurled him to the deck instantaneously, as if he were but an infant in his grasp. He raised his stone hatchet over his head to despatch the faithful officer. Though Maey's body did not possess the power of ubiquity, his eye was everywhere. He has just sent his last harpoon through the carcass of a desperate native, and, as it fell over the quarter, he caught sight of

the prostrate mate. With one bound from the quarter-deck Macy reached the arm-cask at the mainmast, and seized the only instrument remaining. It was a blubber-spade. Quick as thought the keen instrument was balanced in his right hand, and it darted, gleaming in the sun like a lightning-flash. Before the mace of the savage commenced its descent towards the skull of the mate, the head of the brute, cleanly severed from its trunk, rolled upon the deck, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile!" The unerring spade, having done its office, pitched upon the deck beyond, and its sharp blade entered a full inch into the planking.

"Mate! thou art redeemed from the very jaws of death!" shouted Seth.

"I thank thee for the well-aimed blow," replied the mate. He rose on the instant, and threw the headless body over into the sea, and hurled the head after it high into the air. It descended into the canoe of the chief, and as he held it up by the hair before his followers, a shout of fury and revenge was raised by the savage host.

It was plain, by the conduct of the savages that they were more than ever infuriated at their repeated discomfitures; and it was equally apparent to Macy that it would be unavailing to wage war much longer. His means of defence, all but a few well-tried lances, were exhausted; and he discovered several of his harpoons in the hands of his enemies, which had been cut loose from their fastenings, and withdrawn from the bodies of the slain.

The act of the mate, in throwing over the head of

the decapitated warrior, had unexpectedly created a diversion among the natives; and they ceased, by common consent, from their attack upon the ship, to listen to an angry harangue from their chief.

Macy descended to his cabin. He reappeared in a moment with a weapon in his hand, heretofore forgotten. It was a musket, (and the only one on board,) which he had occasionally used on former voyages for a fowling piece. He had barely time to charge the gun, and to slip a bullet into the barrel, before the war-whoop was again raised.

“They come once more!” cried Macy. “To your posts, men,—and quail not. Look to your irons—and be careful to keep them well in hand. We have lost too many already: but by the favour of Providence,—who hath written that ‘the battle is not always to the strong.’—we will send a hundred more of the cannibals to their long account before we yield!”

“Ay, ay!—never fear for us!” shouted the men cheerfully.

“Brave hearts!” said Macy. “Your day’s work has been a bloody one: may God grant us deliverance from this unlooked-for danger! And now,” said Macy, addressing, unconsciously, his solitary gun, “fail me not in this strait—for thou hast never failed me yet, even when pointed against the swift sea-fowl on the wing!”

The canoe of the chief led the van of the attack, this time; and his followers, seeing the immense number of their slain brethren floating round them, and that no impression had as yet been made upon

the ship, although her sides bristled with arrows, were fain to avail themselves of his experience and encouraging example.

Macy now showed his body over the railing of the quarter. The chief instantly stood up in his approaching canoe, and, elevating his long javelin, he shook the pole of his lance in the air, in a menacing attitude, as if trying its elastic strength before hurling it at the unprotected body of Seth.

The captain suffered the canoe to come within half musket-shot of the ship, when he levelled his piece with a steady aim. It flashed!—and instantly the savage chief, in the act of speeding his lance at Seth, fell dead into the arms of his attendants. The ball had entered his heart. The report of the gun, and the unaccountable condition of their leader, appalled the invaders. Many of them jumped tumultuously into the water, to escape the vengeance of the lightning tube, and the displeasure of their deity, whose interposition, and whose warning voice, they believed were exerted against them.

The panic-struck savages fled to their island in confusion, uttering horrid shrieks, and shouting their dissonant war-cries in disappointed rage.

The coast was now clear, and no time was to be lost. The kedge was tried; and, to the unbounded joy of all on board, the ship yielded slowly to the pull upon the hawser. She floated once more freely in her element!—Her sails were set, and a light breeze wafted the stately vessel safely through the channel of coral rocks, and away forever from these inhospitable shores.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whaling in the Pacific.

It took many days for the *Grampus* to regain her lost ground. She had been driven so far to the Westward, and had wandered among so many isles unknown to the navigators of the day, that her commander deemed it prudent to return by slow stages; and at night either to heave to, or to arrest her ordinary progress, by shortening the canvas to the fewest possible sails. He was thus necessarily obliged to feel his way among those groups that, at a subsequent day, appeared upon the charts under the names of "the Navigators," and "the Society Islands," and "the Marquesas." By the time that Seth was able to work his ship into the harbor of Charles Island, (one of the Gallipagos), the time appointed for his meeting Coleman had expired. It was, therefore, with much gratification that he found his consort had arrived before him, and was still waiting at anchor within the harbour;—for much of his whaling apparatus, and all his best provisions, were exhausted, and he was running short of water. The supplies from the *Leviathan* would be welcome and seasonable: and what with the expected grunterns, and fowl, and vegetables from the coast, and the terrapin from the island, the captain of the *Grampus* hoped to furnish the means of refreshing his men, after their long and arduous toils, and

to recruit them thoroughly for whaling operations. It was his intention, therefore, after dividing the provisions between the two ships, to remain at anchor for a few days, to allow his crew time for recreation, as well as to take in a supply of turtle.

Upon hailing the *Leviathan*, as the *Grampus* dropped her anchor, Seth had been answered by the mate of the former, and duly informed that Jonathan was on board and well; but to his inquiries about provisions, the mate made some unsatisfactory reply, and desired Seth to come on board the *Leviathan*. The anchor of the *Grampus* was no sooner cast, than Macy manned his boat and boarded the *Leviathan*. To his surprise, when he mounted the deck, he found that Jonathan was not there to receive him, nor to offer those little courtesies, and make those inquiries after his welfare, which are usual upon such occasions, and especially between those who consort together in their business.

There is but little ceremony in whale-ships; but Macy at least expected, from his previous intimacy with Coleman, and from the fact that he had been so long and unaccountably away, that the latter would be anxious to ask after the particulars of his voyage. Seth walked aft, and was about to enter the cabin, when the well-remembered tones of Coleman's violin struck upon his ear. It might be nothing more than a freak of his brother captain, who, as we have elsewhere hinted, had the reputation of being an *odd-fish*. But Seth was still more surprised when he found Jonathan snugly stowed in his berth, sawing away in his recumbent position, and not deigning to notice his

visitor. Macy stood motionless for a time, but at last his patience gave way, and he hailed the violinist rather crustily in the midst of his performance.

“Hello!”—no answer. “Jonathan!”—still no reply. “I say, Captain Coleman!”

“I hear thee,” said Jonathan, at last; but the fiddle still went on.

“What the devil is the meaning of this foolery?” exclaimed Macy.

“Don’t interrupt the symphony, and thou shalt hear directly,” replied Jonathan.

Hereupon Jonathan accompanied his violin with words which seemed to Macy to have been composed for the occasion, to carry out one of Coleman’s dry and puzzling jokes. The stave, uplifted, ran as follows:

“We sailed for the shore,
And North-east we bore,
And drove a tremen-di-ous trade.”

“Aha!” interrupted Macy, while his eyes brightened, “thou hast been successful then;—but what provisions did’st thou bring?”

“Thou marrest the music, friend Macy;—listen to the end, and thou wilt be duly enlightened,” replied Coleman, and he again sawed and sung away:—

“The oil is all sold,
And the money’s all told,
And a d—l of a v’yage we have made!”

“Well, well—enough of that,” said Macy:—“Come, tell me in plain prose about the provisions.”

“I shall never be able to instruct thee in the melodies and the harmonies, if thou dost not refrain from

interrupting me. The stave must always be sung over from the *repeat*:—

“The oil is all sold,
And the money’s all told,
And a d—l of a v’yage we have made!”

“There!” continued Jonathan, “since thou hast heard me out, thou shalt now learn the particulars of our fresh provisions.”

“Well!—what hast thou got that is fresh and good?” demanded Seth, while his mouth watered in expectation.

“Tarrapin!” replied Jonathan.

“Oh, that of course!—but I don’t mean that sort of food, for we have it here at Charles’ Island, for the trouble of picking on’t up.—What else?”

“Tarrapin!” repeated Jonathan.

“What!—no hogs—no fruit—no potatoes—no—”

“No!—Tarrapin, I say again:—and nothing else but tarrapin wilt thou find on board the good ship Leviathan, in the shape of fresh provisions.”

“What!” exclaimed Seth, in blank amazement.

“All true as a book;” replied Jonathan; “The steward shall swear to it on the almanac, or on Napier’s Book of Tables, if thou think’st the oath improved by it, and doubt’st the truth of my affirmation.”

“In heaven’s name, Coleman,” said Macy, “thou must be joking:—thou had’st forty barrels of oil, and thou hast disposed of it—?”

Jonathan struck up, in answer—

“The oil is all sold,
And the money’s all told,
And a d—l of a v’yage——”

“The joke may be a good one to thee,” interrupted Seth as he began to ascend the cabin ladder: “and I will leave thee to enjoy it alone. I have heard of *Nero* fiddling while Rome was on fire; and thou remindest me of his criminal unconcern in the midst of the people’s calamity.—But thou wilt, of course, account to the crews and to Jethro for the oil?”

“Thou never spoke a truer word in all thy life:—the forty barrels of right-whale oil at the market-price, are already logged against me, by my own direction,” replied Jonathan.

“But what became of the avails?” demanded Seth.

“That is my own secret;—and it must remain so,” said Coleman.

“So be it,” said Seth, “thou hast only delayed the commencement of our operations for another month. Tomorrow I shall set sail for some port on the main, and lay in my own provisions. Thou must, hereafter, find thy own means to furnish thy ship. Spare oil is too precious, at the present moment, to allow of my offering to share again with thee.”

“Nay,” replied Jonathan, “and if thou goest tomorrow, I will go with thee. I have a hold full of tarrapin, which I will willingly divide with thee; and thou knowest they are worth all the grunTERS in the world:—but the vegetables, I grant thee, are somewhat scarce, just now.

“Thou wilt consult thy own pleasure about leaving the anchorage:—but, mark me!—I will not share a single shilling’s worth of oil, nor an ounce of provisions with thee,” said Seth, seriously, and in a determined manner.

Hereupon Seth stepped over the gangway into his boat, which he found loaded, almost to the gunwale, with terrapin, and his men busied in knocking down the heads of the brutes with the oar-blades, as they attempted to crawl over the side. The mate of the *Leviathan* had placed the seasonable supply there, in conformity with the secret ordering of Jonathan;—and Seth, finding how matters were, could not help casting up his eye, by way of inquiry; but, seeing the quizzical phiz of Coleman peering over the quarter, he could not avoid laughing aloud at this most acceptable manner of repairing damages. Seth pushed off, in renewed good humour: and in an hour's time his crew were feasting sumptuously, and in a way that they had not feasted before for many a day.

The secret of Jonathan's failure to supply provisions, was well kept for a time; but, eventually, it leaked out, that he had been entrapped, by complaisant and accommodating sharpers, on shore; and there was something said about the bright eyes and the ruby lips of his entertainers, and the drugged quality of the circling wine. But we will draw the veil, in all charity. No man passes through the world without his *faux pas*; and the misfortune of Jonathan served only to accumulate the proofs that human nature is weak.—and liable, in the best families, and even among Quakers, to accidental besetments.

Seth Macy was true to his word. The meridian sun of the next day saw him clear from the currents and under-tows of the "Enchanted Islands," as the Gallipagos are called by some navigators, because of the difficulty of escaping from the powerful eddies

and counter streams, that whirl with peculiar force and rapidity among the volcanic cluster. The barque of Jonathan was not behind the Grampus. When Seth loosed his sails, Jonathan's were loosed also; and when the anchor of the Grampus was heaved up, that of the Leviathan was tripped as soon:—and they sailed forth again upon the broad Pacific together.

The heads of the ships pointed to Valparaiso, upon the South American coast. The bright, burning sun of the Equatorial seas had set and risen again, since they had taken their departure, when, at a long distance in the direction they were steering, the man at the mast-head descried tiny moving specks upon the ocean, which seemed occasionally to appear and disappear. The ships and these uncertain objects approached each other steadily, until they were made out to be a vast school of spermacetti whales, sporting and gamboling, and blowing and diving, as if, in truth, they were the school of a pedagogue let loose from thralldom, and rejoicing in their liberty.

The information from aloft set everything in motion on deck. Boats were cleared, irons prepared, lines coiled: and the men stretched themselves, as if rousing from the lethargy or weariness: and the laugh and the joke, which had been somewhat scarce of late, were bandied about in the utmost glee. The landsmen's hearts beat tumultuously, in anticipation of their first feat among the giants of the water.

There was one, however, on board the Leviathan, who, amidst the animated bustle which precedes an attack upon a school of whales, did not partake of the cheerfulness of his fellows. We need scarcely say that

the individual was Thomas Starbuck. There was a determined soberness in his face and demeanour, from the moment the cry from the mast-head was uttered, which, at first, drew upon him the bantering jibes and jokes of his mess-mates; but he heard them without resentment, and he turned off their ill-timed jests with unangered answers. There was a deep gloom preying upon his spirits; and while all others seemed to be in high good humour, and "eager for the fray,"—*he* was listless and desponding. The fortune-teller's words had been forgotten, until now;—but the sight of the approaching whales, and the active, noisy preparation for attack, brought all she had said afresh to his memory.

Starbuck, who was harpooner to one of the boats, and a most important man in that capacity, was ashamed to show the white feather upon the first occasion that had been presented for signaling himself upon the voyage;—but the words of Judith rang in his ears, and he felt that he could not lightly disregard the omen. Stepping aft to the quarter-deck, as much to ask the advice of the captain, who was aware of the prophecy of the fortune-teller, as to obtain permission to remain on board for the time, he held a few brief words with Jonathan.

"Captain," said he, "I feel an unaccountable presentiment that the words of Judith Quarry are about to be fulfilled. I would fain disappoint the prophetess, if she be one; and, though I know my duty, and have heretofore acquitted myself sufficiently well to be named one of your boat-steerers, yet I am unwilling to go out upon this expedition

without your positive commands. In short, I lack confidence today; and I come to ask you to appoint one of the crew as my substitute."

"There is no time to argue this thing now," replied the captain, "or I might give thee convincing proof that fortune-tellers cannot look into futurity. I respect thy feelings, Thomas, however thou may'st have come by them; and, therefore, I will neither urge nor command thee to go. Let it be as thou wishest:—if thou decline, I will appoint another in thy stead."

Thomas Starbuck retired, with a heavy heart. He saw that he had relinquished all chance of distinguishing himself for the day; and the dishonour of staying on board at the approaching crisis, with a troop of whales in sight of the ship, could probably never be wiped away. The thought, too, of what Ruth would say to his conduct when he should return home, and, above all, the certainty of the imputation of cowardice, which might be cast in his teeth by his companions, made him half repent the steps he had taken.

The crew had witnessed the interview of Starbuck with the captain, and guessed at the import of their conversation.

"So!" said one of the men, within earshot of Thomas, "we shall not have Starbuck's company to-day, I s'pose. He's begged off, I'm sure, or he'd be taking his place at the for'ard oar. I wonder who's to be harpineersman for our boat, if *he* don't go?"

"A faint heart never won fair lady," said another, who had heard of his attachment to Ruth; for secrets

of that nature get whispered about among a ship's crew, especially if they all come from a small place like Nantucket, where everybody's business and motions are likely to be known and canvassed by his neighbour.

"He has reason to be chicken-hearted today," observed a third, "about that fortune-telling affair. Do you remember the morning we pulled off from Sherbourne? For my part, I'd a notion of going ashore again, for everybody looked so solemn-holy that I knew we'd have a misfortunate voyage. I'm glad he don't intend to go; I never knew Judith Quarry to fail in her prediction."

The whales were now near enough to lower the boats, and the crews jumped in and were ready to push off, in order to scatter themselves among the approaching animals, and thus multiply the chances of striking them, when they should attempt to escape. Four boats pulled away from the Grampus, and instantly three more followed from the Leviathan. The fourth boat, commanded by one of the mates, still lay alongside, waiting for the complement of oarsmen, (to be made from those whose duty it was to remain on shipboard,) to supply the place of Starbuck.

"On deck there!" bawled the impatient mate, from the whaleboat.

He was answered by one of the crew, from the gangway, who had been designated to supply the place of Starbuck.

"Be quick!" said the mate. "or all the sport will

be over, before we can get a chance at the whales. Hurry, man!—hurry! Jump in—jump in!”

Thomas now came to the gangway; and his irresolution gave way, as he saw his substitute about to let himself drop into his place in the bow of the boat. A flush of pride came into his face at the moment;—his resolution came back from very shame;—he seized the man by the shoulder, and drew him into the ship, and then rushed over the side, in an indescribable agony of mind.

“Let life or death be on the issue,” said he, as he pushed off desperately from the ship, “*I will go!* It shall never be said that Thomas Starbuck disgraced his name, or his calling, by skulking dishonourably at a time like this.—Pull, boys, pull!” said he, aloud, to his comrades, while he madly surged upon his oar, with a strength equal, at the moment, to that of all the other oarsmen.

The commander of each boat immediately singled out his whale, and gave chase with steady earnestness. The ships, in the mean while, followed the course of the whales and of the pursuing boats;—a sufficient number of hands being left on board to work the vessels.

Maey and Coleman, with a promptness that is the peculiar recommendation of veteran whale-fishermen, fastened at once to their whales, taking the first that came in their way, without regard to size.

They proved to be young ones, that were still under the protection of their mothers. This was fortunate for the fishermen, for they fell an easy prey; and their mothers, too, keeping close to their

dead bodies. in a few minutes more paid the forfeit of their unalienable affection. The other officers showed no lack of skill; and, in less than an hour, six spermacetti whales, of various sizes, were the fruits of the victorious assault.

The mate of Coleman was more ambitious than the rest, and was determined, if possible, to strike the leader of the troop. He was of prodigious size, and worth any two of the others; but he was wary and watchful, and led his pursuer a tiresome chase, far away from his mates; and then, by a circuitous route, he came back again to his scattered convoy. Still did the baffled mate return to the charge, endeavouring to head his stupendous antagonist as he should rise to blow.

At last, the bubbling ripple from below indicated the approach of the animal to the surface; and a few vigorous pulls brought the boat to the spot where it was judged he would rise to its side. The oars were eased, and the word given to the harpooner to "*stand up.*" The bow was turned to the spot;—the oarsmen rested on their oars, ready to back off;—and Starbuck stood erect, cleared his line, and balanced his iron. He placed himself in the posture for striking, and was bracing his knees to the bow, when the hump of the monster emerged from the water. It was a moment of indescribable anxiety;—but to none more than to the harpooner. But what was the consternation of all, when the head of the animal suddenly turned over! It is a motion made by a sperm-whale, preparatory to using his teeth upon an object floating upon the surface

of the water. His huge underjaw, armed with immense ivory tusks, parted with the rapidity of thought. The bow of the boat struck suddenly against his jaw, and poor Thomas, in the act of launching his harpoon, lost his foothold, and pitched, headlong, into a living tomb! The jaws of the monster closed upon his body, leaving the legs of his victim projecting from the mouth!

The frightened mate lost his presence of mind, and omitted to give the word to back off. He held his steering oar without the power of motion. But Imbert, new as he was to the scene, seeing the opportunity to be avenged for the loss of his companion, seized the sharp lance of the mate, and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the whale, as he turned to escape. In an instant the boat and the crew were driven into the air, by a stroke of the animal's tail. The frail barque was shattered into a thousand pieces; and the men bruised and lacerated, fell into the broad ocean.

All that had thus transpired was seen from the ships, and boats were despatched forthwith to the relief of the wounded crew. Some had seized upon fragments of the wreck; while others sustained themselves with pieces of broken oars, supported beneath by the strong saline buoyancy so eminently peculiar to the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

The unfortunate crew were rescued in time to witness the last agonies of the desperate whale.

The animal, blind with rage, and feeling the sting of the death-wound in his heart, whirled round the ships, in irregular circles, for a short time, and then

descended. The crews lay upon their oars, watching where he would next appear, while the ships were hove to, to await the result.

Suddenly, a mighty mass emerged from the water, and shot up perpendicularly, with inconceivable velocity, into the air. It was the whale:—and the effort was his last expiring throe! He fell dead;—but, in his descent, he pitched headlong across the bows of the *Grampus*, and, in one fell swoop, carried away the entire forepart of the vessel!

The crew escaped, by throwing themselves into the boats alongside, and rowing quickly off. The gallant ship instantly filled with water, and settled away from their sight.

CHAPTER IX.

The Downfall of Miriam.

A full year had passed since the departure of Jethro Coffin from Sherburne, and no tidings had, as yet, been received, intimating his intention to return. His protracted absence did not, however, create uneasiness in the minds of his friends; for, it must be borne in mind by the reader, that arrivals from England were, at that time, few and far between. There were not then, as now, regular days of departure for packets, and almost as regular periods of arrival. A year intervening, between the embarkation and return of an individual to the colonies, was therefore almost a certainty—no matter how trivial may have been the business, or the object, that called the voyager from his home. It is different now-a-days. The sixth part of that time is sufficient to make a passage to Europe and back again, and yet leave a reservation of a portion of the time, for the transaction of business, or the pursuit of pleasure. It is, with us, an age of fleet ships, skimming steam-boats, and flying rail-road vehicles, that almost annihilate time and distance. It is a mechanical age—an Augustan era, prolific in the development of mechanical genius.

Soon after the ships of Jethro had doubled The Horn, hostilities commenced between the mother country and the colonies. It was, for the time, the death-blow to the prosperity of Nantucket; and the dis-

tress which fell upon the people, as much from their isolated situation as from any other cause, was severe beyond measure. Their ships were swept from the ocean; their trade with the continent annihilated, and, consequently, their supplies cut off. They were without the power of resistance, or of self-protection. They were subject alike to pillage from either party; and their flocks were carried away by both friend and foe. A fishing smack, with a single gun, could at any time lay the unresisting town under contribution. Each arrival from a whaling voyage, instead of furnishing the means of support to the inhabitants, was the cause of lessening their stores, by the introduction of an additional number of consumers. Interdicted, as they were, from intercourse with the continent,—without grain, without bread, and without fuel—in short, without the common necessities of life, but with abundant pecuniary means under other circumstances, the islanders were reduced to a condition so straitened, that it was not only sad to contemplate, but appalling to think of.

It was in the midst of this general distress that the genius and cupidity of Miriam Coffin shone forth, to the unfeigned astonishment of the islanders. Foreseeing the advantages that must naturally accrue to her, by the course she had almost immediately adopted, she despatched one of her husband's smaller vessels to New-York, with a letter to Admiral Digby, who commanded the squadrons cruising on our coast. In this paper she was careful to express her devoted loyalty to King George, and, with well-turned phrase, to represent the extremities to which the people were re-

duced. Miriam concluded her epistle by humbly asking permission to send her vessels to New-York, and the privilege of trading between that city and Sherburne.

To this arrangement the Admiral assented, and granted a free passport, running in the name of Miriam, to trade to and fro. But (as she had insinuated in her letter, that by far the largest portion of the people were rank whigs in principle) he gave her to understand that the privilege was the meed of her loyalty alone, and not a boon to the people: and therefore that she, above all others, should enjoy a monopoly of the trade.

This decision was precisely what Miriam aimed at. On the other hand, in order to prevent supplies from being introduced by the Americans, she took care to have the false information spread abroad, upon the neighbouring continent, that the islanders were all thorough-going tories, and adhered to the Crown. In this posture of affairs there was, of course, no sympathy for the Nantucket people, either from whig or tory. She thus succeeded in her plans, and for a considerable time the source of supply was confined to herself alone.

In a short period after these successful arrangements had been effected, it was observed that the warehouse of Miriam was groaning, not only with substantial provisions of every sort, but even with such luxuries as the islanders had been accustomed to purchase in the days of their brightest prosperity. Her small vessels were constantly employed between the two ports: and riches, without bounds, flowed into

her coffers. For her merchandise she would receive, in the way of barter, the oil and the candles of the island traders, at a large and ruinous discount to those who held the commodities; and when these were exhausted, she dealt with them for their ships at the wharves, and for their houses, until she became possessed of property, or the representatives of wealth, at least, in mortgages, to an amount exceeding her most sanguine dreams of abundance.

By and by, however, it came to pass that Miriam could no longer furnish the ready and tangible means of exchange for foreign merchandise, when the oil and candles that she had received in barter were all shipped off and exhausted. Her liens upon ships and houses were not a medium current with British merchants and shopkeepers at New-York. Such securities were considered to precarious in their value to be objects of speculation to the foreigners. The ships and the houses, though the undisputed property of one party today, might change hands to-morrow, by the right of invasion and conquest.

Miriam, therefore, bethought herself of another scheme to give permanency to her operations. Her mercantile credit, arising from the largeness and punctuality of her dealings and payments, was in good repute among the commercial dealers of the city;—and she opened a negotiation in New-York, for a permanent supply of all needful stores and merchandise, upon her individual responsibility. She took the precaution, in order to prevent suspicion of her incompetency to act in the premises, to cause certified copies of her power of attorney to be circulated among

her creditors there; but it was scarcely necessary,—for her previous success in trade had already established her good name with the principal dealers in the place. These, as we have hinted before, were mostly British merchants, who received countenance and protection from the commander-in-chief of the British forces, whose headquarters were established at New-York. In place of her former exchanges of oil, which, being exhausted, could no longer be the circulating medium for Miriam, she deposited her own bonds (in the shape of judgment securities, that could be enforced at any moment,) with her merchant creditors; and, for a season, they were as current, for the amount expressed upon their face, as if they had been exchequer notes.

Not satisfied with the monopoly of a trade that was comparatively legitimate in its nature, Miriam opened a traffic with certain contraband dealers, whose smuggling shallops, and privateering operations, were the source of much anxiety and vexation to the officers of the revenue, on various parts of the coast. While her dealings with New-York were carried on openly, those with the free-traders, or “South Sea Buccaneers,” as the jealous inhabitants spitefully called them, were transacted in secret, and with a mystery which the shrewd and prying islanders could not penetrate. It was, in fact, mainly for the better prosecution of an illicit trade, that Miriam had built her country-house; although, ostensibly, she pretended to have constructed it for purposes of retirement. She had even had dealings with the smugglers before the war broke out.

Small craft were seen hovering around the island,

from time to time, whose suspicious manoeuvres were regarded with alarm and dissatisfaction by the people. Boats, gunwale-deep, had been seen to land, in the dusk of the evening, upon the beach in the vicinity of Quaise; and their crews were observed to flit hastily and stealthily to and fro, carrying small burthens in the direction of the mansion, and then disappearing unaccountably among a clump of bushes, from which they would shortly emerge and retrace their steps, without seeming to enter the building. The vessel, which awaited the return of the crew, would then spread her sails, and stand out from the bay.

It was remarked, too, that a wing of Miriam's town-house underwent a great alteration about this period. Two large rooms, that before had been used as parlours, were thrown into one, and shelves and counters were arranged for the reception of merchandise: and the capacious cellar was partitioned off into curious but commodious bins. By degrees the shelves were filled with costly dry-goods and cutlery, and rare fancy articles from France and other European countries; while the bins were stored with wines and liquors, which, it was suspected, were not brought into the island by the ordinary course of importation.

The wealth of the Indies seemed to be at the command of Miriam; and the gorgeousness of her establishment, which she took all opportunities to flaunt in the eyes of the people, showed forth like the stately pile and liveried household of a grandee of an empire, while all around was misery and wretchedness, and betokened poverty and decay.

The exorbitant prices demanded and received by

Miriam, for all the supplies furnished to the islanders, finally took the semblance of barefaced extortion. If people complained of the dearness of her commodities, she would coolly replace the goods on the shelves, and advise them to go where they could be furnished at a cheaper rate; nor would she again deal with the individual who dared to question her prices. The inhabitants, becoming almost desperate from the inadequacy of their means, and tantalized by the daily exhibitions of plenty, temptingly placed before their longing eyes by Miriam, but which their exhausted means could not compass, began to feel that want and starvation would be their portion, even in the midst of abundance, if this alarming state of the times should continue.

A shadow of a revenue office was still kept up in the town, the officers of which were in the pay and interest of the British government. The great mass of the people were, however, decidedly republican in their feelings and principles: and, in total disregard of the authority which the few officers of the crown still exerted, a meeting was called at the Town-House, to deliberate upon the means of relieving the general distress that prevailed. Some of the speakers openly hinted at the unfair practices of Miriam, and denounced her oppressive course in no measured terms. It was, among other things, deemed proper, as a preliminary measure for counteracting the approach of future and greater evils, that a new board of Selectmen should be chosen; and, of course, in acting upon this motion, those in power must necessarily be deposed. The old magistracy were of the tory

interest, and, as such, the adherents of Miriam, and the connivers at, if not the participators in her unheard-of extortions. A new board, of whig complexion was thereupon organized, and its first act was to petition the American Congress for relief.

A messenger was forthwith dispatched, who explained, in moving terms, the forlorn condition of the islanders to the assembled Congressional delegates. But that patriotic body, although deeply and sincerely commiserating the distress of the people, were alike too poor and powerless to afford efficient succour or protection. The only measure that could be adopted in this extremity, involving a probability of efficacious relief to the suffering community, was the unanimous recommendation and consent of the Congress, that the Nantucket people should declare themselves neutral in the pending contest, and represent their condition to the British commander-in-chief. This suggestion was immediately acted upon; and indeed it was quite consonant to the peaceful religious doctrines of the people, who were all more or less imbued with the tenets of the Quakers, the prevailing sect, as we have elsewhere said, of the island.

A new life seemed to invigorate the desponding inhabitants, at the prospect which now opened upon them. Combinations were immediately formed for the purpose of retaliating upon their oppressors. Like the patriotic women of the continent, who refused to partake of imported teas, the islanders thereafter utterly abstained from dealing with Miriam. Her goods rested upon the shelves, without a customer. Her provisions were thenceforth untasted; and a few

scanty vegetables, laboriously grubbed by the inhabitants, were made to supply the place of her high-priced breadstuffs.

While negotiations were going on at New York, and with the naval commander of the station, the incensed Nantucketers undertook a secret expedition against Miriam's "South Sea Islanders." A party of some twenty resolute individuals, armed with instruments to which their hands were best accustomed, to wit, the lance and the harpoon,—lay in wait, night after night, around the country seat of Miriam, with the determination of intercepting her contraband supplies. At night-fall the conspirators, if we may so call them, might be seen straying singly, and without any apparent purpose, near the outskirts of the town: but the Mill-Hills once passed, there was no further occasion for concealment, and they rapidly congregated at a given point, where their instruments of warfare were secreted among the bushes. Here, marshalling their forces, and every man being made acquainted with the signal for onslaught, the party took up their line of march for Quaise; and each one, secretly and silently ensconced himself behind some stunted bush, or projecting object, awaiting the moment of attack.

Again and again were the party foiled in their anticipated capture; and the smugglers escaped unaccountably, inasmuch as they made no visible entrance or egress into or from the house. Regularly as the night would come, a small sail might be observed laying off and on; but as the dusk of the evening would gather, she would run in towards

the shore and entering the small bay that leads to Quaise, heave to opposite Miriam's house. It was sometimes observed that she would depart without lowering her boat;—some private signal, probably, being omitted, which was necessary for encouragement to land. At other times it would boldly put off, and figures might be distinguished walking on the beach. Whatever was their object in landing, it was observed that the silence of the night was unbroken by noise or bustle of any kind; and again they would leave, as they came, observing a profound stillness in all their operations.

The men from the town thought there must be something more in this, than the mere pleasure of coming into the bay and departing; and they determined to array their forces differently. Instead of closely investing the building as formerly, on the next evening they enlarged their circle, and planted sentinels near the landing place for closer observation. The night was fitful, and dark masses of clouds obscured the moon at intervals, which, for the time, entirely concealed the approach of objects. The wind blew in gusts, and the surf tumbled in upon the outer beach with more than its usual commotion.

“Hark!” said one of the sentinels, approaching his neighbour; “heard you nothing just now?”

“No,” replied his comrade; “nothing but the roar of the surf. I fear the night is too dark, and the wind too high for the purpose of the smugglers.”

At this moment a loud noise was heard above the monotonous roar of the sea, like the violent flap-

ping of a sail; and the moon, bursting suddenly forth from behind a dark cloud, displayed a small vessel in the act of coming to the wind. The boat, as usual, was lowered; and after a short detention alongside, during which a number of men appeared to be engaged in stowing away bundles and packages in her bottom, she shoved off from the shallop. Three men employed themselves in rowing the yawl towards the shore, with oars muffled, while a fourth stood up in the stern-sheets, and controlled her motions.

A low whistle was heard to pass from sentinel to sentinel upon the shore, which, without being understood, would have passed to stranger ears for the chirping of a cricket, or the tremulous note of a disturbed sea-bird. The band instantly contracted their circle at the signal, but left a wide opening for the smugglers to enter, if they should decide upon landing.

The boat struck the shore; and the men, jumping quickly out, hauled her up the beach. The sailors set to work to unload the yawl of the various packages, and silently deposited them in a heap upon the dry sand, near a little spit or eminence, around which a small gully, or pathway, led to the upland. Directly over the brow of the slight hill, but at some distance to the right and left of the path, several of the townsmen were posted, with their bodies thrown flat upon the earth, but with eyes eagerly glaring over the little precipice upon the motions of the crew. The boat, being entirely unladen, her *kellock*, or little kedge, was brought

forth and planted in the sand, for the better security of the yawl, whose stern was washed by a rising tide.

“Tom!” said one in a whisper, who appeared to direct the motions of the others, “mount the hillock and see if the signal is still there.”

As the man ascended, the eyes of the ambushed islanders followed his steps, and glanced in the direction of the house. A faint light, heretofore unobserved, was perceptible from a thick bull’s-eye of glass, placed in one of the shutters. All the rest of the building was enshrouded in darkness. The man descended, and in a low voice uttered the simple monosyllable.—“*Ay.*”

“All’s right, then!” replied the leader, in the same subdued tone:—“Bear a hand, men, and lift these packages. Take care to follow me, and stick close; and, d’ye hear?—on your lives utter not a single word, whatever you may see or hear. Come,—be lively now; this infernal cloudy night came near playing the devil with our little craft: we must hasten back to make sail upon her, or the wind will drive her ashore.”

The moon gave out her flickering light for a moment, as the sailors advanced. The proper place of deposit appeared to be gained, and the leader ordered the men to halt.

“There!” whispered he, “throw down the bundles on this spot, and let us return for the others.”

“No thee don’t, though!” exclaimed one of the sentinels, while his companions rushed to his aid. The driving clouds hid the moon again, before the

assailants could reach the spot where the smugglers stood; and when she re-appeared, packages and crew had vanished! Not a word had been spoken by the assailed; but the foremost assailant declared he had heard a slight rustling noise, as if the branches of some bushes, near at hand, had been parted. The harpoons of the invaders were thrust in among them in vain. The smugglers were unaccountably gone, but where to look for them was a mystery. They could not have escaped over the clear heath, for the circle of the watchers had been so suddenly and regularly contracted, that it was not possible they should have passed without being observed.

The pursuit after the fugitive crew was soon abandoned; and it was thereupon determined that a portion of the persons present should board the craft in the bay, and carry her by a *coup de main*,—while the remainder should enter the house of Miriam, and explore some of its mysteries. It was thought that the boat's crew must have taken refuge there, by some means of entrance unknown to those who had invested the building.

Four persons, well armed, answering to the number that had come ashore in the boat, were selected for the purpose of taking possession of the sloop; and some eight or ten others attempted to gain entrance into the house,—leaving a sufficient number on the outside, guarding all the passages of egress, to prevent the escape of the indwellers.

The outer doors were tried, but did not yield to the pressure from without. A slight rap upon the door, such as might announce a neighbourly visit.

was then given; and instantly the light from the bull's-eye was withdrawn. A door was almost immediately opened by an Indian domestic, who, the moment she saw the array of armed men, attempted to close the door in their faces.

"Nay,—thou must not shut the door upon us," said the leader of the troops. "We would enter the house."

"What for?" demanded the woman.

"Thou wilt see directly. Come, stand out of the way there.—or we must put thee gently aside."

"I will *not*!" said she. "I am commanded not to admit strangers at this hour of the night."

"Thou wilt not?"

"No."

"Then take the consequences."

Saying this, the assailant drew back, and, with a heavy drive of his foot, stove the door off its hinges, and the servant rolled upon the floor of the entrance.

An inner door was instantly opened by some invisible hand, and a strong light came into the passage. The men rushed, rather tumultuously, into the room; but the foremost had scarcely taken three steps into the apartment, before he recoiled upon his followers, at the sight of a woman!—It was Miriam Coffin. She stood at the upper end of the apartment, in perfect self-possession, and regarded the intruders with an eye of severity. Her stately form was drawn up to its full height, and displayed the commanding port of Majesty. As soon as the confusion among the men had somewhat subsided, they took courage and came forward.

“Well, gentlemen!” said Miriam, sarcastically, “to what fortunate circumstance am I indebted for this kind and neighbourly visit?”

The men looked at each other, without replying. No spokesman volunteered to apologize for their rudeness.

“What!” exclaimed Miriam, “will no one speak?—Brave men, like you, who can exert your hearty prowess upon the door of my mansion, should surely be able to find words to address a lone woman withal! Come in, and take possession, since you have battered down my doors!—or shall I hand over the keys of my closets and my drawers to you? Here,” continued Miriam, releasing a small bunch of keys from her girdle, “take them, *gentlemen*, and make free at the house of Miriam Coffin:—This is the key of the drawer containing my silver spoons;—this one unlocks the chest, wherein you will find the silver plate that my mother gave me on the day of my marriage;—and this one will put you in possession of a hundred silver crowns. What!—not take them?—Beshrew me, gentlemen, he that will assault and batter down the outer door of a private dwelling, should not hesitate to lay his hands upon the spoils within. I took you for some brave band of brotherly associates, of the Agrarian order, whose creed is the equal division of property. I ery you merey;—I have mistaken your object, *gentlemen!*”

Here Miriam courtesied slowly to the floor, with deep ceremony, while a curl of contempt sat upon her lips. The men, unable, as they afterwards de-

clared themselves, to stand before the searching fire of her eye, hurried from her presence without making a word of reply. There was not a man among them that would not sooner have grappled with a whale than encounter a woman's tongue; and especially if that woman was Miriam Coffin.

In the meantime, the four men had descended to the beach, and launched the small boat. The sloop was an easy prey; for only two persons, and those but half-grown lads, were remaining on board. They were not sensible of any danger, until the strange faces came aft, and their unusual costume became visible by the light of the binnacle. The frightened youths rushed for the boat, but were seized at the gangway by the brawny hands of the Nantucketers, and forced to remain in custody. The boat was sent back again to the beach, and the townspeople were brought off, together with the packages remaining on the sands. Sail was instantly made, and the cold stomachs of the captors were warmed with some good Holland, which they found on board, and broached, no doubt, at the expense of Miriam. An hour's sail brought the craft safely into port; and, as no one appeared to claim her, she was declared forfeit to her captors.

Soon afterwards the envoys to the British authorities returned with favourable reports. The *Nimrod*, brig of war, anchored in the offing, and a twelve-oared barge, bearing her commander, and a white flag, in token of amity, approached the shore. The starving inhabitants crowded to the landing place to receive the messenger; and, as in duty bound, they

conducted him, with every demonstration of respect, to the Town-House. Silence being obtained in that ancient hall of reception, the magistrates of the town arranged themselves in their places. A duplicate set of Selectmen, however, presented themselves, and contended for precedence:—the whigs, on the one side, believing themselves to be the choice of a majority of the sovereign people, and the Tories on the other, who had plucked up courage to make a show of loyalty to the crown, countenanced, as they supposed they would be, by an officer of his majesty.

The commander of the Nimrod approached the table, which divided the factions of the houses of York and Lancaster, and, in a prefatory speech, declared himself the humble messenger of his majesty's government, to inform the inhabitants that their wish to remain neutral, in the pending contest, had been acquiesced in. He further went on to say, that the people would be allowed freedom of trade to all parts of the continent, so long as that privilege was not abused, by succouring their countrymen, the rebels; and that license was granted for their whale-ships to come and go freely. He finished by laying his dispatches upon the table, and then retired a few steps to await their reply.

The despatches were directed, in their superscription, to the "*Worshipful Magistrates of the Town of Sherburne and Island of Nantucket.*" The unyielding manners of the old Nantucketers were never more conspicuous than upon this august occasion. A formal argument, but carried on with all the quaint-

ness and propriety which distinguish Quaker debates, was here entered upon by the speakers of the several factions. The Selectmen declared it their high privilege to receive and open his majesty's despatches, and cited the words of the superscription as an argument that the packet belonged to them exclusively. The whig party, who had abjured all titles of this nature, contented themselves with the simple designation of "*Selectmen*," and publicly denounced the sounding dignity of "*Worshipful Magistrates*." The literal construction of the superscription was, therefore, likely to prove a bone of contention between the parties, to the great detriment of their constituents. But the whigs, though they would not break the seal of the paper themselves, from a too nice regard to etiquette, were determined not to yield the important document up to their opponents.

Meantime the packet remained untouched. The gallant commander of the Nimrod became uneasy, at the unnecessary delay which the far-advanced and still waxing debate occasioned him, and thought proper to put in his oar.

"Since," said he, "the liberality of his majesty's government is so little appreciated, although granted at your earnest prayer;—and, as I perceive such a perversity of disposition here, which, it seems to my poor comprehension, you would sooner indulge in till doomsday, and suffer the people to starve, than concede supremacy one to the other.—I will retire, and report what I have seen and heard. I must, however, since no one will receive it, restore this

packet to those who have commissioned me to bring you relief:—but I must say, it strikes me as in the highest degree singular, and out of place, that amidst distress, such as prevails here, you should stand upon ceremony in breaking the seal of these important despatches, addressed respectfully to the magistrates of the town.”

“Minnows and mack’rel!” exclaimed Peleg Folger, who belonged to the whigs;—“I am a convert to thy eloquence, and am inclined to think pretty much as thou dost in this matter. By thy leave, I will settle this dispute, in the twinkling of a bed-post. There!” continued Peleg, “let those who please, quarrel about the envelope and its worshipful designation:—for my part, I will, for one, take a peep into the interior, and pick the kernel out of the shell, without longer giving heed to the palaver of the S’lackmen.”

“*Slack* enough, in all conscience!” said the officer to a bystander.

Peleg tore off the cover, which he mischievously handed over to the leader of the tories. He thereupon read aloud to the rejoicing people, the warrant of their release from privation and want. He then held up the papers in triumph, and the people shouted aloud as he descended from the rostrum.

“Let us home to our families, and spread the good news;—and do thou, neighbour Peleg, hold fast of the document,” said a townsman of Peleg.

“Ay—minnows and mack’rel!—that I will—and the worshipful blockheads may remain behind, and talk about the inviolability of the anointed magistracy.

as they call it, until they grow black in the face for lack of something to eat!’’

The crowd followed Peleg, and the hall of audience was cleared of all but the wordy belligerents,—who, seeing themselves abandoned by the people, soon grew ashamed of their puerile debate, and went upon their several ways: while the captain of the Mighty Hunter, finding that his mission was at an end, took to his barge again, and departed the coast.

The monopoly that Miriam had so long enjoyed was now at an end. Supplies came pouring into the neutral port of Sherburne from every quarter, and in less than a fortnight's time the inhabitants were effectually and abundantly relieved. But this was not all. The reaction against Miriam commenced. The wheel of fortune, which is always turning, had carried her to the top, while it had, at the same time, crushed a whole people. She was now on her downward career, and the bruised and contemned were taking their turn upwards. The remembrance of her conduct had been treasured up against her; and, sooth to say, the means of bringing about her downfall were plotted industriously and without remorse. The springs of mercy and the milk of human kindness were dried up, for a time, in the breasts of her opponents. The owners of the ships and of the houses that had been mortgaged to her, bethought themselves of an expedient to redeem their pledges at small cost, and they hesitated at nothing to compass a wide revenge. They clubbed together their funds, and pledged their credit with

their numerous friends upon the continent for additional means, for the purpose of buying up the judgment bonds of Miriam, which were floating about among the merchants of the city of New-York in large amounts. They were but too successful in their designs. They came back upon her with their demands, like an overwhelming flood. She found, too late, that she had not only overreached herself, but had been overreached; and that in accumulating riches, by unfair and exorbitant means, she had created a host of enemies, who were now as implacable in their prosperity as she had been inexorable in her demands and extortions, while they were needy.

Miriam, however, was game to the last. She looked the danger that threatened her steadily in the face, and took her measures promptly, but not warily.

“Since my enemies will have it so,—let them have war to the knife—let it be a war of extermination!” exclaimed she, with energy, as she called for Grimshaw, her confidential adviser, and gave directions to foreclose every mortgage which she held, and to put every demand in suit in the Colonial courts.

“But, my dear madam,” replied Grimshaw, “this will be the means of creating a more determined opposition in your enemies. Trust me, discretion is the better part of valour now: for you cannot fail to see the advantage of holding these liens *in terrorem* over their heads, while they are proceeding against you.”

“Talk not to me of temporizing:—I will be

obeyed;—put them all in suit forthwith, and crush the hornets in one nest together! They clamourously demand payment of my bonds, and will take nothing but silver and gold. I have neither, and they know it: but they shall be paid in their own coin;—bond for bond—ruin for ruin! I am not a woman to ask favours of the world; and least of all will I bend to this white-oak race of unmannered cubs.—No! Miriam Coffin is as unbending as the best of them!”

It was done as Miriam directed, and an internal war, more ruinous than has ever visited the island before or since, was carried on between the powerful and all-grasping Miriam Coffin, on the one part, and a whole community on the other. The fortunes of Miriam were prostrated in the struggle; but she would have been victorious in any other place upon the main, of equal size and resources. An isolated spot, like Nantucket, is favourable for mercantile combinations; but, on the continent, free competition renders most attempts of this nature nugatory. As it was, however, Miriam saw herself standing alone, in opposition to all the people of her little world.

Whenever she attempted to sell their property, by virtue of the mortgages which she held, as she was compelled to do to raise funds to meet her engagements, her debtors, by agreement with one another, stood by and saw ship after ship, and house after house, knocked down to a single bidder in their interest for a nominal sum. The rightful owner, it may be supposed, never suffered by these forced sales, but enjoyed his own again at Miriam’s cost. And again:

Whenever portions of her own or her husband's property were seized, by virtue of the bonds enforced against her, her goods and chattels, houses and lands, by reason of the same combination, which she had provoked in the pride of her prosperity, were sacrificed for the tithe of their value. Even her splendid town-house was sold, over her head, for a sum less than half the cost of the stone foundation.

The strict morality of this proceeding, on the part of a people generally fair and upright, was, perhaps, never canvassed. The war, so far as carried on by Miriam, was looked upon as one of aggression; and the defence and retaliation regarded in the light of self-preservation.

In the midst of this state of things, Jethro Coffin returned to his home. He found himself a ruined man. Like a true philosopher, he set himself about repairing his shattered fortunes: but in the end was enabled to scrape together only a few fragments of a magnificent wreck. He placed great reliance, however, on the return of his ships from their whaling operations to resuscitate his mercantile name and credit; but the reader has already been made acquainted with their ill success and their misfortunes, and may therefore judge of the keen disappointment of Jethro, when he found his hopes entirely blasted.

Jethro could never be brought to look upon Miriam's splendid designs, which had ended so disastrously, with anything like patience or complacency.

"Had it not been for this," said Miriam, after she had finished giving her husband a faithful relation of her transactions,—“Had it not been for *this* mis-

fortune,—and *that* accident:—if things had gone *so*—
and *so*—as I had good reason to expect,—we should,
as thou seest, have been the wealthiest family in the
colonies.”

“Nay,” answered Jethro, “I do *not* see as thou
seest:—thy unchastened ambition, not content with
reasonable gains, hath ruined thy husband, stock and
flock!—Get thee gone to thy kitchen, woman, and do
thou never meddle with men’s affairs more!”

Miriam’s proud heart was humbled: it was almost
broken, at this reproof from her husband. But she
obeyed; and in time, put on the show of content,
and seemed to the eyes of the world at least, to accom-
modate herself, without murmuring, to the humble
pursuits which suited her decayed fortunes. But that
world never knew of the volcanic fires, burning with a
smouldering flame in her bosom:—nor of the yearn-
ings for power:—nor the throbbings, struggling to be
revenged upon those who had brought her house to
its ruin. She was—

“———Like Etna;—

And in her breast was pent as fierce a fire.”

CHAPTER X.

*Extracts from Quaint Nantucket.**The Missionary.*

While Thomas Story, the Quaker preacher, was visiting Nantucket in the year 1704, he found at one of his meetings a smaller number of people than usual; and he says in his journal that "two priests, an elderly man and a young one, the first from the isle of Shoals and the other from Marthas Vineyard, had a meeting near us and several were curious to hear the new preacher in the Presbyterian way." Other efforts like that mentioned in the Quaker's journal were made to establish Presbyterianism on the island: but owing to the growth and cheapness of Quakerism, which paid no wages to its preachers, they were not successful until the year 1711, when a little Presbyterian meeting-house was built near Nobottom Pond, and a little congregation began to worship in it.

In May, 1725, a young minister who had been educated at Harvard College was sent to Nantucket to revive the drooping faith of the Puritans represented by this feeble society. His name was Timothy White. He came from Boston, a missionary zealous for good works, and soon after his arrival he fell in love with an island girl named Susanna Gardner, who was a granddaughter of Captain John Gardner, already mentioned in my narrative. In

this new condition of existence he neglected to write to his friends at home; and one day he was aroused by a letter from his sister, Mistress Abigail White, who had heard that he was "far gone" in an occupation unknown to her own experience. To this letter he replied:—

Nantucket, Sept. 15, 1725.

Sister Abi:—I must confess you did eno' to shame me, by catching at an opportunity to write, while I was careless to improve the many which presented. But you have heard I conclude, altho' you don't know by experience, that when Persons are stiffly engaged in Courting, they are very forgetful of those lesser things.

I know not to whom you were beholden for your information, but I can inform you that I was not so far gone in it but that I had determined to quit the place & all the things in it, till I heard from Boston, when your Letter came; and I have not laid my self under such strong obligations yet, but that I can easily let the action fall if you have anything material to object.

Whether the reason is because my Company is so very delightsome & charming, or what it is I can't tell, but it has been my Portion to be honour'd with such suspicions, wherever I have yet lived for any time.

But if this be not true, I could wish it were, for I am no enemy to proceedings of this nature.

He advises his sister "to improve every opportunity for the advancement of your temporal good," which may have been interpreted as a suggestion

that she also should be "stiffly engaged in court-ing;" but above all, he says, "you are to be so-licitous for the prosperity of your soul." This was an advice commonly offered by religious letter-writers of those days.

If Timothy White had "quit the place" at that time, he might have been better off in the end. The longer he stayed, the gloomier became his prospects; and at the close of two years' living on Nantucket he was intending to return to Boston, an unmarried man, when a letter came to him from Benjamin Coleman, minister of the Brattle Street Church, in that town, written on behalf of a committee of "Honorab!e and Reverend Gentlemen," and inclos-ing a gift of £100, with promise of £50 more in two years, to be accepted on these conditions—

First, That ye said Mr White do willingly devote himself to ye service of Christ & Souls on the Island of Nantucket, seriously endeavouring by ye help of God for ye space of five years to come, to introduce & establish the Settlement of a Church state there.

And secondly, That ye People of Nantuckett to whom he is & has been ministering due signify to us their desire of Mr White's continuing & labour-ing among them to this end.

This encouragement satisfied him; and in Sep-tember, 1728, he married Susanna Gardner, who was seventeen years of age; he was twenty-eight. The next month he wrote in his note book: "The Com-missioners for Indian affairs at Boston made known to me their desire of my taking upon me the charge

of a Lecture to the Indians upon Nantucket; on my understanding of which I sent an answer in the affirmative, and accordingly I begin today." He preached to the Indians once or twice a month for ten years, and received for this labor from the Commissioners £25 yearly in poor money. During this period he wrote in his book the date of each preaching, and the number of Indians in his audience; for example, "1733, began a 6th year at Miacomet; November 1st there were 23 Indians present; 27th of December, 23 Indians; 20th of January, 60 Indians; 10th of February, 70 Indians; 24th of February, 80 Indians; 10th of March, 60 Indians; 14th of April, 70 Indians; 20th of April, 60 Indians."

His popularity with the Indian congregations provoked the ignorant native teachers, who interfered with his work in such a manner that it became necessary for the Commissioners at Boston to write to them, saying:—

This is to signify that the Honorable Commissioners, of whom His Excellency the Governor is one, from whom you receive your yearly Salaries, have appointed the Rev^d. Mr. Timothy White to preach Lectures to you, to oversee counsell & advise you from time to time as occasion shall require, and to inspect the Schools & Churches & to catechise the children & such as are proper for it, & you & all concerned are to pay a proper regard to him accordingly.

ADAM WINTHROP

Pursuant to a vote of the
Commissrsrs this is ordered
to be sent to you.

In the second summer after his marriage he was building a house on land given to him by his wife's father; it was on the highway near Josiah Coffin's house, and the garden was "four rods square in the swamp near by."¹ Two years later, he assumed the office of minister to the little Presbyterian society. For his help in this position there came to him from Boston a bundle of books, with a letter saying:—

¹ On the south side of Cliff Road, a little east of the Josiah Coffin house, is the site of the house built by Timothy White, almost due north from the house with the horseshoe chimney. Between the White house and the house with the horseshoe chimney is the swamp, where was located his garden.

These four volumes of ye Practicall works of ye Rev^d Mr Richard Baxter are given by Samuel Holden Esqr, Governor of the Bank of England, by ye Special Disposition of Benjamin Colman Pastr of a Church in Boston to the Presbyterian Congregation at Nantucket, now under the ministry of the Rev^d Mr Timox White, on the following conditions—that ye s^d Mr. White & some of ye principal members of ye Congregation do receive them & keep them safe for ye benefit of ye Teacher & Society of ye Presbyterians on sd Island, & will be responsible for them so as to return them in Case the public Worship according to the Presbyterian method fails. If there be a number of People that tarry at the Place of Worship after Sermon, one volume shall be kept there for their use if it may be with safety.

The congregation was small and poor, paying the ministry by voluntary gifts of wood, corn, wool, fish, labor, and sometimes money: so he had to look beyond it for the means of living. He opened a school, which

had no vacations. Quaker children did not attend it, as they were confined to the schools of the Quaker society. The largest number of scholars at any time was thirty-four; from each scholar he received about ten shillings for a term of three months, paid in money or its value in hay, corn, firewood, cheese, tallow, or molasses. I copy from his account book some of the payments:—

Reed of James Gardner for Schooling 1 Gall molasses	5s.
Reed of John Bunker for Schooling 60 lbs Cheese	60s.
Reed of Josiah Coffin for Schooling Tallow	4s.
Reed of Sam Ray for Schooling 2 tubs	19s.
Reed of George Brown for schooling in Oyl	£4.15.8

Continuous preaching and teaching produced for the poor missionary and his family only a small maintenance, which he increased by trading in merchandise. Friends on the mainland sent to him invoices of cloth, bed-ticking, cotton, flour, religious books, almanacs, Watts's Hymns, and cider. His account book says:—

April 1733. Reed from Mr. Brown 5 bls Cider which is thus sold:—

John Gardner	1 bl — at 22 shillings
John Coffin	1 bl — at 22 “
Josiah Coffin	1 bl — at 22 “
Robert Coffin	2 bl — at 42 “

£5.8.0

Freit on cyder	17.6
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Neat proceeds	£4.10.6
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Reed of above debts in wool 50 shillings
and six pence;

in fish 40 shillings	= £4.10.6
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June 1733. Reed from Mother White one coverlett
sold the same to Josiah Coffin to be paid for in
wool, £3

Reed the wool and sent it.

July 1733. Shipped aboard Capt. Woodman for
John White of Haverhill to be paid for in apples
or cyder or both—

on John Coffins acct—

4 lb of wool—	£1. 2.0
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on John Gardners acct—

10 lb wool—	1.10.0
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on Timothy Whites acct—

37 lb wool—	3.14.0
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At same time shipped for mother for her cloth
166 lb wool.

He appears to have had the genius of a trader. In the year 1735, he sold twenty-five almanacs at sixpence each, and fifteen "Evidences of Christianity" at two shillings and sixpence each, and "laid in for a whaling voyage" eight barrels of beef. His share of the whaling sloop's oil on her first cruise was ten barrels, and on her second cruise fifteen barrels. From that date he was annually shipping whale oil and whalebone to the Boston market. Some of his slabs of whalebone weighed eight hundred pounds.

A few extracts taken here and there from his book reveal some of the peculiar circumstances of his life:—

Let Eben Cain (an Indian) have 5 shillings which he promised to pay in Feathers within 8 or 10 days. He paid the Feathers.

Let Zach Hoit have a pair of Breeches Shirt and Hat. Paid by carting Wood. Let Zach Hoit have a Jacket for which he is to pay ye next Fall $6\frac{1}{2}$ Bushels of Corn.

Cleared with James Ribbin for the Boys breaking his window—paying 4 shillings and in ye Spring 1 Shilling. In all 5 Shillings.

Paid to Jos Daws for Labour 1 pair of knee Buckles 4 shillings. Paid to his wife for Weaving 20 shillings.

Bourt of John Bunker 100 lbs of Chees @ 1 shilling and pd in cash 40 shillings & Schooling 60 shillings.

Sold to Sylvanus Hussey 722 lbs Whalebone besides the 200 weighed out by himself.

Put on board Sylvanus's schooner for Boston 34 bbls of Oyl.

Put on board Andrew Gardner's sloop for Boston 18 bbls Oyl.

Pd to John Coffin Freit of wood to Newburg and apples & cyder from thence for sale 80 shillings.

Sent by Bro Cragie to Pay Couz. Wm White for a Piece of Callico and to get Sundries for sale £8.

Recd from Bro Cragie Sundries to the value of £17 for sale.

Sent to Rhode Island 20 shillings to get vin treacle & cocheneal & a piece of striped Cotton.

This day Thomas Dagget of Edgartown informed me that the money (£18) which I sent to him the last year for a Cow was delivered to him.

Pd to Mary Barnard, Doctr, £5.1.8, and for Physick then had 2 shillings (June 21, 1749).

Thomas Hubbard, a merchant of Boston, had collected £24 from a convention of ministers, and sent the money to Timothy White, with a letter dated in June, 1748, saying:—

Sometime ago Dr Sewall put into my hands a letter from yourself representing the low circumstances of life your situation in the world had exposed you to, upon which I communicated the same to several of the members of the General Court, but found it was beyond their power to help you in a public station, wch I am persuaded they would gladly have done if they could; whereupon I returned your letter to the doctor with four pounds cash from myself to be sent you at the first opportunity. . . . Doct Sewall after this communicated your letter to the convention of ministers who readily voted you twenty pounds (old Tenor) out of the collection. . . . At last he put it in my care, & now by Mr. Abijah Folger I have sent you twenty four pounds. . . . I heartily wish you health & prosperity in your Lord's work & hope that some door or other may be opened for your comfort and relief.

But the poor missionary had already discovered that it was useless to contend against the power of Quakerism which was ruling Nantucket; and writing

to the Rev. John Webb, of Boston, his "dear brother in the Lord," he said his discouragements were so great and many that they will compel him in a little time "to take leave of the poor people" in whose service he had spent a great part of his life. A reply from his friend promised that the ministers in Boston would "use their interest that you may have a more comfortable support." It was only a promise. In June, 1750, he departed from Nantucket, carrying with him as a memorial of his missionary life the four volumes of Richard Baxter's works. "These books," said he, "are in my hands, there being no preacher on the island when I left; and as I supplied that pulpit for more than eighteen years after they were put into my hands, and during this term of years lived chiefly upon my own means, I am justified in accounting them my own."

CHAPTER XI.

Sea-Journals and Sea-Rovers.

“With sails let fall, and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we;
We crossed the bar, stood round the point, and sailed away to sea.”

“A JOURNAL of an intended voyage from Nantucket by God’s permission,”—so run the opening words of these old books. Following this recognition of Him “who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand” are the records of daily events at sea; the direction of the wind, the character of the weather, run of the log ship, courses steered, the latitude and longitude, the occupations of the ship’s company. Then come the last words of the day: “So ends this 24 hours all on board in health through the blessing of God.”

The pages of these journals have been polished by the friction of oily hands; the language is picturesque; and here and there quaint words, which passed out of use long ago, come upon the reader like a flash-light from the last century. The sea-rovers who wrote them were revolvers against uniform spellings, as if uniformity were “a strife against nature.” In this they were not wrong, for the meaning of words is determined not so much by their orthography as by their combination and place in the text. Voltaire, who derided both English and French orthography, said: “Writing is the painting of the voice; the closer the resemblance the better the picture.”

The threads that made up the strand of Nantucket life were not diverse; in one way or another they all wove themselves into the sea. For a Nantucket boy, there was no outlook except across the weltering ocean; and on these journal pages he worked out his life problems in the mathematics of navigation. There he wrote whatever he ought to know about building, rigging, and handling a ship; the regulations of foreign ports; the latitude and longitude of noted headlands and harbors; the value of foreign moneys computed in pounds sterling; the methods of drawing bills of exchange on London. Ambitious boys, who began in these journals their education for the sea, were thinking of the day when they were to take commands and become managers as well as navigators of ships.

Such, for example, was George Gardner, who was born on the island in the year 1731, and, having fitted himself for sea, he sailed as a sharer in whaling cruises. His book begins with his preparatory studies ashore; then follows his sea-journal; and then the record of his services as a justice of the peace and collector of the port of Nantucket. I will copy a day from his journal:—

Saturday January 21st, 1757. The first part of This 24 hours fresh Breases of wind SW Inter-mixed with Rain & Snow. wee Spake with Capt John Brown from Newfoundland Bound for New Lonnon. The wind blew that wee Had not much Talk with him but he Told us he had been Chased by a French Privateer but by Good Luck Lost her in the Night. Latt 36-10. Saw 2 large Ise Islands

hove out our boat and got 8 Bbls of Ise. Caught several Cod fish & had Fry'd Cod heads for supper and a glass of wine. So no more at Present all being in Health by the Blessing of God but no Whale yet.

Peleg Folger's sea-journals show a Nantucket sailor of another sort. His name was pronounced Pillick, and it exists in an old crooning song of Nantucket fishermen, of which this fragment remains:—

“Old Uncle Pillick he built him a boat
On the ba-a-ck side of Nantucket P'int;
He rolled up his trowsers and set her afloat
From the ba-a-ck side of Nantucket P'int.”

He began to go to sea when he was twenty-one years old, cruising yearly below the Bahamas and beyond the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in pursuit of sperm whales. In those days whaling voyages were made in sloops, each manned by thirteen men, with two boats. In the spring they departed from Nantucket, returned to discharge their oil, and sailed and returned again three or four times before winter came. The largeness of the fleet in Peleg Folger's time is indicated by a remark in his journal of the year 1754:—

We sailed from Nantucket May 6th in company with about 30 sail of whalemén and when we anchor'd under the East End of Nantucket we appear'd like a forest.

This young sailor was an innovator in the current style of sea-journals. He opened his first pages with the words:—

Peleg Folger his hand and Book written at sea

on Board the Sloop Grampus May 1751. Many people who keep Journals at sea fill them up with trifles. I purpose in the following sheets not to keep an overstrict history of every trifling occurrence that happens; only now and then some particular affair, and to fill up the rest with subjects Mathematical Historical Philosophical or Poetical as best suits my inclination—

“Qui docet indoctos licet indoctissimus esset,
Ille quoque breve ceteris doctior esse queat.”¹

This preface denotes an individuality, which shone out beyond the range of other sea-rovers, and leads me to quote liberally from his journals. His habit of using Latin phrases in them caused many jests by his shipmates, one of whom wrote in his book:—

Old Peleg Folger is a Num Scull for writing Latin. I fear he will be Offended with me for writing in his Book but I will Intercede with Anna Pitts in his Behalf to make up for ye same—Nathaniel Worth.

¹ “He who teaches the unlearned may be most unlearned, although he is only a little more learned than the others.” This maxim was rendered by Pope as follows:—

“Content if here th’ unlearn’d their wants may view,
The learn’d reflect on what before they knew.”

The Grampus sailed from Nantucket the 10th of April, 1751. The young sea philosopher kept silence until May 3d, when he wrote:—

This day we have killed a Spermaceti whale which is the first since our Departure from our good Isle of Nantucket.

May 10th annoque Domini 1751 we are bound home, having three small Spermaceties in our hold. Latt. 38 North. We spy’d a sail and Draw’d up

to her but the Clown would not speak with us bearing off S E.

“When Drake and Cavendish sailed the world about,
And valiant heroes found new Countries out,
To Britain's Glory and their Lasting Fame,
Were we like minded we might do the same.”

May 15th. This day we fell in with the South Shoal & made our Dear Island of Nantucket and thro Gods mercy got round the point in the afternoon. So we turn'd it up to the Bar by the Sun 2 hours high. In the night we got over the Bar—*Laus Deo.*

May 18th we have got all ready for a Second Cruise and Sail'd from our wharfe round the point and anchor'd under Sankety Head and the next day at 4 o'Clock in the morning we weigh'd anchor & Stood off to sea.

June 7th. We have got one large *Spermaceti* and have met with nothing remarkable. But Content is a continual feast. We are headed North and hope to be home soon. *Deo volente atque adjuvente.*¹

June 23d. We sailed from Nantucket Bar through Miskekit channel on our third cruise, bound South.

July 1st. Nantucket bears NE 324 miles. We had a Good Breakfast upon meat and doboys & we are all merry together. A Shuffling kind of Breeze—only wish we Could get Some *Spermaeeties*.

July 6th. This day we spy'd *Spermaeeties* & we kill'd one. If we get Whale enough we may be able to go home in a fortnight. Death summons all men to the silent grave.

¹ God willing and assisting.

July 9th. Lat. 36-18 Longt. 73-2. Nothing remarkable this 24 Hours only dull times & Hot weather & no Whales to be seen. Much toil and labour mortal man is forced to Endure & little profit to be got by it.

July 10th a gale of wind and a large sea. We lay by under a trisail. It is tiresome to lay by so much, rowling and tumbling like the conscience of a wicked man.

July 11th. The wind died out and the sloop began to rowl and rowl'd her lee gunwail under and several times fairly floated our boats and stove one. Nothing to be seen but the circling skies above and the rowling seas below. No Whales or Whales tails to be seen nor any Whalemen.

July 14th We have killed two Spermaceties. Now for home Boys! We have 70 barrels full in our Hold—*ex beneficia divina*.¹

¹ From the divine clemency.

In April, 1752. Peleg Folger sailed from Nantucket "with a smart wind at northwest," beginning the cruise with a perilous experience.

April 4th we Spy'd Spermaceties and we toss'd out our Boat and we row'd about a mile and a half and then a Whale came up under us & stove our Boat and threw every man overboard. And we all came up and Got hold of the boat & held to her till the other boat which was two miles away came up and took us in.

April 27th we spoke Beriah Fitch and we mated with Beriah and we Struck a large Spermaceti

and kill'd her. We Got her beneath both Vessels and Got a Parbuckle under her and tackles and runners to her and we hoisted her head about 2 foot above water and then we cut a Scuttle in her head and a man Got in up to his Armpits and dipt almost 6 Hogsheads of clear oyle out of her case besides 6 more out of the Noodle. He certainly doth hit the right that mingles profit with delight.

May 10th we spy'd a scool of Spermaceties in the morning and hove out our boats and struck two and kill'd one but the other ran away with one iron in her tail. That which we kill'd fill'd 11 Hogsheads.

May 13th. We heard a Spermaceti blow at 1-2 past 3 in ye morning and it still being Dark we hove out our Boats and row'd towards ye Sound and about 20 minutes before the Sun rising we struck her. But we could not get in a Second iron and so she ran away to the Southward & got clear of us. And so one Day passeth after another & every Day brings us nearer to our Grave and all human employments will be at an end.

May 16th. in latitude 36:30 North We spoke with a cape man who told us oyl bore a very Good price in Boston—£140 old tenor per tun to be paid in Dollars on the spot and the small pox which hath been in Boston still continues. We spy'd Spermaceties & toss'd out our boats & kill'd one which filled 12 Hogsheads. We stood to the northward having Got a Good voyage ex divina beneficia.

May 21st. a very hard Gale at Northeast. We carried a trysail foresail & Gib and the wind coming on we hall'd down our Gib & reef'd him then sat him again. But the wind tore him sadly & we hall'd him down again and unbent him & Got him into the Cabin & mended him and stood off under a trysail and foresail till night.

May 22nd. A very hard gale & a top-gallant sea going. We lay to under a trysail all day. It is five weeks since we left Nantucket, but I am remembering all the Girls at home and I hope to see them soon.

“Oh that mine eyes might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what becomes me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tye
From ever speaking foolishly.”¹

¹ From *Ellwood's Wishes*.

In June, 1752, he sailed in the Sloop *Seaflower*, bound to Newfoundland seas: and on the 14th of the month he made the land and entered “Misketo Cove.” There, says his sea-journal,—

The Irishmen curs'd us at high rate for they hate whalemén in the Harbour. We lay at anchor two weeks and in that space of time bore many an oath of the Paddies & hog trotters—they swearing we should not cut up our Whale in the Harbour. But we cut up two and then they rais'd a mob under Pike an Irishman who call'd himself Captain of the Harbour, and fired upon us & tho the shot struek all around us, but through mercy hurt no man. While the sloop was anchored we cruised

in our boats after Whales. We struck a yearling and the mother Whale kept by its side and presently she was struck. We kill'd her by much lancing. In her hurry she came at our boat and furiously ran over us and oversot us & made a miserable rack of our boat in a moment. A wonder it was that we all had our lives spar'd for divers of us were sadly puzzled under water.

August 15th. Yesterday we set sail from Cape Race for Nantucket. There was a fresh gale of wind right aft and we took two reefs in the main-sail and she went like a Blaze all night.

In May, 1753, Peleg Folger sailed from Nantucket in the sloop Greyhound, bound for Davis Straits. Soon after leaving port he fell in with a schooner from the West Indies bound to Boston, and he wrote in his journal:—

We went aboard the schooner and got two bottles of Rum and some limes and sugar and oranges. Then we spy'd a scool of Spermaceties and Kill'd one. There hath been a jumbling sea today.

May 26th we struck soundings on ye Grand Banks of Newfoundland. We saw several ice islands and we saw several ships. The weather is freezing cold, days long, nights short, our Cabins our delight, the fire pleasant, our allowance to every man his belly full & more if he wants. Alas! if it were not for hopes the heart would fail. Lat 58:57 Long 51:46.

June 20th We saw eight whales and our skipper struck one which stove his boat so that she over-

sot and the Whale ran away. We struck another which also ran away. So there is two shot of craft and a stoven boat in one day.

June 21st We saw some whales and struck one and we soon made her spout Blood and she was a long time dying. But at last she dy'd and we cut her head off. The wind blew so that we could not cut her up—a large swell going, the cable parted and the Whale is gone with about one third of the blubber.

June 24th. We cleaned our Whalebone and stowed it away. It measured 8 foot 3 inches. We chased right Whales and Spermaceties today but could not strike.

A Right Whale is very large, hollowing on the back, all slick & smooth, having no hump at all as other Whales. The bone (of which is made stays and hoop'd petticoats) doth grow in their mouth. The tongue is monstrous large & will commonly make a tun of oyl. He has two spout holes and makes a forked spout whereby he is distinguished from other Whales at a distance.

A Spermaceti will make from 10 to 100 barrels of oyl. He has no bone in his head & his brains is all oyl. He has a hooking hump on the after part of his back, one spouthole, and his under jaw is full of ivory teeth and his tongue is very small.

June 26th. Ye wind at N E with some snow, we handed our mainsail and set our trisail, and let her jog to the eastward under trisail & Gib in hopes to find our Dead Whale. At 6 a. m. while we were pouring some Chocolate down our bellies,

our partner Elisha Coffin, who was lying by, hove out a Boat & rowed to windward & when we came to discover what they was after it proved to be our Dead Whale which we lost the other day. So we soon got her alongside. Lat. by obs. 60-24.

We are all in health & so oylly yt we are in a Doleful Pickle (ut ainnt)¹ We had a haglet stew-pye for supper: about 8 at night we finish'd trying out our Blubber & put out the fire of our caboose. We sandrove our oyl and stow'd it away in the hold, & quoined it: our Whale made 68 barrels.

¹ As they say.

June 30th. This day we had corn'd fish for dinner. Pancakes for supper & Chocolate for Breakfast, the sea a little chopling and we lay under a trysail.

July 2d. We lay to all this 24 hours under a trisail & drove to the Northward. The sea broke like a surfe & appear'd like a snowdrift. And we ship'd many tuns of water; our lee boat had been stove had we not manhandled her when she kanted on her gunnel & lash'd her. Our quarter deck was sometimes ancle deep & our tub of gravel got stove to pieces so we shall be forced to kill our fowl for fear they'd die. We had paucakes for supper. Lat. 60-30.

July 14th. We spoke with a ship from Glasgow. Elisha came on board of us & we had a fowl stewpye and a great Plum pudding for dinner. Then we spy'd whales & we kill'd one large spermaceti & we got her alongside & began to ent upon her.

July 17th. We spoke a Dutch ship & our skipper

& mate went on board her. They had an Indian & his Canoe on board & intend to Carry him to Holland & bring him back next year.

August 20th. Whales plenty. Hove out our boats and killed one. We struck two that ran away. We struck another off the bow and put two irons in her. She going to windward broke a warp and so away she went. We sot the tryworks agoing and we soon had a flaming torch under the caboose. but seeing Whales we put out our fires and went off & kill'd a large Spermaceti.

September 10th. It is 124 days since we have seen any land until today. Cape Race bears West by North 4 leagues. We are bound home & the wind is right ahead, but we must be contented let the wind be as it will.

September 19th. Rain and thunder and lightning. We hall'd down our mainsel and balanc'd & reef'd him and let the sloop jog along. At night it was as blacke as ink. So we lay a hull. Lat. 42.9—Long. 61.52.

September 22^d. This day we struck Soundings on St. Georges Bank. Nantucket bears west 50 leagues. We shall soon see the land—even our Dear Nantucket—So dayday both latitude and longitude.

Let us make one more whaling cruise with Peleg Folger. I will quote from his sea-journal of the year 1757, in the time of the French and Indian War:—

June 18th. We saw a very large Scool of Spermaceties but they Ran like Horses insomuch that

tho' we hove our Boats & Strovd faithfully yet we could not Strike. We saw a Ship off in the S E and she stood for us and rather wind fretted us—she being an extraordinary good sailor. So we stood into the N W and the wind starting in our favour we withered him about a mile. At Sunset we brought to under a Trysail.

July 1st. This day Whales are very plenty and we kill'd one that fill'd 15 Hogsheads. We saw a topsail vessel and we immediately made sail. It being very windy and a large sea going we carried away one of our shrouds. But we got up our tackles and runners in the room of our Shroud & setting 3 sails atanto we made our sloop buckle again. At the first hank we wither'd our suppos'd Frenchman about 3 miles & then we discovered a vast fleet of Ships & other vessels to leeward. They appear'd like a meer forest on the Ocean. How many there was we know not. We judg'd them to be an English fleet bound for Canada or Cape Breton.

July 3^d we saw a Snow but we did not care to Speak with her so we Sprung our Luff and wither'd her about a mile. We judg'd her to be some Fellow bound into Virginia or Somewhere Else.

July 10th. Very rough Weather & we are under a Square sail right before a fresh S W wind. We spy'd a Spermaceti close under our Bow & we got out 3 lances in order to kill her if we could but She went down just before we got up with her. Experience may teach us that Nothing can make

a man happy save Quiet Conscience. About Sunset the wind had dy'd and the Sea had grown very smooth. We let run our Deep Sea Lead & had about an hundred & ten fathoms with the Stray which might be ten fathoms. We brought up on our Lead 3 or 4 Living Creatures a little more than an Inch long. They have four horns growing out from the Crown of the head; they had two Claws or Legs forward & Six towards his hinder parts: their Legs are very full of Joynts & appear to end in a Perfect Point & toward the end looked like white ivory.

July 13th. We were on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland & we stood off to the Eastward and about Sunset by the sound of the Horns—it being very thick of fog—we found two vessels who were Timothy Gardner and Richard Gardner who told us John Coffin had got about 100 Barrels and Uriah Coffin about as much. So we stood off in company with our mates & at 11 o'Clock we let run our Lead and found no Bottom & so we Brought to under a Trysail & Foresail, being very thick of Fog and a small wind.

July 18. We spoke with two French ships who were fishermen & told us Cape Race bore North-west. We saw divers more ships that we did not speak with & at 10 p. m. we brought to for fear of them—it being exceeding dark. We took ye Sun's amplitude at his setting & found ye variation of the Compass to be $11\frac{1}{2}$ points nearest. Lat 45:19 Long 48:50 (848 miles from Nantucket).

July 30th. We struck a large *Spermaceti* & put

into him three irons & one towiron. As soon as the towiron went into the whale he gave a flauk & went down, & coming up again he bolted his head out of water, as far down as his fins, and then pitch'd the whole weight of his head on the Boat and stove ye Boat and ruin'd her & kill'd the midshipman (an Indian named Sam Samson) outright. A sad & awful Providence.

August 7th. Fine weather but no Whales to be seen. From 11 o'clock to 12 at night the sky glitter'd with the Northern Lights, appearing Very bright & luciferous like streaks of lightning.

August 20th. We spy'd a Spermaceti and struck her off the Bow & then we hove out our boats & kill'd her & got her along side & cabled her and began to cut her up. There was a chopping sea going & but little wind. Our sloop girded most Violently & we parted one of our Runners twice & split the blocks & hurt one of our men & made Most Rucking work. At midnight the wind began to blow hard at N E and soon raised a bad sea. We parted our cable and lost our Whale from ye Bow. At 5 in the morning we Blew away our trisail & tore him out of the Boltropes and Ruined him entirely.

August 21st. We made sail & found our Whale and cut up the Remainder. Her body fill'd 24 hogsheads. Lat 45:52. We blew away our foresail & we got a new one out of the hold & bent him, but did not set him for the wind shifted all at once and blew like a Scum. After a while we set our foresail and went like a Blaze to the westward.

August 30th. Running to the westward, being thick of fog & we saw a noble Right Whale close under our counter, We hove out our Boats to strike but she soon ran us out of sight in the fog. We spoke with a sloop from Barnstable. He told us Fort Henry was taken. I hope soon we shall have a free wind and go with flowin sheets for we know not how far we are to the Eastward of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

September 1st. A smart gale of wind at N E & We are scouting merrily west by compass. In the afternoon We struck soundings on the Grand Bank and catch'd 20 noble codfish. We have run 168 miles today. We are all in health and hope to see our Dear Nantucket in a short time.

This sea-rover ends his journal by quoting from Francis Quarles:—

“My Sins are like the hairs upon mine head,
And raise their audit to as high a score.
In this they differ—these do dayly shed;
But ah! my Sins grow dayly more and more.
If by mine hairs Thou number out my Sins,
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.
My Sins are like the sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb lays open to the eye.
In this they differ—these are cover'd o'er;
But ah! my Sins in View still open lie.
Lord, if Thou make my head a sea of tears,
Oh! that would wash away the sins of all my years.
My Sins are like the stars within the skies,
In View, in number, full as bright, as great.
In this they differ—these do set and rise;
But ah! my Sins do rise but never set.
Rise, Son of Glory, and my Sins are gone
Like clouds or mists before the morning Sun.”

There was a young sea-rover of Nantucket who began his first journal, in the year 1754, with these words:—

“Peter Folger his Book
 God give him Grace therein to Look.
 Not only to Look but Understand
 That learning is better than House or Land.
 The Rose is Red the Grass is Green
 The days have past which I have Seen.”

This inscription tells how much of a boy this rover was when he first went to sea. In time he grew manly, and his sea-journal of the year 1761 begins with these words:—

A Journal of our Intended Voyage by God's Permission in the Good Sloop Endeavour. We sot Sail from Nantuckett the 9 day of July and went over the Bar and Come to Anchor and waited for our Indians.

July ye 26 we saw a large School of Spalmo-cities. They ran so Fast we could not Catch them.

July ye 27 we saw 3 Sparmocityes & killed one and Cut Her up.

July ye 28 we saw 4 or 5 Spalmocytes we Tried our whale Her Boddy made 38 bbls. Her Head 12 hhds.

July ye 29 we Stood away our whale. We saw 2 Sloops to the Easterd of us and we saw divers Sparmocities and we struck one and maid Her Spout Blood. She went down and their came a Snarl in the Toe line and caughted John Meyrick and over sot the Boat and we never saw him afterwards. We saved the whale.

August ye 14 we killed a Sunfish and we saw a

School of Sparmocityes and our Partner killed one and Got her kableed and we killed another and saw two ships to windered ye wind at S W and our partner cut from his whale and we cut from ourn abute 9 of Clock in ye morning. We stood to ye N. E. and our partner stood to ye S E — one Ship took us in Chase and ye other took our Partner in Chase. We clapt away large and sot our Square Sail and Topsail and got our fairsail under the Boom and made all ye Sail we could and brought her to windered and we held her toit and she fird a Gun at 4 O'Clock in ye after Noon and at 6 under English Coulers She left us and stood to ye S W and we stood to N E. We have lost our Consort because these Ships they chased us from 9 in ye Morning till Sun Sett. So ends ye Day all in Good health by God's Blessing.

In the latter part of the last century, ships of three hundred tons burden took the place of small sloops in cruises for whales; they went below the equator, and at last found their way around the capes into the Pacific and Indian oceans. Two of the ships that brought the obnoxious tea to Boston, in December, 1773, were whaling-ships of Nantucket. They had carried their catches from the South Seas to London, and were returning home with general merchandise by way of Boston. After unloading cargoes at that port,—excepting the tea, which was thrown into Boston harbor by a mob disguised as Indians,—the ships sailed to Nantucket, where one of them the Beaver, was fitted for a cruise in the south Atlantic; and another, the Dartmouth, was

loaded with sperm oil and sent to London just before the American Revolution began.

Nantucket whalers were ruined by the Revolution. After the war was ended, sperm oil, for which England had been the principal market, was taxed an alien duty of £18 sterling per ton; and therefore it became necessary for the people of the island to make some new adjustment of their whaling business. There appeared no alternative but to transfer it to England. With this object in view, William Rotch, a successful merchant of Nantucket, sailed for London in his ship *Maria*, July 4, 1785, accompanied by his son Benjamin. He visited the Channel ports in search of a suitable location for the whaling business, selected Falmouth, and then made his proposals to the British government. Not meeting with success, he crossed the Channel to Dunkirk in France, where, aided by Shubel Gardner, of Nantucket, who had been a prisoner in England, and by a native of Dunkirk, named Francois Coffyn, who served as an interpreter, his proposals were written to the French government and sent to Paris. He stipulated for liberty to emigrants from Nantucket to worship as Quakers; for their exemption from military duty; for a bounty per ton on Nantucket ships engaged in whaling from French ports; the free entry of their oil; and that the ships should be commanded by Nantucket men. His proposals were accepted, and he sailed for home in December, 1786, to prepare for a transfer of his whaling business to France.

England reduced the import duties on oil, and

France failed to pay the bounty; then the French Revolution came, with its compulsory oath and military service, bringing trouble to the Quakers at Dunkirk. On the 10th of February, 1791, William Rotch, Benjamin Rotch, and a French Quaker named Marsillac appeared (with their hats on) before the National Assembly at Paris, over which Mirabeau was presiding, and asked permission to present a memorial explaining the Quakers' objection to taking an oath and bearing the arms of war. Their memorial was referred to a committee, and in the following September the original engagements with Nantucket whalemén were confirmed by the Assembly.

The men of the little island of Nantucket were natural sea-rovers, for whom the charms of home were charming only in the short intervals between their voyages. After they had gone to sea their wives adopted a penurious style of housekeeping, in order to save money for the beloved sea-rover against his return. Perhaps he did not return at the expected time; born with an instinct for adventure, his absence may have been prolonged by repeated cruises on distant seas, and wanderings on distant shores, until the Nantucket home had been effaced from his thoughts. And when, like a new Ulysses, he came back to it after many years of absence and silence, there was no reason for surprise if Penelope, tired of waiting for him, had finished her weaving and had accepted an importunate suitor to fill his place.

Shubel Worth, a sea-rover of the true blue, was cruising in the South Seas when the War of the

Revolution began. On arriving at Nantucket he learned that his wife and children had left the island and gone to find a safe retreat in her father's house, in Saratoga County, New York. As the war prevented him from going to sea again, he followed his family, bought a farm, and cultivated it. One day, after the return of peace, he drove a load of his farm's produce to the village of Hudson, expecting to sell it and return to his home within three days.

Three days, three weeks, three months, three years passed:—"and where was Enoch?" He had not obliterated himself from human society, as did the "strong heroic soul" portrayed in Tennyson's poem, but he had suddenly gone a-sea-roving. On arriving at Hudson, and learning that a ship was fitting out at New Bedford for a whaling cruise along the coasts of Greenland, he put his farm produce aboard a sloop, sailed with it to New Bedford, sold it to the outfitters of the Greenland ship, and went to sea in her as first officer. The ship ended her voyage at Dunkirk. Here he took command of the ship *Criterion*, and sailed on a cruise to the Indian Ocean. Returning to Dunkirk with a cargo of oil, he sailed again; cruised on the Pacific Ocean, and carried another cargo of oil to Dunkirk. At the end of the last voyage he returned to his home, from which he had been absent five years instead of three days. The restlessness of the sea-rover was in him, and he went to sea again, but he never returned home. He died on board his ship while she lay at anchor in the harbor of the island of St. Helena.

I copy two or three days from his sea journal,

written while cruising in the Indian Ocean:—

Ship Criterion, May 19th—at 4^{P M} took a Lunar observation, found our Longitude 107°-32' East of London Latitude is 7°-38' South. Land baring N E to N W 8 Leages—fine weather all drawing Sail Set. Steared for the Land. Saw a School of Spermaceties headed off Shore.

Friday May 22^d. Lay'd off & on the Land till day Light then Steared for Java Head baring N in 25 Fathoms. Got up the boarding Netting. Got under way for Mew Isle watering place. Sent the yawl ashore to find the water. Saw a number of men on the Isle. Before the boats Got at Shore Saw 10 Prowes coming for us. Saw theare Guns Glittering. Set the coulers to the Ship & fired one 4 pounder. The Prowes fired a Number of guns at us. Got under way and set all Sail. So ends all well.

Wednesday May 25th. Came to anchor in 23 Fathoms water. Got in Red-dyness for Battle with the Pirot Maylays. Saw a great Number of Maylay fishing boats. Got under way for Anger Rhodes. At 6^{P M} came to anchor—Batavia Church baring N N W.

A sea rover was David Brown, of the ship Manilla. I quote one day from his sea-journal in the South Atlantic Ocean:—

December 1st 1791. Down a boat and caught a Sea Dog. Running S W with two ships bearing West, one a trying. Saw whales and gave chase. Hove to under 3 staysails headed to the southward. At 1^{P M} saw whales. Killed 3 & at 5^{P M}

came on board without any. Went off again & kill'd one and took her a long side. Spoke William Bunker with 600 Barrels. Lat. 37-20 S.

A sea-rover of Nantucket made a discovery in the South Pacific Ocean which is still a theme of history. In January, 1789, the British ship *Bounty* sailed from Otaheiti with a crew whose attachments to the women of that tropical island made them reluctant to leave it. Soon after sailing, twenty-five mutineers seized control of the ship, and sent adrift in a boat the commander with his officers and the loyal members of his crew. The mutineers sailed the *Bounty* back to Otaheiti, where sixteen of them landed with the expectation of leading lives of endless enjoyment. The nine who did not land took aboard nine women of the island as wives, and six men as servants, and then sailed away. What became of them was a mystery for nineteen years, or until Mayhew Folger, of Nantucket, cruising for whales in the ship *Topaz*, fell in with Piteairn's Island, on a February morning of the year 1808. This island which is about two miles wide and three miles long, rises abruptly from the deep sea to the height of a thousand feet. On a plateau, four hundred feet above the ocean, Captain Folger found a little pastoral village peopled by descendants of the nine mutineers of the *Bounty* and their Otaheitian wives. I quote from his sea-journal:—

Saturday February 6th 1808. At 2 A M saw Piteairn's Island bearing South. Lay off and on till daylight. At 6 A M put off with two boats to explore the land and look for seals. On approach-

ing the shore saw smoke on the land at which I was very much surprised as the island was said to be uninhabited. I discovered a boat paddling towards me with three men in her. They hailed in the English language & asked who was the captain of the ship. They offered me gifts of cocoanuts & requested I would land, there being a white man on shore. I went ashore & found an Englishman named Alexander Smith, the only person remaining out of nine that escaped on board the ship *Bounty*. Smith informed me that after putting Capt. Bligh in the long boat and sending her adrift, Christian, their chief proceeded with the ship to Otaheitia. There all the mutineers chose to stop except Christian, himself, and seven others, who took wives and also six men as servants, and immediately proceeded to Pitcairn's Island where they landed all the goods and chattels, ran the *Bounty* on shore and broke her up. This took place, as near as he could recollect, in the year 1790: soon after which one of their party ran mad and drowned himself, another died of a fever; and after they had remained about four year on the island, their men servants rose up and killed six of them, leaving only Smith alive, and he desperately wounded with a pistol ball in the neck. However he and the widows of the deceased arose and put all the servants to death, which left him the only surviving man on the island with eight or nine women and several small children. He immediately went to work tilling the ground so that it produces plenty for them all, and

he lives very comfortably as commander-in-chief of Pitcairn's Island. All the children of the deceased mutineers speak tolerable English. Some of them are grown to the size of men and women, and to do them Justice I think them very humane and hospitable people; and whatever may have been the errors or crimes of Smith the mutineer in times back he is at present a worthy man and may be useful to navigators who traverse this immense ocean. I tarried on shore with the friendly Smith and his truly good people till 4 P. M. and then left him and went on board the *Topaz* and made sail steering for Masafuera, having received from the people on shore some hogs cocoanuts and plantains.¹

¹ After this visit by Captain Folger, Smith changed his name to John Adams, by which name he has been called in histories of the mutiny of the ship *Bounty*.

The wars provoked by Napoleon touched the whaling-ships of Nantucket in many ways. In the year 1808, England was allied with Spain in a war against France, and defeated the French army at the battle of Talavera in June, 1809. Whaling-ships were now armed; and because they carried arms and large crews they were sometimes arrested on high seas under suspicion that they were belligerents disguised as whalers. A story of such an arrest is told in the sea-journal of Captain Charles Gardner, who was cruising the ship *Argo* in the South Seas. I copy it exactly as it was written in the journal:—

1809 Sunday November 5 in Lat. 17-27' South.
Standing in by the Wind East at 2 P M saw a Ship
2 points off the Weather bow. Saw that She had

all Sail out and coming for us. Steerd on til She was of the Starboard beam then up Corses and backed the main yard. She came within hail and ordered a boat on board with the papers. I sent the boat and the cheaf Mate with the papers. He was detained onboard the Private Spanish Ship of war & all the boats crue but one was Stopped and two officers and boats Crue from the Spanish Ship Came onboard the Argo & Sent more of my hands onboard the Vulter. At 7 P M they onbent the Mainsail and the boat Came from the Vulter with more Spanish men & took Charge of the Argo and wore Ship and Steerd on a wind to the South all night in company with the Vulter. At 7 A M shortened Sail and lay by. The Captain of the Vulter Came on board and brought the Argos papers that I had sent by the mate & asked me if I knew them. I told him I did. He wished for a Candle which was brot him. He told me all other papers would be no youse to me hear after and in my presenee Sealed the papers up. I asked him if it was war. He told me that was none of my Business. I Should See & would give me no Satisfaction but told me to go on Deck which we ded and he Looked at the Ship.

He asked how many guns I had. I told him. He asked why I run from him to Luard. I told him I did not, he told me I did and a Whale Ship had no business with guns—and where the guns was. I told him Some in the hole & some on Deck, he in a ruf tone told me I had mounted them 4 on Deck after Seeing him. I told him

no—he told me he knew better than that. After a little time on Deck he told me he wished to go below in the Cabin and look about the Ship. I told him any part he wished to See Should be Shone him. He told his officers and men to open the after hatchway and brake up the hole to the elison—and Capt & Some men brock up the run & took all the casks out. and all the powder out of the magersean. and the Officers took more than 40 Casks out of the after hole and Some out of the main hatch and open'd the Casks of Sails & Bread.

The Capten Cut open my Slops with his own hand and made me turn up my head and made me take everything out of my trunks. and told me my own handkerchiefs was Spanish and told me I had Money onboard and that I had no Business with guns & with a Drum and that I lyed & what I told him was lyes. I told him what I told him was truths and whatever Construcktions he pleased to put on it I could not help. but I never was told so before—and he Seamed Displeased notwithstanding I did everything in my power to Shoe him all parts of the Argo and everything onboard.

At halfpast 12 three Ships hove in Sight and half an hour after the Capt went to his own Ship and told me he would Send my papers and men. which he ded & told my mate I mite go where I pleased—but he left the Argo with 50 or 60 Casks on Deck that they had taken out of the hole and much wood the Mainsail Laying in a heap on Deck. the Ship in grate confusion & three Ships come for us.

Monday Nov^m 6. First part laying by and getting the Decks Cleared. At 5 P M Stod towards the Ships and found them to be Whalers and the Vulture had Spook them and her boats were along Side. We Stod by and ded not Speack them Standing to the S S W—4 Ships in Sight to the S S E. Dul times and No whales. Latt by Obsⁿ 17°-37' South.

The days of "dull times and no whales" did not last long after this privateer had left the Argo. As a contrast to her bad luck with the Spaniard, I quote one day from Captain Gardner's sea-journal:—

No. 25th. At 2 P M saw Sperm Whales. Went off and got six. At 7 P M got them to the ship. One boat stove. At meridian got aboard five. Lite wind. Latt by observation 18°-09' South.

These journals of sea-rovers are a valuable accessory to the picture of Quaint Nantucket. They reveal the boldness and extent of that hazardous business which, during a century and a half, enlisted all the wealth and enterprise of the island. Now Nantucket is manning no more whale-ships, is writing no more sea-journals. The days have gone when—

"There was rich reward for the look-out man, tobacco for every sail,
And a barrel of oil for the lucky dog who'd be first to raise a whale."

CHAPTER XII.

An Account of the Nantucket Indians.

ZACCHEUS MACY'S LETTER.

NANTUCKET, ye 2d ye 10^{mo} 1792.

My Friend and Kinsman,—Agreeable to the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, I have wrote and explained many words and names of certain parts and places of or on the island of Nantucket, both in English and Indian, as well as I could; but there is not one person now left that I can get any help from in these matters. So I have wrote as well as I can on the affairs or matters, but I sometimes fear whether it may not seem flat and old to them, but I have not wrote anything but what I am very sure is true, according to the best account I could get. . . .

Account of the names of the old Sachems and some of the most respectable Indians, and their habitations, taken from the best authors that could be had ye 15 ye 3^{mo} 1763. At that time there were living near about 370 of the natives on the island of Nantucket. Per me the subscriber.

Wannoehmamock was the first Sachem at the south-east part of the island, when the English first came to Nantucket. Next to him was his son Sousoauco, and next to him were his two sons called Cain and Abel. These two agreed to divide the Sachem right, two-third parts to Cain, and one-third part to Abel. The said Cain had one daughter, whose name was

Jemima, married to James Shaa. From Abel sprang Eben Abel, and from him sprang Benjamin Abel, the last Sachem, from whom I bought all his right, title, and property that he had on said island, for and in behalf of the whole English proprietors. All the said Jemima's right was bought by our old proprietors many years before, as may fully appear on our records. Their lands or bounds began at a place on the south side of the island, called Touphehue Pond; and ran across to the northward to a brown rock marked on the west side, that lies to the northward of our washing pond, called Gibbs Pond, on the west side of Saul's Hills and so over towards Polpis swamp, and then to the eastward to a place Sesacacha Pond by the east sea. At the southeast part of said tract is a high bluff called Tom Never's Head, and about two miles to the northward stands our famous fishing stage houses, where our sick people go for their health, called Siasconset; and about a mile still to the northward is a very high cliff of land called Sancota Head; then about a mile still to the northward stands another fishing stage called Sesacacha.

Next begins the old Sachem called Wauwinet; his bounds begin adjoining to the northward of the said Wannoehmamock's land and run still along to the northward and take in all Squam, and run on to our long sandy point, called Coatue or Nauma, which in the English is Long Point, where our Massachusetts lighthouse now stands; and then to the westward to New Town; then to the southward to a place called Weweder Ponds, which in English signifies a pair of horns, by reason there are two ponds that run to a

point next to the sea, and spread apart so as to leave a neck of land, called Long Joseph's Point, which two ponds spread apart so as to resemble a pair of horns. And the said Wanwinet had two sons: the oldest was named Isaac, but was mostly called Nicornoose, which signifies in English to suck the fore teat; and his second son was named Wawpordonggo, which in English is white face, for his face was on one side white, and the other brown or Indian color. And the said Nicornoose married, and had one son named Isaac, and one daughter: and then he turned away his proper wife, and took another woman, and had two sons Wat and Paul Noose; and when his true son Isaac grew up to be a man, he resented his father's behavior so much that he went off and left them for the space of near fifty years,—it was not known where. And in that time his true sister married to one Daniel Spotsor, and he reigned Sachem, by his wife, near about forty years; and we made large purchases of the said Spotsors. And then about sixty years past or more, there came an Indian man from Nauset, called Great Jethro, and he brought Judah Paddock and one Hause with him, and he challenged the Sachem right by being son to the said true son of Nicornoose; and when they first opened the matter to our old proprietors, they contrived to keep the said Jethro close, until they could send some good committee to find out by our old Indians, whether they ever knew or heard of the said Nicornoose having such a son gone, and they soon found out by the old Indians that he had, but they had not heard what was become of him. So they soon found they should lose all they had bought

of the said Spotsors; then they held a parley with the said Jethro, and agreed to buy all his right, title, and property that he owned on said island, as appears on our records. And the said Nicornoose gave deeds to his two bastard sons, Paul and Wat Noose, forty acres each, a little to the eastward of Podpis village.

The first Sachem at the southwest part of said island, his bounds were at the said Weweder Ponds, and from thence to the northward to a place called Gumsue meadow at Monemoy,* where we now call New Town, and from thence westward along to the southward of the hills called Popsquatchet Hills, where our three mills now stand, and so to the west sea called Tawtemeo, which we call the Hummock Pond. And his name was Autapscot. Next to him was his son called Harry Poritain. Next to him was Peter Mansanquit. Next to him was Isaac Peter. Next to him was lame Isaac, of whom we bought the last and all that Sachem right; and their habitation was Moyancomet, which signifies a meeting place, and their meeting house they call Moyancomor. And the said Autapscot was called a great warrior, and got his land by his bow.

* That part of the town in which is now embraced Consue, Poverty Point, and the Goose Pond.

The fourth Sachem was at the northwest part called Potconet, and owned all the little island called Tuckernuck, which signifies in English a loaf of bread, and his bounds extended from Madaket down eastward to Wesko, which in English is the white stone, and so on to the north side of Autapscot land, all bought of him at the coming of the English, saving some particular tracts that belonged to the Jafets and the Hoights and some others.

Now I shall give some of the most respectable Indians in Wannochemamock's bounds. There was James Mamack, a minister of the gospel and justice of the peace, and behaved well in his station. Old Aesop, the weaver, was a schoolmaster. Old Saul, a very stern-looking old man. Joshua Mamack succeeded in his father James Mamack's place. Richard Nominash and his brother Sampson and little Jethro were all very substantial, and a number more very trusty men.

The most noted Indian in Autapscot's bounds were Benjamin Tashima, a minister of the gospel and a schoolmaster, to teach the children to read and write. He was grandson to the old Sachem. But there was an old Indian named Zacehary Hoite, a minister before the said Tashima, but he did not behave so well. He told his hearers they must do as he said and not as he did.

And there was one Indian man, his name was James Skonel, but was mostly called Corduda (Kadooda?). He was justice of the peace, and very sharp with them if they did not behave well. He would fetch them up when they did not tend their corn well, and order them to have ten stripes on their backs, and for any rogue tricks and getting drunk. And if his own children played any rogue tricks, he would serve them the same sance. There happened to be some Englishmen at his court, when a man was brought up for some rogue tricks, and one of these men was named Nathan Coleman, a pretty crank sort of a man, and the Indian man pleaded for an appeal to Esquire Bunker; and the old judge turned round to said Nathan and spoke in the Indian language thus: "Chaquor Keador tad-

dator witche conichau mussoy chaquor?" then said Nathan answered thus: "Martau conetchawidde neeonne sassamyste nehotie moche, Squire Bunker"; which in the English tongue is thus: "What do you think about this great business?" then Nathan answered, "Maybe you had better whip him first, then let him go to Squire Bunker"; and the old judge took Nathan's advice. And so Nathan answered two purposes: the one was to see the Indian whipped; the other was, he was sure the Indian would not want to go to Esquire Bunker for fear of another whipping.

I will say something more in recommendation of some of our old Indian natives. They were very solid and sober at their meetings of worship, and carried on in the form of Presbyterians, but in one thing imitated the Friends or Quakers, so called; which was to hold meetings on the first and fifth days of the week, and attended their meetings very precisely. I have been at their meetings many times and seen their devotion; and it was remarkably solid, and I could understand the most of what was said, and they always placed us in a suitable seat to sit, and they were not put by, by our coming in, but rather appeared glad to see us come in. And a minister is called Cooutaumuchary.

And as I said before, they had justices, constables, grand jurymen, and carried on for a great many years many of them very well and precisely, and lived in very good fashion. Some of them were weavers, some good carpenters.

Now I will begin at the west end of the island, which we call Smith's Point, but the Indians call Nopque, which was called a landing place when they

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came from the Vineyard, but they call it Noapx; then eastward about three miles comes the Hummock Pond, where we once had a great number of whale houses with a mast raised for a lookout, with holes bored through and sticks put in like a ladder, to go up; then about three miles eastward to the said Weweder Ponds stood another parcel of whale houses, then about three miles eastward to Nobedeer Pond was where Benjamin Gardner lived formerly, then about three and one-half miles eastward is the aforesaid Tom Never's Head, then two miles to the northward is the famous town or fishing stage called Siasconset, then about one mile northward is the high head of land called Sancoty Head, and the Indians called Naphcheeoy, which signifies round the head, and then about one mile northward is the aforesaid Sesacacha Pond, where our other fishing stage stands.

Then begins the said Squam, and runs north two miles to the beginning of our said long sandy point Nauma; and the first is one mile to a place called Causkata Pond, where are some woods and meadow; and four miles northward is where the said Massachusetts lighthouse is, on the north end of said point. Then about one mile north of the entering on of the above said long point begins another neck or beach, called Little Coetue, and runs about five miles on about a west by south course till it comes within about one mile of our town called Wesko, which makes the last side of the entering in of our harbor. Then next to the said Squam westward is the village called Podpis Neck, where our fulling mill stands. Then

next westward is the famous neck of land called Quaise or Maisquatuck Neck, which in the English signifies the reed land, which was a tract of land given to Thomas Mayhew from one of the old Sachems, and was reserved by the said Mayhew to himself when he sold his patent right to the proprietors; which neck makes the west side of the said Podpis Harbor, now owned by Josiah Barker, Esq., and Capt. Shuabel Coffin and Capt. Thomas Delano. The next westward is the Josiah Barker's lot or field, called Show Aueamor, which in English signifies the middle field of land. Then about four miles westward is the town called Wesco; then next westward is a place called Watercomet, which signifies a pond field, which was formerly owned by the old natives called the Hoites. Then next westward is the great pond called Cuppame, where old Tristram Coffin lived, the old grandfather to almost all of us, which was owned by the old families of the natives called the Jafets; then next westward about four miles is called Eel Point and Maddaket Harbor, which is the northwest part of the said island; and then about two miles westward is the said little island called Tuckernuck, which signifies in English a loaf of bread, for it appears round, and in the middle pretty high; which was bought by the said old Tristram Coffin from the old Sachem Potconet, in the year 1659, by virtue of a patent he had from New York.

Excuse me for errors and poor writing and spelling, and consider me in station of life worn out.

By

ZACCHEUS MACY.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Extracts from Trustum and His Grandchildren.**The Shearing Festival.*

The whaling business was now claiming the whole attention of the community; from the beginning of the year to its end nothing occurred to divert their attention from the one principal pursuit, with the one exception of shearing. As regularly as the summer returned, the Monday and Tuesday nearest the twentieth of June were set apart, for the purpose of washing and shearing their sheep. Shearing was near at hand, so near that the eastern shearing had commenced. The Wesco folks, who sheared their sheep at Wannacomet, and washed them in the waters of the old Washing Pond, would commence their work when the eastern shearing was finished. As a matter of convenience, the eastern inhabitants of the Island had selected a spot at the east of the town, and on the day appointed, all assisted in the work. When the eastern shearing was finished, the western commenced, and on that occasion, young and old collected upon the shearing ground, for a day of general enjoyment, as well as to render assistance in the shape of preparing meals, etc. Eunice Pinkham, wife of Solomon, had been busy in her kitchen for two days, from morning till night; there were long rows of pies stacked away in the milkroom, loaves of plain cake and loaves of plum cake, while the shearing buns were to be meas-

ured by the bushel; a huge loaf of brown bread, steaming hot, had just been placed upon the table, and now Eunice was engaged in the mysteries of a chicken-pie, something that would "hang by," as Solomon had said that morning, as he was making preparations to go out with John Gardner, Lonker, and drive up their sheep. This was a part of the preparatory business of shearing. For several days before shearing the commons would be seen dotted here, there and everywhere, with men in carts, and men on foot, men in groups, and men alone by themselves, all intent on the one general object, hunting and driving up their sheep.

Solomon Pinkham and John Gardner, Lonker, had been out only the week before, on a tour of discovery, that they might have an idea of the whereabouts of their own particular animals, and had easily recognized them, even at a distance; for Solomon's sheep were marked with a large, black cross on the left side, looking for all the world, as old Slocum Russell remarked, as though Solomon Pinkham didn't know enough to spell his own name, and had put a cross instead. But Solomon took no notice of what old Slocum Russell had to say, neither did anyone else, for that matter, but still continued to make an X his mark, on the larboard side of his "creeturs," by which means he was always enabled to identify them a long distance off, while John Gardner, Lonker, whose mark was a long, red J, commencing at the back of the sheep's neck, and running lengthwise down the back, was obliged to take a closer inspection, to distinguish them from others, whose marks bore a resemblance to

his. In addition to these, each sheep-owner had his own particular, private mark, which was duly registered in the town records, something by which they could prove their property, if it happened, as it often would, that in rubbing through the bushes the painted marks would be obliterated, or so altered by pieces of wool being torn off by the vines and brambles, that the original mark would be difficult to distinguish from the mark of another person's property, painted with the same color and in the same place.

Now, John Gardner's sheep generally kept pretty close to those of Solomon Pinkham, perhaps from the fact that Solomon had several years previous bought a dozen or so from John; and so it happened that Solomon and John usually went out in company, when shearing week drew near, for Solomon's mark loomed up with full effect in the distance, and wherever Solomon Pinkham found his flock of sheep, there John Gardner, Lonker, was pretty certain his would be found also. They had seen their sheep only the week previous, after a short search, and were now tolerably certain that they had not wandered far from the vicinity of Trott's Swamp, where they were quietly grazing, when they last saw them; and so directing their course towards this locality, they rode leisurely along, discussing the probabilities of their sons, John Pinkham and Peleg Gardner, being at home before many weeks, possibly before the end of that one. John and Peleg had been at sea for more than a year, John nearly two years; they had been spoken by sloop Polly, just arrived, so that unless they should be captured by the French privateers, which infested the

track of the American whalers, or a severe storm should arise, it was probable they were not many days' sail from home. Thus they rode along, until they reached the locality where they expected to find the two flocks, when suddenly, John Gardner exclaimed, "There's a few of the black pirates, where can the rest be?" Solomon looked in the direction indicated by John, and there, true enough, were fifteen or twenty sheep, where there should have been a hundred or more; riding on round a bend in the road they descried another small flock, and riding on, over a considerable tract of land nearly to the Long Pond, they succeeded in finding all but one or two, and thinking the best plan would be to drive them up to the pens and secure them, they proceeded to do so, intending to return afterwards and hunt up the missing animals. And now, Solomon Pinkham's mark stood him in good service, for running first this way, then that, as they would persist in doing, John Gardner's patience was taxed to the utmost, to get one good square look at the letter upon their back, before another would crowd in before him, but as nearly as they could both calculate there were only two missing, both belonging to John Gardner. Solomon's were all safe.

As they arrived at the ground, they found Peter Coffin, just landed from Tuckernuck, and the story he had to relate will presently be told. Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, son of John, sheriff, and grandson of Jethro and Mary, had by the death of his wife, Susy Bunker, been left a widower, with one little daughter, Lydia. He had at this period, a second wife, Judith, widow of Josiah Gardner, son of John, 3d. Judith

was also a granddaughter of Richard and Mary Pinkham, and likewise a cousin of Solomon Pinkham. Judith, with Lydia, daughter of Peter's first wife, had come over with Peter from Tuckernuck, and while he had remained to gather his sheep together, they had continued on to Wesco, to take up their abode with Solomon and Eunice Pinkham until after the shearing festivities. And this was the story that Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, had to relate to Solomon Pinkham and John Gardner, as they chose the softest side of the shear-pen fence to sit upon, while they discussed such subjects as men usually discuss, when they meet after an absence of twenty-four hours:

"As I was hauling up my boat," said Peter, "after the women folks had landed and gone on, I landed a leetle to the west'ard of the cliff, you see; well, as I was a hauling on my boat up, I heerd a sheep crying and blatting; close by it sounded. I thought it an uncommon queer place for a lone sheep at this time, and was just starting on to see what was the matter, when a sheep come a jumping out from that 'ere gully t'other side of Capaum, and run like all possessed over on the commons. I didn't get much chance to see, it came so sudden like, but I could almost take my oath upon it that that 'ere sheep had John Gar'ner's mark on its back. I was so struck like, that I left my boat half tied, and went over by the gully, and there set old Slocum Russell, with his knife in his hand, and as soon as he set eyes on me, he began digging in the sand, and turned round back to. 'Hello, old fellow,' says I, 'what are you up to down here?' 'Pooquaws,' says he, 'I'm hunting for pooquaws for a shearing pie,

but they seems to be so scarce I guess I'll go off and drive up my sheep.' "Now," says Peter. "I didn't tell the old varmint what my idees were, but I did think it looked a leetle suspicious to find Slocum Russell hunting for pooquaws way up in that 'ere beach sand above high water mark, and a sheep a leaping right by him and he never had a word to say about it."

That was Peter Coffin's story as they sat there on the fence, and, on learning the condition in which Solomon and John had found their sheep, coupled with the fact that one or two were yet missing, it was not difficult to conjecture what kind of a trick Slocum Russell had been engaged in, particularly, as he had been suspected of the same act several times before. Now, Slocum Russell owned a large flock of sheep, marked on the back with red paint, very similar to John Gardner's, with the single exception that instead of a J, was a mark extending round somewhat like an unfinished U, and this mark, by a little rubbing and tearing, might easily be made to look so nearly like John Gardner's that it was often a question whether a sheep bore the full mark of John Gardner, or a partly obliterated one of Slocum Russell. In addition to this was the fact that the private mark of John Gardner's sheep, was a slit in the right ear and a notch in the left, while that of Slocum Russell's was exactly the same, with the addition of another slit in the right ear. Before proceeding farther, we will give a brief description of Slocum Russell, first, informing the reader that it is not by any means his true name, but one given, as we shall frequently have occa-

sion to give them, during the remainder of our pages. And so, Slocum Russell, who might with equal propriety be called Barnabas Ray or Shubael Green, may shed his fictitious name as though it were a chrysalis and he could burst its bonds and return to his proper name and station, whenever a fitting opportunity presented. Slocum was a hard, grasping, avaricious man and a bachelor. For many years he had followed the seas, having made many successful voyages as Captain, and was now possessed of considerable property, though no one would judge so from his appearance. No one who made one voyage with Slocum Russell could ever be induced to make another, except it were a case of dire necessity; and at a bargain, it was for the interest of all with whom he dealt, to look sharp on every side, or Slocum would be sure to overreach them. It was as though all the depravity, which might have been distributed throughout the whole community, without any sensible effect, was condensed and concentrated in one single package, and that package was Slocum Russell, who nourished it and encouraged it, until it bore fruit an hundred fold. As Solomon Pinkham, John Gardner, Lonker, and Peter Coffin sat there, discussing the qualities, good and bad, of Slocum Russell, the missing sheep were discovered at a distance, coming directly towards the enclosure, probably attracted by the familiar voices within, perhaps by the bleating of their lambs, which were already within the enclosure. Opening the gate, they allowed them to enter, and then drove them into the small pen in which the remainder of his sheep were confined, being fully convinced, on closer examina-

tion, that it was his own property, and that his mark on one of them had been tampered with, though, as he had no positive proof, he determined to let the affair rest for the time being, and keep a stricter watch in future.

And now, returning to Wesco, we will again look in upon Eunice Pinkham. Wesco was the name given to the centre and lower portions of the town, in fact, what those who live near the outskirts of the town now call "down street," was at that time called Wesco. Eunice Pinkham then lived at Wesco, and, as we look in upon her a second time, we find her in the act of shovelling the hot ashes on the baking pan cover, which had just been heated in the fire-place and placed upon the baking pan, which contains the famous chicken-pie she is preparing for the morrow's festivities. The girls, Lydia and Judith, are each occupied with the household work; Lydia has just finished sweeping and has hung the beach-grass broom in its place, behind the stairway door, and is now making preparations to scrub the kitchen floor, while Judith, some years younger, is in the act of contemplating a loaf of white bread, which she has made and baked with her own hands, without any assistance whatever. Tristram Pinkham, their brother, now a stout, sturdy boy, is busy at the wood-pile in the back yard, sawing the wood into convenient lengths for the fire-place, though some of them, we are told, were capable of holding a cord, more or less, of wood the usual length, and still room enough left for the family. Be that as it may, Tristram was sawing their wood into good honest lengths, working with industry, as all boys will,

when called upon to saw wood, especially if there is a good time coming on the morrow. Tristram had worked industriously that morning, at any rate, as his thin cotton clothing could testify, as the perspiration oozed out of every nook and corner, while he sat on the top of the wood-pile, pretending it was the deck of an "outward bounder," which he hoped soon to occupy in good earnest, when, as he was looking towards the fence, without seeing anything in particular, he caught a glimpse of the top of a woman's bonnet, a black bonnet, too, made after the style prevalent among the Quakers; and Tristram knew that bonnet in a second. So without a moment's delay, he jumped from the wood-pile, and darted into the house with the exclamation, "Here comes aunt Debby Wnith; I see her black bombazine calash, just going along the top of the fence!" Now, if there was any one woman in the town, who was universally disliked, that woman was Deborah Worth; and of her, we will say as we said of Slocum Russell, that her name was just as likely to be Mehitable Wyer, or Jedida Jenkins, as it was to be Deborah Worth, and not at all likely to be either; and, therefore, if any of my readers should discover that Deborah Worth has actually lived upon the Island, at any time since its settlement, they may set it down as a certain fact, that it was not the Deborah Worth whose black bonnet Tristram Pinkham saw, moving along the top of the fence, on that busy day, immediately preceding the shearing to which we have referred. At the intelligence imparted by Tristram, the faces of the girls, as well as the boy, began to visibly lengthen, for shearing would certainly be

spoiled with aunt Debby Worth hanging round, and could they have followed their own inclinations, would have plainly told aunt Debby that it was not convenient to accommodate her, at that particular time. But they well knew their mother Eunice would be guilty of no such breach of hospitality, and so they swallowed down the bunch which would rise in their throats, as they thought of the coming shearing, with aunt Debby Worth to give it a relish.

Deborah Worth was a spinster, and a very disagreeable one at that. She was also a member of the Friends' Society—a birthright member. Now, aunt Debby was only a Quaker by name and speech. Not one in all the congregation that assembled in that old Friends' meeting-house but would have felt an immense relief if aunt Debby had declared her solemn intention of going over to the Presbyterians: some even thought she belonged there, just as some of the Presbyterians thought that aunt Debby was exactly at home in Quaker meeting, while it was the opinion of others that it would be better if she did not attend any meeting at all, or at least the meeting would be better without her, and it all amounted to the same, in some minds. However, there was aunt Debby, a birthright member, and what was worse yet, Slocum Russell was a birthright member also, spite of his moral depravity; and the best that could be done, under the circumstances, was to tolerate them both, in the hope that the example of others should lead one or both of them to a consciousness of the inconsistencies of which they were constantly guilty. And while, as a sort of excuse for the long faces of Lydia

and Judith Pinkham, we have been picking flaws in the character of Deborah Worth, she has found her way through the gate and around to the back door of the house: and to the delight of Tristram, who declares he has more trotting around to do for aunt Debby in one day than he does for the whole family in a month; to his delight, then, he learned that aunt Debby had only stopped in to rest,—the girls thought it was to see what they were cooking for shearing—she having come from the neighborhood of the Mill Hills, with the intention of spending shearing week with Dorcas Coleman, who lived up North Shore, and had no more right to her name than Deborah Worth had to hers, except from one point of view. Dorcas Coleman, as we shall call her, was a widow, with seven children, five boys and two girls. Her husband had been lost at sea, and she was left alone with her family, not in a state of destitution, for Dorcas was comfortably situated; yes, even more than comfortably, for in addition to a good, round sum, which Shubael, her husband, had accumulated by the united economy and industry of both, they owned a well furnished house, with a considerable tract of land adjoining, which was kept in good order by her two eldest sons, Tristram and Jethro, they having settled down in life as farmers, while their younger brother, Peltiah, had just sailed on a two years' cruise on the Brazil Banks. Dorcas, as we call her, and with good reason, too, was a mild, quiet sort of a woman, never so happy as when employed in some kind office for a neighbor, always ready to watch by the bedside of the sick, giving freely of her time

and means, to aid the sufferings of others, in whatever form it might be; and so it was no great wonder that Deborah Worth found her way from Mill Hills to North Shore so often, for she never returned to her home empty handed. Deborah was poor; she owned a house near the Mills Hills, it is true, but it was a large, old-fashioned house, sadly out of repair, which had descended to her from her grandfather, and in which she at this time resided. Her livelihood was picked up in various ways; she earned a trifle by sewing or quilting, sometimes even went out to washing, but the greater part of her subsistence was gained by visiting round amongst her old acquaintances, sometimes for a day and sometimes for a week, never omitting in any one instance, unless it was when she visited Dorcas Coleman, to take her pail or basket, to carry home whatever she could beg for her next breakfast or dinner. The only reason she never took either basket or pail, when visiting Dorcas Coleman, was this, the boys were always so glad to see her setting her face homeward, that at the least intimation from aunt Debby, that she must begin to think about getting home—she usually staid a full week, sometimes two,—it was no sooner expressed than Jethro started off for the barn, and soon re-appeared at the door with the horse and cart, and a few vegetables thrown in as a decoy, for fear aunt Debby might change her mind and conclude to stop till night. When fairly seated in the splint-bottom chair, at the front end of the cart, Jethro and Tristram would pile in the ballast at the other end: this consisted of the different kinds of

vegetables generally raised on a farm, with a good-sized piece of pork or beef in a large basket, while Deborah, herself, sat in state, up forward, with a bag in one hand, containing a few piggins of flour, while the other carefully held a basket of new laid eggs, which Doreas had handed her, as she was on the point of starting. This was a sample of the setting out which was bestowed on aunt Debby, when the notion seized her, as it frequently did, to go up and help Doreas Coleman for a week or so, though where the help came in, it puzzled the girls, Jemima and Betsey, and even aunt Doreas herself, to tell. To all the children, far and near, wherever she visited, she was a source of trouble and vexation, from the time she drew the latch, and entered the door, to the time she drew it again, to take her departure; nothing escaped her notice, even the piece of blue ribbon which Jemima Coleman had smuggled round her neck, and which Doreas, her mother, had quietly winked at, though she was a Quaker, even that little innocent piece of ribbon had furnished a text for aunt Debby, from which she preached a sermon, ten days long, on the last visit, only the month preceeding; the only reason the sermon had not been spun out through the eleventh day was that aunt Debby returned home, on the afternoon of the tenth. To the boys, Tristram, Jethro, Peltiah, Zephaniah and Shubael, she had been a hugbear from their earliest recollection, and Peltiah's chief cause of rejoicing, when he shipped in the good sloop Mary, had been at the thought of escaping the fiery tongue of aunt Debby Worth. It is not to be won-

dered at, therefore, that Tristram Pinkham should have nearly turned a somersault over the wood-pile, after stopping at the kitchen door long enough to remark, "There she goes with her old bombazine calash, pinting to In'ard." It was a habit Tristram had, of calling everything a calash, from the snuff-colored satin Quaker bonnet of old cousin Polly Macy, which she had worn for fifty years, and was still in as good condition as when she first wore it, a young woman of thirty, to the new Boston-built bonnet of his cousin, Deborah Pinkham, who "took after" her grandmother, Mary Pinkham, and liked to live as Boston folks lived.

Tristram returned to his wood sawing, and Lydia and Judith returned to their duties; but not many minutes elapsed before Tristram was again bounding into the kitchen, with the announcement that cousin Judy Coffin, from Tuckernuck, was coming along the fence with Liddy. This time the rejoicing was universal; for cousin Judy from Tuckernuck was a great favorite amongst the townsfolks, and though she had but one eye, was of more account with the other, than aunt Debby Worth would have been with a dozen.

After the usual salutations, the work all the while progressing, aunt Judy proceeded to roll up her sleeves, and diving down into the capacious three-cornered pocket, tied round her waist by a tape string of her own weaving, she produced an apron of ample proportions, which she tied around over the pocket, and thus equipped for business, began busying herself about the kitchen, with as much ease

and confidence, as though in her own premises on Tuckernuck.

And now we must hasten out to the shear-pens, where we left Solomon, John and Peter, sitting on the fence, discussing Slocum Russell. But Peter had observed that he could n't afford to sit all day, talking about Slocum Russell, and in company with John, had started off towards Long Hill, where Peter was expecting to find his large flock of sheep. Solomon had remained at the shearing ground for a social hour or two with the neighbors, and also to wait for Peter Coffin, who was to accompany him home to dinner. It was getting well along towards noon, when Slocum Russell, who was one of the sheep owners, exclaimed, in his aggravating manner, "Here comes Peter Coffin, with his flock of sheep, headed by old black Pompey, almost as black as Peter, himself!" "Well, well, Slocum," says old uncle Ebenezer Gardner, "old Pompey is n't the blackest sheep on the shearing ground." But Slocum did not stop to make reply, for not caring just at present to encounter either Peter Coffin or John Gardner, he walked off in an opposite direction, towards town.

The sheep being safely enclosed, were left in possession of the premises, while Peter, John and Solomon turned their faces homeward, where they arrived just in season to partake of the boiled dinner, which Eunice Pinkham, with Judith's assistance, had been preparing for them, and while they are eating and entertaining each other with little incidents which have occurred since they last met, we

will pay a visit to Dorcas Coleman, North Shore, who is to have the honor of aunt Debby Worth's company, for the coming week. Aunt Debby, when she left the house of Solomon Pinkham, walked leisurely along, for she was not given to hurrying in any one respect, except to repeat a visit; looking over the fences, into the houseyards, as she pursued her way, that nothing might escape her sight, now stopping a moment to talk with cousin Merab Gardner, who was just baking her shearing buns, and wished aunt Debby would come into the house, or continue on her way, and now stopping to inquire of cousin Prissy Folger, if there were any new publications, until, finally, she drew near the premises of cousin Doreas Coleman, when she was espied by the older boys, who despatched Zephaniah over to the house, to bear the intelligence to Jemima and Betsey. Betsey, who was half way to the milk-room, with a large dish of freshly cooked doughnuts, dropped the dish upon the floor, which Jemima had just "scrubbed," scattering the greasy doughnuts, every one of which left a mark as well as took one; and at the same time aunt Debby was seen from the window, stepping along as Jemima said, as though she had her life before her, and expected to spend it at their house. "Well," said Betsey, "perhaps she will only stop over shearing." "No," says Zephaniah, "she's come to stay a week at any rate; don't you see that great wadget, sticking out from under that old bombazine shawl?" Strange that men and boys should call everything bombazine, that goes to make up the female attire. "Well," interposed Je-

mima, "may be she will spend part of the week over to cousin Lifey Folger's." "Oh, no," returned the shrewd Zephaniah, "she always goes to cousin Lifey's the first half, and then comes here, so she can ride home, and carry a lot of fixins." "Oh, no," continued he, "I'll warrant thee, she's come to stay with us, till she takes a notion to go back home again." And Zephaniah was right; aunt Debby had come to stay a while. As to cousin Dorcas, she was as busy as the rest of her townswomen, and either did **not** hear, or pretended not to hear the conversation between her children, and when aunt Debby came into the east door, just as Zephaniah was vanishing through the west door, cousin Dorcas was ready in her quiet, hospitable way, to welcome her, though, truth to tell, cousin Dorcas could have dispensed with her company as easily as the girls could. Whatever hopes Jemima and Betsey may have indulged, in regard to aunt Debby spending a portion of the week at Eliphalet Folger's, were speedily dispelled by a remark of aunt Debby's, made just before dinner, that she must go over that very afternoon, and see cousin Lifey and cousin Rachel, "for," said she, "I've heern tell that cousin Rachel had the rheumatiz." Jemima very well knew that it was not so much to see either cousin Lifey or cousin Rachel, as it was to vent her natural ill humor on their daughter Rhoda, who was a special object of dislike to aunt Debby, on account of what she was pleased to call "her forward tongue, just like her father," aunt Debby always added.

We will here take occasion to remark, that Elipha-

let Folger is now flourishing under a borrowed name, and henceforth, nearly all who are mentioned, whose pedigree is not traced from one or another of the early inhabitants, nearly all such, are, to use a familiar expression, "sailing under false colors," their names having been changed; some but slightly and in part, while others are changed entirely from the original, but all being descendants of the first Tristram, including even Slocum Russell and aunt Debby Worth. Deborah Worth, as all well knew, who knew anything of her earlier years, once had great expectations in regard to Eliphalet Folger, but to do him justice, we will add, that he had never, in the slightest manner, given her occasion for any such expectations, having from childhood shown a decided partiality for his cousin, Rachel Wyer, who was now his wife; and when, in a fit of ill temper, she had complained to the "slack men," because Ephraim Starbuck had accidentally trodden on her gown, and he had barely escaped the whipping-post, in consequence of her misrepresentations, Eliphalet's dislike was changed to contempt, and he never let slip an opportunity to put in a word of remembrance, when she attempted to reprove the younger folks for their follies. Nevertheless, aunt Debby never neglected calling, when she was visiting at Doreas Coleman's, sometimes spending several days under Eliphalet's roof. There was one person, and only one, in all that little community, who escaped aunt Debby's raillery and reproof. Jethro Coleman had, as yet, never been called to account for his misdeeds, or deeds of any kind, nor had he in any way, ex-

perienced the lashings of her cutting tongue as aimed at himself. Why it was so, no one could say, for Jethro was always ready with some joke at aunt Debby's expense, and his dislike exceeded even the dislike of Tristram Pinkham, if such a thing were possible, but in the eyes of aunt Debby, everything that Jethro Coleman did was sure to be right.

Far from following the example of Judith Coffin, Tuckernuck, and assisting in the general house-work, aunt Debby quietly seated herself in the easy-chair, and with her feet resting upon the "cricket," which with the freedom of a privileged guest she took from the little closet beside the fire-place, where Jemima had just placed it, while she scrubbed the floor, she deliberately took her knitting from her pocket, tied on by a string like aunt Judy Coffin's, Tuckernuck, and having adjusted her heart-shaped knitting-sheath, made of the end of a whale's tooth, and which had been used by her mother and grandmother and all her great grandmothers, away back in the past to Dionis Coffin, wife of Tristram, for aught aunt Debby knew; having finished all the preliminaries, she commenced taking up the stitches in her stocking, every now and then glancing up over her glasses at Jemima and Betsey, looking, as they afterwards told Zephaniah, like a rattlesnake about to jump. There she sat, by the fire-place, though it was the twenty-first of June. Click! click! click! rattled her knitting-needles, and the girls well knew she had something on her mind, which would burst like a clap of thunder on somebody's devoted head, and the longer her wrath was

bottled up, the heavier it would fall when it did come.

Dinner was ready in due season, and no sooner were they seated at the table, than aunt Debby opened her batteries, apparently directing her conversation to cousin Dorcas, but looking at Jemima all the while with that fixed glare in her eye, which Jemima returned with compound interest though, for her mother's sake, she held her peace, and did not venture a reply. "Did thee see Obadiah Paddack last first-day, with his gaudy trappings? But thee must have, cousin Dorcas, for thee sat right a fronting him, and the vanity and vexation of speerit that shone out of them 'ere brass buttons when the sun struck on 'em, was enough to make consin Barnabas Paddack groan in speerit, to think that a son of his'n should have come to sich a pass. What did thee think on't, consin Dorcas?" Ah! thought Jemima, that's why aunt Debby is in such a hurry to go over and see how cousin Rachel Folger's rhenmatiz is getting along. It's Rhody she wants to see, just as I thought; for it was currently reported round amongst the young folks that Obadiah Paddack had a hankering after Rhody Folger. Cousin Dorcas did not answer her question immediately, for she was thinking of the time when her boy, Peltiah, went out gunning with Obadiah Paddack, and broke through the ice, and Obadiah bore him home in his arms, all cold and wet and unconscious; and how Obadiah had run for assistance, and helped restore him to consciousness; and how he had watched by his bedside, during the long fever which

followed, when all the rest of the family were exhausted by their long watching; and now, Peltiah was a strong, healthy boy, away out on the Brazil Banks, instead of being in his grave on the hillside, or in the depths of the blue sea, where he would have been had it not been for the timely and kind-hearted assistance of Obadiah Paddack, who had since been on a voyage to Liverpool, and had just returned in the Polly. So all the reply cousin Dorcas made, was, "Obadiah was always a tender-hearted boy, and I've heerd say that cousin 'Riah Brown was going to make a third mate of him next voyage, and we all know consin 'Riah Brown wouldn't do that, if he wasn't a smart, likely hand; yes, Obadiah's a good boy, buttons or no buttons." Now, this was rather a lengthy speech for cousin Dorcas, who usually made no comments on anything aunt Debby might say, for she knew there was no end to aunt Debby's tongue, as long as she could find anybody to answer her. Finding she could get no sympathy in that quarter, though she knew that before she commenced, she remained silent during the remainder of the dinner, only occasionally venturing a remark, such as, "Thee's got a considerable too much sal'ratus in these doughnuts, Jemima, I s'pose thee made 'em?" "No, I didn't," says Jemima; "Betsey made 'em," at the same time turning the plate round, so that the doughnuts which had been in such close proximity to the wet floor, and had all been purposely piled up on one side, should present a fair and solid front to aunt Debby, for Jemima had resolved that aunt Debby should eat



Going to Shearing in the Olden Time.

every one of those doughnuts she had been the unconscious means of flavoring.

Dinner was no sooner over than aunt Debby, with scarce a recollection of the help she had come to bestow on cousin Dorcas, took down her black bonnet from the shelf in the closet, and set out on her way across lots to cousin Lifey Folger's. But Jemima Coleman was too much for her; for Zephaniah, having hastily swallowed his dinner, and with a promise from Jemima that he should have his pocketful of those doughnuts that had taken such a sudden flight towards the floor, was sent on, in advance, to cousin Lifey's, with a most pressing invitation to Rhoda to come over and spend the afternoon, and "mind" says Zephaniah, "and go round by cousin 'Siah Coffin's, round the back of the house, or thee'll meet aunt Debby Wuth on the full trot, coming to preach about Obadiah's brass buttons; say Rhody, I think they looked like the Major's war fixins, and when I come home from Liverpool, I mean to have some just like 'em; got eagles on 'em haven't they?" For Zephaniah, instead of spending the time in holy meditation, at first-day meeting, had spent the whole three hours, in studying Obadiah's buttons, which had proved such a scandal to many besides aunt Debby.

Having delivered his message, Zephaniah started on his return, running round the west side of uncle Nat. Paddock's house, (the house which the first John Gardner and the first Peter Coffin had built for Jethro and Mary, over fifty years before) then, across into New Lane, Rhoda not far behind him,

hurrying along to reach the shelter of cousin Josiah Coffin's house, lest the eagle eyes of aunt Debby should espy them and understand the piece of strategy which had been brought to bear upon her.

Zephaniah, with Rhoda at his heels, was soon out of range of aunt Debby's vision; for, coming out round the north-west corner of the Major's house, they could see aunt Debby striding along rather faster than usual, making a bee line for Rachel Folger's, where she would spend two-thirds of the afternoon, tearing the coat off Obadiah's shoulders, buttons and all, and the other third, in recommending ox-gall salve for the rheumatism, which she would make and send over for thripence or such a matter. Once under the cover of Dorcas Coleman's roof, they were secure from aunt Debby, for that afternoon at least, for the kitchen windows commanded a view of the path across lots, as well as the road, and there was no possibility of aunt Debby returning to the house, without being seen, and besides, the boys were all on the alert, ready to give the warning in the distance, by swinging their broad-brimmed straw hats, as soon as she appeared in view.

Then again, cousin Lifey Folger was at home, and he and aunt Debby were always sure to have a set-to, as Eliphalet called it, meaning by that, a war of pretty strong words, in which, Lifey always came off victorious, for he did not scruple to remind her of the narrow escape Ephraim Starbuck—since carried down by a line—had of the whipping post, in their earlier days, and this was a subject aunt Debby

never cared to bring before the minds of the young people.

It took her but a short time to reach the house of Eliphalet and Rachel, and great was her disappointment, when on inquiring for Rhoda, she was told by Jonathan, Rhoda's younger brother, that she had gone out to spend the afternoon. Not all the cross-questioning that aunt Debby could call to her aid availed anything with Jonathan Folger, and having indirectly put her upon the wrong track, he shouldered his rake, and went over to stack up the hay in the adjoining lot. Without going into the particulars of aunt Debby's conversation with cousin Lifey and cousin Rachel, it will be sufficient to mention, that upon her return to Dorcas Coleman's there was not the slightest sign to indicate that Rhoda had been within ten miles of the house, though, at the moment of aunt Debby's entrance, she was sitting upon the back door-step of cousin Judith Coffin's (wife of Josiah, 2d) house, while Josiah and James, small boys of about ten and five, or thereabouts, were reporting aunt Debby's progress, in tones rather louder than were absolutely necessary, so anxious were they to please Rhoda Folger, who was a favorite with all the children from Capaum to Wesco. Aunt Debby having vanished from view, Rhoda pursued her way towards home, taking almost the exact course which Mary, wife of Jethro Coffin, took, when she walked leisurely through the woods, from her father's, on that afternoon so many long years before. And where now was Mary? As Zephaniah and Rhoda

passed around the back side of the house of Major Josiah Coffin, in the early part of the afternoon, and stopped a moment at the door to make a few remarks on the coming shearing, there was sitting in the large easy-chair under the window, an aged woman, who called to them in a pleasant voice, to enter. This woman was Mary Coffin, widow of Jethro, now about ninety years of age, still active, though somewhat bowed in figure. This was Mary, daughter of John Gardner, 1st, who lived when a child, hardly a stone's throw from her present home, with her son, Major Josiah, whose wife, Elizabeth, had died some ten years previous. The Major had been absent nearly all day, at the shearing ground, for he owned a large flock of sheep, and was a man of no little consequence in the community. Besides being quite extensively engaged in farming, he was also concerned in the shipping and whale fishery, to a considerable extent. His son, Josiah, 2d, (who married Judith Coffin, great-granddaughter of John Coffin, Vineyard, and great, great-granddaughter of Tristram, and who owned and occupied the house in New Lane, adjoining his father's property,) was now at sea in one of his father's ships. Rhoda Folger continued on her course, past cousin Nat. Paddack's, and on down the hill to her own home, where she was entertained by her sisters and brothers with a rehearsal of aunt Debby's conversation, and her vexation when she found Rhoda was likely to be absent the whole afternoon.

The shades of evening drew near, and at an early

hour, all retired to rest, for they must be up in season on the morrow. Just twenty minutes of three, by the old clock in the corner of Major Josiah's east room, when he descended the stairs, and taking his hat from the nail which had been appropriated to it, ever since he had occupied the house, he stepped out into the yard, where his first business was to feed his horse, that he might be in readiness for an early start. But early as Josiah Coffin was, Solomon Pinkham, John Gardner and Peter Coffin were before him, for when he arrived at the ground, he found they had already made a beginning, in company with about a dozen others, who having a great number of sheep to attend to, thought it best to commence as soon as it was light enough to do so, and take their leisure at the other end of the day.

Rapidly the company increased, dropping along by twos and threes, some in carts, some on foot, and amongst the rest, came Slocum Russell, who though an object of universal dislike, was never idle when there was a penny to be turned, and, though he expected to finish his own flock before midday, there was a chance that some of the neighbors might hire him to assist them; though there were usually enough on hand, at sheep washing, to render all the assistance that might be needed, not only free of all charge, but glad of the opportunity to repay the little accommodations they were constantly receiving from each other—accommodations which none were more eager to accept than Slocum Russell, who was never known to perform the most trifling

service for any one without presenting a bill for services rendered, his charges being so exorbitant, that no one would ever employ him a second time, without an explicit understanding. By seven o'clock, the business of washing had commenced in earnest. Down under the waters of the old Washing Pond, the sheep were dipped and re-dipped, rubbed and scoured, until they were returned to their separate pens, their fleeces white as snow, all the accumulations of the year having found a resting place at the bottom of the pond, where they remained in undisturbed possession until the return of the day, when the same process was repeated, and another layer added to the last. By nine o'clock, Slocum Russell had washed about half of his flock, having been assisted by one and another of the young men who had lately returned from sea, and had come out to the sheep-washing, from force of habit, some of them assisting their own relatives, and others, having no particular interest in the business, other than their own enjoyment.

Barnabas Paddack, having a smaller flock of sheep than many, and several grown sons to assist him, had finished his washing early in the day, and had now offered his assistance to Tristram and Jethro Coleman, who, though scarcely beyond boyhood, were the owners of a large flock of sheep, as carefully managed and cared for as any to be found upon the Island. Obadiah, seeing that Slocum had no regular assistant, had thrown off his coat, not the one with the buttons, however, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, had plunged into the old Washing

Pond, by the side of Slocum, and in a few minutes was busy as the busiest, exchanging a word now and then with Peter Coffin, his right hand neighbor, and again stopping for a moment to make reply to some question of uncle Ebenezer, who was at his left hand. They had just dipped "old long neck," for their sheep were nearly all named, either from their color or from some other striking peculiarity, and were preparing for a second dipping, when the animal made a sudden plunge, and bounded full against Slocum, who was not prepared for any such demonstration, throwing him backwards at full length, under the waters of the old Washing Pond. It did not take long for him to scramble out again, for Slocum was an old salt, and was not to be driven from his post by a little cold water, salt or fresh, but it was too good an opportunity for Peter Coffin to lose, so with a loud laugh, which was seconded by Obadiah, he ventured the remark, "Well, well, uncle Slocum, even old Pompey couldn't beat that, black as he is." But Slocum did not wait to answer him; shaking the water from his dripping clothing, he ran up the bank, and after "long neck," who would have led him a chase as long as his neck, had not Tristram Pinkham and Zephaniah Coleman stopped its progress, and headed it up towards a corner of the fence, where, wet and frightened, it was easily caught by Slocum, who carried it back to the pond to finish the business of washing.

It was now drawing along towards dinner time, and new comers were constantly added to the spectators who stood upon the bank, watching the sheep

as they darted from corner to corner of their pens, to elude the grasp of the owner, or carried by main strength, were deposited in the water where hundreds of others were already undergoing the process of washing, as a sort of preparation for the shearing which was to take place on the morrow. Among the spectators were the wives and sisters of the sheep owners, some of whom had walked out to the pond, while others rode out in their two-wheeled carts, bringing with them the dinners of those of their families who were too busily employed to spare the time to come to town. Among the latter, were Eunice, wife of Solomon Pinkham, and Judith, wife of Peter Coffin, with little Lydia Coffin, and Judith and Lydia Pinkham, daughters of Solomon. Cousin Judith Coffin had "tackled" the horse into the cart, for she had often performed the feat on Tuckernuck, and was as skillful at the business as Peter, her husband, though there was scarce a woman among the towns-people who could not accomplish the same work readily, when occasion required.

All around the enclosure, sails were spread upon the ground, to receive the fleeces which would be cut off on the morrow; and overhead, spread across from one post to another, were also sails to shade the shearers at their tasks, as well as to furnish a cool retreat while eating. Those who had neither brought their dinners, nor had them sent out, could always be supplied at the tents which were to be seen scattered over the ground, at little distances apart, and presided over by those who were anxious to combine business with pleasure, often by some poor widow

with a family of children, who depended upon her profits at shearing time, to supply her family with little necessities of life. Here were always to be found meat cooked in various ways, warm vegetables, cakes, pies, preserves, puddings, tea, coffee or beer; and many of those who were supplied with eatables from their own homes, would often resort to these tents, to spend a trifle on the famous cakes or pies of cousin Sally Bunker or aunt Nabby Starbuck, or some other worthy old aunt or cousin, who was dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and who could not, like aunt Debby Worth, go amongst her acquaintances to spend the day and carry a pail to get her next day's breakfast.

Tristram and Jethro Coleman, with their younger brothers, Zephaniah and Shubael, had left their washing just before noon, and returned home to dinner, intending to leave the horse for their mother and sisters to ride out in the afternoon. Accordingly, having eaten their dinners, and seen their mother, Dorcas, installed as driver, Jennima and Betsey stowed down in the bottom of the cart, and aunt Debby, who was tall and of ample dimensions, perched up well in front, as a figure-head; having seen them all safely disposed of, the boys started ahead on foot, now and then looking around to see if old La Fayette, as they called the old white horse, was faithfully discharging his duties, for aunt Debby had a habit of calling out, "ga-dap, there," in a loud and commanding voice, even when La Fayette was doing his best, and probably supposing that it meant something, and not knowing what, thought

the best thing to do was to reverse operations and come to a dead stop, when it required all of cousin Dorcas's mild authority to start him on again. However, they reached the shearing ground in due season, and were greeted by one and another of their acquaintances, all, however, taking pains to keep out of the way of aunt Debby. The day passed off pleasantly to all, and as the afternoon advanced, one by one they dropped off in the direction of town. Peter Coffin and his uncle Josiah, the Major, (brother to Peter's father, John, sheriff) being among the last on the ground.

And now, the washing being completed, everything was placed in readiness for the morrow's work; the weather still continued clear, and there was every prospect of another fine day. As the first faint streaks of light were discernible in the east, the inhabitants were astir, for it was a general holiday with all, from the aged grandmother to the tiny infant; and by sunrise the commons were covered with vehicles, mostly two-wheeled carts, on their way to shearing.

There was uncle Ebenezer Gardner, now past his three score and ten, (his wife Eunice had died some years previous,) with his second wife, Judith Coffin (daughter of John and Hope, and granddaughter of James,) and their little granddaughter, Eunice Gardner, four years old, daughter of Uriah and Ruth. It would be a matter of some difficulty to decide which was receiving the greater enjoyment, uncle Ebenezer, as he stood towering above aunt Judith, with the reins in hand, shouting to old black

Juba to trot along a little faster, or little Eunice Gardner, as she stood in the corner in front of her grandfather, both hands grasping the forebuck for fear she should pitch forward under the horse's heels.

Just in advance of uncle Ebenezer, was John Coffin, sheriff, father of Peter Coffin, Tuckernuck, with Lydia, his wife, in a low-seated, fiddle-back chair, for Lydia was getting advanced in years, being about seventy-three, some seven years older than John, her husband, and could not ride to shearing standing "bolt upright" in the cart by the side of her husband, and keeping herself in position, by holding the stout rope tied along the top of the side, as she had been wont to do in her younger days. Some distance in the rear, was cousin Lifey Folger, with his two boys, Jonathan and Nathaniel, who would return to town, during the forenoon, for their mother and sisters, as well as the shearing victuals, which it had taken the best part of two days to prepare. Cousin Lifey could always be recognized by his old mouse-colored horse, which had a habit of jumping along on three legs, with his nose almost touching the ground, exactly like uncle Slocum Russell, the boys used to say, when their father was beyond their hearing. Following on after cousin Lifey, as far as the eye could see, they were still coming; the Starbucks, the Pinkhams, the Bunkers and Macys; not one would miss the shearing, and along the road from North Shore, Tristram and Jethro Coleman were coming with La Fayette, and the boys, Zephaniah and Shubael, sitting at the back end of the cart, their

feet hanging down behind while Josiah the Major, was coming at a brisk trot, with his little grandchildren, Josiah and James and Judith; the two boys, like Zephaniah and Shubael, sitting with their feet hanging out at the back, a favorite posture it appeared to be amongst the children. Not far behind the Major was John Gardner, 4th, who had married the Major's daughter Mary, with their children, Mary, thirteen. Nabby, nine, and little Prissy, named for her grandmother, Priscilla Gardner, (daughter of Jethro and Mary) who, in addition to being the mother of John Gardner, 4th. was sister also to the Major, and therefore great aunt as well as grandmother to little Prissy, who on account of being rather diminutive in stature, was called, for distinction, Prissy Tip, a name which was extended to her father, John Gardner, 4th. as well. Little Prissy and her sisters, Mary and Nabby, were also great, great, great-grandchildren of the first Tristram, as well as John, Lydia, Tristram and Judith Pinkham and James, Judith and Josiah Coffin, children of Josiah, Jr.

Besides the above mentioned, were two other little great, great, great-grandchildren, who have come under our notice; these are, first, little Lydia Coffin, daughter of Peter Coffin, Tuckermuck; the other is the little Eunice Gardner, daughter of Uriah and Ruth, and granddaughter of Ebenezer and Eunice; this same little Eunice whom we left on the commons half way to shearing, clinging to the fore-buck, was a great, great, great-granddaughter of Tristram, in a triple degree, and was destined in

after years, to become still more closely united. And as they, by this time, must all be well along on the road, we will hurry on and overtake them, just as Jonathan and Nathaniel Folger, having deposited cousin Lifey, their father, start on their return trip after their mother and sister, and victuals, added Jonathan, while Zephaniah Coleman followed closely in the track, on a similar mission, except as Zephaniah called to Jonathan, as he was about to turn off upon the North Shore road, he should have aunt Debby to pepper him, all the way back again. Having relieved his mind a trifle, by this little sarcasm at aunt Debby's expense, he touched La Fayette lightly with the whip, and shouted to him almost as fiercely as aunt Debby would have done, by way of giving vent to his impatience, before he should reach his home, for, heartily as he despised aunt Debby, he could not help feeling the force of his mother's example, and had many times curbed the hasty word for his mother's sake, when unjustly accused or found fault with by aunt Debby Worth, who he consoled himself by thinking was not his aunt in any way, shape or manner, but only a very distant cousin, after all. But, with the thought that upon reaching the shearing ground, his share in the responsibility would be finished, his good nature returned, and by the time he reached the Major's corner, he was singing at the top of his voice :

“ ‘There she blows!’ is the cry, from our masthead,
And it is a pleasant sound;
There's a large sperm whale off our lee beam,
And to wind'ard she is bound, my boys,
And to wind'ard she is bound.’ ”

CHAPTER XIV.

The Wedding.

The time had now drawn near when "Trustum" Pinkham and Lydia Coffin were to be united in marriage. Great preparations were going on at the house of Solomon Pinkham; "Mother Judy" had come down from Tuckernuck, and with her, two little daughters, who had been added to the family, Betsey, aged six, and Susy, aged three; and Peter, her husband, was back and forth from Tuckernuck to Solomon Pinkham's, according as his services were required. Huge loaves of plum-cake were stored away in the closet, brought down from Tuckernuck by "Mother Judy," while the silver which had descended to Lydia's own mother, (Susy Bunker) for several generations, had been carefully kept by Mother Judith, and was now to pass into the possession of Lydia. There were the silver spoons, in sets of various sizes, marked with the names of the different owners, as they had descended from one generation to another; there was the silver pepper-box, which had belonged to Lydia's great-grandparents, Ebenezer Coffin and Eleanor Barnard, marked upon the bottom with the initials E. C. E.; and there were dishes which had been brought from Liverpool, feather beds and quilts of "Injy calico," with linen sheets and table-cloths of Lydia's own weaving, for Peter Coffin raised a considerable quan-

tity of flax every year, and Judith had taken great pride in Lydia's skill and industry at the loom and spinning-wheel; and there did not seem to be much danger that her family would suffer for the need of clothing, as aunt Debby had predicted; but then, no one thought of attaching any importance to anything that aunt Debby said.

The day of the marriage arrived, and early in the afternoon the guests began to assemble. There was Kezia, sister of Peter, with her husband, John Gardner, Lonker, and their three boys, Micajah, Amaziah, and Antipas, who always answered when spoken to, because they knew their own names, although aunt Debby had said when Antipas was named, that she couldn't see anything Christian about his name, for she never heern tell on but one Antipas in her life, and if he was a Christian, she hoped Antipas Gar'ner wouldn't be a Christian in anything but his name. But, to return to the wedding. There was also John Pinkham, brother of Tristram, with his wife Susan, and their little daughter Sukie; and there were Lydia and Judith, sisters of Tristram, and John Gardner, 4th, who married Peter Coffin's cousin Mary, the Major's daughter, with their little daughter, Prissy, called Prissy Tip, on account of her diminutive size, and also her older sister Nabby, who married Eben Fitch, and there was James Coffin, son of Josiah, Jr., and his sister, Judy, who married Thomas Brock, and there were Nathaniel Barrett and Ennie Gardner, daughter of 'Squire Grafton; and Eunice Gardner, daughter of Uriah, and granddaughter of Ebenezer Gardner, with a half dozen

other Eunice Gardners, whom we have not the space to describe; and there was the whole crew of the "pizen Industry," who had stolen their chowder, and there were aunts and uncles and cousins to the uttermost degree of relationship; the Pinkhams and the Starbucks, the Macys and the Paddacks, all congregated at the house of Solomon Pinkham, to witness the marriage of Tristram Pinkham and Lydia, daughter of Peter Coffin, Tuckermuck. The ceremony performed, the cake and wine were brought forth, the cake in slices an inch in thickness, plentifully supplied with plums, which were despatched by the elder portion of the guests in good season, after which, they nearly all retired to their homes, leaving the young folks in possession, to enjoy themselves for a while longer. Among all the children present at the wedding, there was not one who could compare in beauty with little Betsey Coffin, six years of age, half sister to Lydia, the bride. With the dark hair and eyes peculiar to the Coffin family, she united the clear complexion of the Pinkhams, her mother, Judith, being a daughter of Peleg Pinkham, son of Richard. The evening advanced and the time came for the guests to disperse, and the house was finally left in the possession of its inmates, with the addition of the family of Peter Coffin, who were to remain till the following week, when Tristram and Lydia were to commence house-keeping. In the north part of the town, a little to the north of Gull Island, there was standing a few years since, an old-fashioned double house, which had been moved from what was called "up in

town," the east half being owned and occupied by uncle Woodbury, where aunt Debby pulled up the "sparemint" by the roots. The west half of this house was the home of Tristram Pinkham and his wife Lydia.

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CHAPTER XV.

The Outfitting.

Christopher Mitchell sat in his office, busy with his papers and accounts, when suddenly there came a tremendous knock at the door; it could not have been louder or more imperative, had the ship Lima arrived, with twenty-five hundred sperm, and blubber on deck, and the messenger at the door waiting to convey the intelligence. Christopher Mitchell was a quiet, dignified young man, belonging to the Society of Friends. He was a large ship-owner, one of the solid men of his day, respected by all the community. Wondering what could be the occasion of so startling a summons, he arose and opened the door, and there upon the steps stood a lad, who, the moment the door was opened, exclaimed, "Does Kit Mitchell live here?" Looking at the boy, from head to foot, he answered his question with, "What is thy name?" "Jack Fitch," said the boy, unabashed by the presence of the great ship-owner. "What is thy mother's name?" "Nab Fitch." "What is thy father's name?" "Eeb Fitch." "Yes," said the gentlemanly Christopher, thinking it useless to remonstrate with the subject before him, "Kit Mitchell lives here." And Jack delivered his errand, and departed, unconscious that he had delivered his message in any different manner than his father had commanded, when he said to him,

“Now, Jack, mind and speak as you’d orter.” Such was Jack Fitch as a boy, what John Fitch would become as a man, remained to be proved.

As there was quite a number of whaling vessels about to take their departure, fun and frolic were the order of the day, and there was not an evening that did not witness a gathering at one or another of their homes for a candy frolic or chowder company, or a dance, or some other amusement, which was ever remembered by the participants and related again and again, to their children and grandchildren.

While all was bustle and life at the wharves, and the numerous sail-lofts, cooper’s shops and ropewalks, there was no less business going on at the homes of those who were about to encounter the dangers of the deep. There were piles of homespun, which were to be converted into clothing, for their fathers, brothers and husbands; there were handkerchiefs to hem, and thin cotton clothing to be made, while the younger daughters, with needle in hand, and a sampler spread out on the table before them, were busy at work stitching in cross stitch, the letters, H. P. or J. F., or some other combination of letters, for everything must be marked, from the lining of the sou’wester, to the tin pan with the name scratched on the bottom with a darning needle, or point of a knife; while the happy possessor, with one of his horn-handled jack-knives, cut his initials in elegant style, upon the handles of the others. When the last edge of the last bandanna handkerchief had been hemmed, and the finishing touches

given to the marking, the process of packing commenced. Overalls, duck trousers, reefers, short jackets, waistcoats, "galluses," stockings, brogans, quilts, calico pillow-cases, tarpaulins, sou'westers, mittens, handkerchiefs (which were only used for show, on liberty days,) pot and pan, knives, iron spoons and a variety of miscellaneous articles were carefully arranged, by mothers, wives and sisters, while each separate article was re-adjusted by the owner, (especially if it happened to be his first voyage) as often as he entered the house, after the packing commenced. When all was completed, and the last article arranged to the satisfaction of all, the little drawer under the till, (supposed to be a secret arrangement, but in all probability, nine tenths of the chests in the vessel, contained one exactly like it.) was opened, and a few Spanish dollars tucked in, for trading on the South American coast, and lastly, the "protection" enclosed in its tin or iron case, was slipped in, with the earnest injunction, to take special care of that, though everything else should be lost; for woe betide the American seaman who should be caught upon the high seas, by a British man-of-war, without his protection, which described Andrew Gardner as "a citizen of the United States of America, with blue eyes, light hair and complexion, slender frame, five feet eight inches in height, with a large scar upon the right arm," or Daniel or Nathan Myrick, with "dark eyes and hair, and complexion to match, thick-set frame, measuring five feet, six and one-half inches, age seventeen, with scar upon the left cheek," caused

by falling over into the fire-place, in the little chair in which he was tied when a baby of eleven months. All who were without such papers, proving them as citizens of the United States, were eagerly claimed by the English cruisers, as subjects of Great Britain, and forced into the English service, for a specified term of years, or for life.

The vessel in which Hezekiah was to embark on his first voyage, lay at the Bar, ready for sea, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, he, with his father, Tristram, arrived on board, and soon, with colors flying, and canvas spread, they directed their course round Great Point, and were lost in the distance. Thus did Hezekiah, on the fifteenth day of November, 1786, celebrate his fourteenth birthday, by commencing a seafaring life, which he followed year after year, rising rapidly from foremast hand to assistant officer, and from officer to Captain.

CHAPTER XVI.

*A Skilled Pilot—A Business-like Proposal—In War
Time—The Leaders.*

A SKILLED PILOT.

The months sped on, and fifteen had rolled their course, when the *Industry* again dropped her anchor at the Bar, and Silas Chase was once more at home with a full cargo. It required several days of brisk work to lighten her, which being accomplished, Tristram Pinkham's services as pilot were again required to bring her in safety to the wharf. Tristram had for some years been engaged in piloting the ships, as they sailed from the wharf to the bar or to Old-town, there to remain until loaded for a voyage. Tristram was considered one of the best pilots of his day, and was as well acquainted with the navigation of the waters in the vicinity of his native Island, as he was with the streets of the town. So familiar was he with this locality that by tasting the sand upon the bottom of the lead, he could describe the situation of the vessel without assistance from any other source. Upon one occasion, some of the crew carried with them a box of sand taken from the vicinity of their home. Dropping the lead into the ocean, and then dipping it in the box of sand,

they carried it to Tristram, who was lying in his berth. Placing his tongue upon the sand, he exclaimed, without a moment's hesitation,

“Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,
Right over old ma'am Hackett's garden.”

This put an end to experiments in that direction, and Tristram's authority was ever after unquestioned.

A BUSINESS-LIKE PROPOSAL.

Jedidah Carr, a widow, living in Pearl street, was sitting at her window picking up stitches in her knitting work, when she saw John Gardner drive slowly along, apparently as though on his way to mill, but, if so, he had certainly chosen a most circuitous route; but what was her surprise, when she saw John stop his horse, and, jumping from the cart, deliberately walk round to the kitchen door. “Merciful sakes!” exclaimed aunt Didy, to herself, “what can uncle John Tip want here at this time of day?” But she was not long left in suspense, for John Gardner, 4th, did not believe in wasting words. Opening the door, and with one foot on the threshold, and his hand upon the latch, he commenced: “Aunt Didy, I'm going along to mill with this 'ere grist, and I thought I'd stop and see if you'd have me. I shall be back in twenty minutes or so, and then I'll stop and get your answer;” saying this, he closed the door and drove off to mill. “Well,” thought aunt Jedidah, “that's pretty short

notice; howsumdlever, a man like John Tip isn't to be picked up every day, and I guess I'll have him;" and so, when he returned from mill, his answer was all ready, and it was agreed that John Gardner, sheriff, and Jedidah Carr, should spend their remaining years as man and wife. Aunt Brock, (she who was once Judith Pinkham,) was sitting very much as Jedidah Carr was sitting when John Gardner called on his way to mill, only, instead of picking up stitches, she was letting them down, when her door opened and in walked, not John Gardner, but aunt Didy Carr. "'Judy,'" says aunt Didy, "I've concluded to have a little company this afternoon, and I want you and Liddy Pinkham to come over and get supper with me:" having thus delivered her message, she departed for home. After finishing her dinner, and before the clock struck one, aunt Brock and Lydia were on the road to Pearl street, to spend the afternoon with aunt Didy. Several of their acquaintances came in during the afternoon, and as tea-time drew near, who should open the door and step in but John Gardner. 4th; quite an unexpected event, thought aunt Brock, and comparing notes afterwards, she found the rest of the company thought the same. "'Well,'" said aunt Didy, "'you've happened in just in the nick of time, for I'm just a going to set the table, and so you may as well stop and get a cup of tea.'" John apparently, needed no second bidding; the supper proceeded, and John remained. At about eight o'clock the door again opened, and this time, to the surprise of all, with the exception of John and Didy, it was the

justice who entered, and before aunt Brock and the remainder of the guests were scarcely aware of what was going on, John Gardner and Jedidah Carr had been made one for life; and here they were, at this date, comfortably settled in John's house at North Shore.

IN WAR TIME.

Troubles between the United States and England again arose, and while many of the whaling vessels were still at sea, war was declared, and all the anxieties of the war of the eighteenth century were lived over again, in the nineteenth. Of the sons of Tristram Pinkham, only John and Hezekiah remained. John was now at home, upon the eve of marriage with Merab Bunker, one of the descendants of William and Mary. The banns were already published, when war was declared, but that did not in the least interfere with the marriage, which occurred a few weeks later. Hezekiah and Jack Fitch were both away at sea; Hezekiah was captain of the *Alliance*, once commanded by Amaziah Gardner, while Jack Fitch occupied a like position in the *Mars*. But Jack Fitch was Jack no longer, in his own estimation, as his private log-book would testify. John Fitch, with a full appreciation of what his dignity should be, as master of a large whaling ship, had scribbled on every spare leaf of his log-book, in large, distinct letters, "John Gardner Fitch, Capt.," for in the days of his infancy, there were many mothers who were of the same mind as Kezia when

she named Micajah, Amaziah and Antipas, and who fully agreed with Kezia, that Jonathan, Hotwater, John, Louker, and John Tip, would be much improved by a middle name, which should distinguish Hotwater Jonathan from Coldwater Jonathan, and so. Nabby Fitch being of the same opinion, had named her boy John Gardner Fitch; but it is doubtful whether John had any idea in his boyhood that his name was other than plain John Fitch. Although he now stretched his own name to the utmost capacity, he was not willing to allow Hezekiah a like importance, for on the very next page to "John Gardner Fitch, Captain," if not in a conspicuous place on the same page, would be found the following entry: "Oct. 20th. Saw old Pink, and he was in a hurry to go home and see the gals."

And now they were both upon the ocean, and war was declared. Again the English cruisers were upon the seas, not only in the vicinity of the whaling ports, but far out upon the track of the vessels which were yet some distance from home. And now, came news of the capture of the Mount Hope, Captain David Cottle; the first of a long list of vessels which afterwards fell into the hands of the English. Then followed the Alligator, Captain Owen Swain, full of sperm oil; the Ranger, Captain William Joy, and amongst others, who were robbed upon the high seas, of all their hard earnings, was another of the great, great, great, great-grandchildren of Tristram Coffin, who bore one of the old family names, which had been handed down, since the settlement of the Island.

THE LEADERS.

Let us hope and trust, that the memory of all those who lived and worked together in ages long since past, shall ever be held in remembrance by their descendants, and while all the early pioneers are entitled to the grateful remembrance of posterity, foremost in the rank of benefactors, stand the families of Edward Starbuck, Thomas Macy, Peter Folger, with *Tristram Coffin*, his children and his grandchildren.

CHAPTER XVII.

The First Tea Party (An Idyl from Nantucket).

THE FIRST TEA PARTY.

“STARBUCK PLANTATION, NANTUCKET,
September 20, 1745.

“MY OWN DEAR MOTHER:

It seems a long time since you and my honoured father and my ever dear brothers and sisters started for your new home; but I suppose you have not yet reached your destination, and I think of you every day and all day long as marching and marching, following the lonely trail through the forests, and sometimes I am tempted to repine in that my father thought it best to remove to that far-away settlement. But my grandfather tells me that the entertaining of this sentiment would be unworthy the daughter of a pioneer, and since it was thought best for me to remain on the island for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage; and this I try to do with cheerfulness, and Aunt Content is so kind as to say that I am of service to her in our household duties and in spinning and weaving.

Peradventure, my letter shall be a puzzle to you, so I hasten to say that I indite a paragraph or two upon leisure, and whenever anything comes into my mind I desire you to know I straightway go to my

uncle's desk and set it down. I do this, dear mother, that you may share in my pleasant thoughts, and may know of my daily life; also that my brothers and sisters may in a measure partake of my enjoyment.

The principal news I have to tell is that my cousin, Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., has returned to Boston from his late long voyage to China, and is now hourly looked for here, where there are divers preparations being made for his welcoming. My grandfather walks restlessly up and down with his stout stick, peering anxiously up the roadway by which our traveller must come. Uncle Nathaniel says, with pride, 'The boy will have many stories to tell' Aunt Content flits about with a smile on her face, and anon with tears in her eyes, concocting the dishes of which her son used to be so fond; while dear old grandmother knits and knits, because she says, 'Than'el never yet wore any stockings but of my make, and I must have a supply for him to take on his next voyage;' while I am to have a new blue gown made from my aunt's last web, which is the finest and softest piece of flannel ever made on the island.

My cousin has come. He is tall and lithe, with handsome hair and eyes, and his complexion is bronzed by the ocean winds and eastern suns. He says it seems to him like a fairy tale that I am the same little dumpling of a cousin he used to toss in the air when he was last home. He is much grieved to find you are all gone, and is planning a hunting expedition, whose objective point shall be your far-away settlement.

The neighbors all congregated around our kitchen fire to hear his wonderful stories and adventures, which he was relating all day long and far into the night; and for all he has travelled almost over the whole world, he is as pleased as a boy to be at home on the dear old Nantucket plantation again. We are all as happy as we can be with our divided hearts, and all have a frequent thought and wish for our wanderers, while grandafther remembers you each morning and evening at the Throne of Grace.

My cousin has brought a great many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a silken creamy shawl for me, woven and embroidered with beautiful flowers. Another is a gown of foamy Canton crape, as white as snow, and they are so pretty I am sure I shall never dare to wear them. Grandma says they shall be kept for my wedding. Aunt Esther says it is not seemly for such thoughts to be put into a maiden's head, but Aunt Content gave me the other day a whole piece of linen from the Fall bleach to be kept, she said, for a day of need.

At all events, my finery is packed away in gums and spices in a foreign box, and is not likely to turn any silly maiden's head at present.

Cousin has returned to Boston, and yesterday he sent by a trusty messenger another sea-chest. It is a large box of tea, the first that was ever seen on the island, real Chinese, which Nat himself procured in China. It is of a greenish color, with little shrivelled leaves, and when eaten dry has a pleasant, spicy taste. Perhaps when I send this letter I can inclose some, that you may see what it is like. He

also sent a letter saying that when he returns to Nantucket, the owner of the ship in which he voyaged, Captain Morris, will come with him from Boston to pay us a visit.

We are again making master preparations for visitors; and if you will believe it, the great parlour, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitable's wedding, is to be opened. The floor has been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful mats which Cousin Nat brought, with many curious and handsome things which are hung on the walls and spread on the table and mantelpiece; and the huge fire of logs the sharp weather now renders needful in the chimney, sends out such a glow that you can have no conception how finely the room appears. I was admiring it this morning, when Aunt Esther rebuked me gravely, saying, 'The bright things of this world are of short duration;' but dear, gentle grandma said, with a smile, that it was natural and right for the young to admire beauty, at which Aunt Esther seemed much displeased. I sometimes think she does not like me because I am young, but that cannot be. Yet I cannot quite understand how, being my own sweet mother's sister, she can be so unlike her.

We have just had tidings that Cousin Nat and his friend Captain Morris intend to arrive here on December 31st. Uncle Nathaniel says he will have a tea-party, and invite Lieutenant Macey's family, and Uncle Edward Starbuck's family, and a few others, to meet our guests, and to 'sit the old year out and the new year in.'

We cooked a beautiful dinner, and our guests all came. I wore my new blue gown, with some lace grandma gave me in the neck, and my own dear mother's gold necklace. I tied back my curls, that Cousin Nat will not allow me to braid, with a blue ribbon which he bought in London. Aunt Esther said men dislike to see girls look so brave, but grandpa kissed me and called me 'a bonnie blue-bell.'

Aunt Content has been much pestered in her mind because she knew not how to serve the tea or to cook it, and after our neighbours were assembled she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered round the chest, smelling and tasting the fragrant herb. Mrs. Macey said she had heard it ought to be well cooked to make it palatable; Aunt Edward Starbuck said a lady in Boston who had drunk tea told her it needed a good quantity for a steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive, so Aunt Content hung the bright five-gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two-quart bowlful of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire, and Aunt Esther stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling.

While I was laying the table I heard Lydia Ann Macey say, 'I have heard that when tea is drank it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am afraid thy sister-in-law failed to put in enough of the leaves.' So Aunt Esther put in another bowlful. When the tea had boiled an hour, my cousin and Captain Morris arrived. Then the tea, which had boiled down to

about a gallon, was poured into grandma's great silver tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her silver porringers; also with cream and lumps of sugar.

The captain talked to me before dinner, and I told him, before I knew I was getting confidential, how you were all off in the wilds. He said enterprise was what the new country needed, and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled entirely with Starbucks. That I was one of the old stock it was plain to be seen, he said, if my name was Wentworth; and then he looked pleasantly around the circle of the Starbucks. I suppose I do not resemble them at all. I saw Aunt Esther looking at me so sharply that I remembered she had often told me it was not seemly to talk with men; so presently I became discreetly silent. But when dinner was announced the captain took me out and made me sit by him.

After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, Aunt Content said to her son and his friend, 'I have made a dish of tea for you, but am fearful it is not rightly made, and would like to have your opinion;' whereupon my cousin and the captain looked and sniffed at the tea, and my cousin made answer, 'As my loved mother desires my opinion, I must needs tell her that a spoonful of this beverage, which she hath with such hospitable intent prepared for us, would go nigh to kill any one at this table,' and the captain said laughingly, that my aunt could keep the decoction to dye the woollens. He further said he would instruct us how to draw the tea, 'and this

young lady,' he said, turning to me, 'shall make the first dish of tea ever made on Nantucket.' So the tea was made by his direction and poured into the tankard Aunt Content had got ready, and the captain carried it to the table for me and helped to pour it into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind also as to say it was the best dish of tea he had ever tasted.

We had a wholesome dinner, and enjoyable withal. Cousin Nat told stories and sang songs, in which Captain Morris joined him, and then the happy new year's greetings took the place of the good-bys when our neighbours left for their homes.

My cousin's friend still stays for the shooting, and there is not much spinning and weaving done, for it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and the visiting. He is very agreeable, and calls grandfather, 'the Miles Standish of Nantucket.' I heard him tell Uncle Nathaniel that we had good blood, and ever since he became acquainted with Cousin Nat he had conceived a great admiration for the Nathaniel Starbucks; and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he remains here on Aunt Esther's account; but, dear me, she is so prim (I write with all respect, dear mother), and he is such a jovial gentleman, I do not understand how such a wedding could be harmonious. If he has a regard for her it must be on account of the Starbuck blood.

Oh, my mother, how can I tell you! It is not for love of Aunt Esther that Captain Morris remains, but your own little daughter; and all the Starbucks, saving Aunt Esther—who declares I ought to be put

back into pinafores—have given their consent that I shall be married and sail away with my husband in his ship to foreign parts, to see for myself all the wonders of which I have heard so much of late. But I will not give my consent until I first have that of my father and mother; so there is a company being made up to go with Cousin Nat and the captain through the snows to your far-away home.

And so, after all, it will be this new friend of whom I have written so much who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear mother, that you who know my heart so well will not think it unseemly for me to pray that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my father to feel kindly toward this gentleman; for, indeed, he is of good repute, and is so kind as to be very fond of me; and if I feel that I have your consent, and that of my honoured father, together with your blessing, I shall be very happy, and take an honest pride in being his honoured wife.

The captain declares laughingly that I am sending him on a quest like a knight of old, to prove his love. I cannot help thinking it strange his wanting to marry me, and when I said so one day, he replied gravely, that it was all on account of the tea, which got into his head. And, indeed, it may be so, for I was flighty, and hardly shut my eyes to sleep at all the night after partaking of it; and even my dear grandmother says she would not answer for the consequences of what she might be led to do were she to make use of it every day.

I send you, with other articles, some of this famous tea, and a bit of the white crape that I shall, if so it

seemeth best in the judgment of my honoured father
and dear mother, wear as a wedding gown.

The household all join me in sending loving greet-
ing to you all and, I remain, now and ever,

Your dutiful and loving daughter,

RUTH STARBUCK WENTWORTH.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

There She Blows! or Whales We Caught.

YOUTH'S FIRST VOYAGE.

FROM PECK SLIP TO NANTUCKET BAR.

WANTED—500 able-bodied, enterprising young men, to go on whaling voyages of from twelve to twenty months' duration in first class ships. All clothing and other necessaries furnished on the credit of the voyage. To coopers, carpenters and blacksmiths, extra inducements offered."

This announcement, on a gigantic placard, in staring capitals, arrested my attention, and brought me to a stand, as I was strolling along South Street, near Peck Slip. I had just attained the susceptible age of eighteen, and had left my country home with the consent of my parents, to visit the great city of Gotham, like a modern Gil Blas, in quest of employment and adventures. As the old story-books have it, I had come "to seek my fortune." I have sought it ever since, but it has kept ahead of me, like an *ignis fatuus*. Like old Joe Garboard, I began the world with nothing, and have held my own ever since.

I had always a predilection for the sea, and had cultivated my adventurous propensities by the study of all books of voyages and travels that I had access to. All the wanderings of famous navigators, from the days of Sinbad down to the present era, had been

perused with delight, and I had always affected the sailor, as well as I knew how, in manner and dress. I had discovered, since I arrived in the city, however, that I was a miserable amateur; and not a ragged boy along the piers but would have spotted me for a "green one" at sight, while Jack himself, the real article, would have found my verdancy really refreshing after a long cruise.

Above the attractive placard to which I have alluded, in the form of a hanging sign projecting over the sidewalk, was a most stirring nautical piece, illustrating one of those agreeable little episodes which diversify the life of the whaleman. The principal figure in the foreground of this masterpiece of art was a huge sea monster, intended, doubtless, to represent something "very like a whale," but which, in truth, bore rather more resemblance to a magnified codfish with a specific gravity something less than that of a cork, as he floated *on* the water instead of *in* it. Fragments of a devoted whale-boat, which had been nearly pulverized by a blow of his tail, filled the air, and rained back in showers upon the unfortunate leviathan, at the imminent hazard, as it seemed, of inflicting serious splinter wounds, while several sailors, apparently dressed for the occasion in span new blue and red shirts, cut pironettes among the wreck at various altitudes between sky and water, and made spread eagles of themselves for the special diversion of a gaping public. From the head of the sea monster was ejected a stream of blood, which rose in a solid column to a height but little exceeding that of the topmasts of

the ship, which appeared standing under all sail, in fearful proximity to the fast boats, and having no apparent intention of starting tack or sheet to avoid a collision. Hogarth's famous "Perspective" was quite eclipsed by this effort.

I stood, for a time, regarding this picture in silent admiration, and especially commiserating the situation of one luckless mariner, for whom the fate of Jonah seemed inevitable, as he appeared suspended in midair, directly over the jaws of the whale, which were widely distended in his agony.

"Now," said I to myself, "why wouldn't this be the sort of cruise for me? A long voyage, full of adventure and excitement. The very thing. I'll stop in here, and get some information about this business."

Following the direction of a hand painted on a tin sign, the finger of which, as well as the inscription, indicated that Ramsay's shipping office was "up stairs," I entered a room where a middle-aged gentleman, with a florid countenance, evidently the great Ramsay himself, was seated at a desk fenced in by a railing, while a shabby clerk, who looked as if he had been kept up all night, hovered, like a familiar spirit, near his elbow. Two youths, fresh from the country like myself, were negotiating for enlistment with the elder gentleman, who was all smiles and affability, and who, at my entrance, elevated his eyebrows, and said something, *sotto voce*, to the sleepy clerk, whereat the latter smiled knowingly, and then, seeming fatigued by the exertion, relapsed into his former apathy.

“Take a seat, sir,” said Mr. Ramsay. “I’m happy to see you, sir; and the fact of your being early in the day argues well for your success in life. I presume you would like to try a pleasant voyage, to see the world, and make some money at the same time.”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “I did think of trying a sea voyage, but I would like to make a few inquiries first.”

“Quite right, sir,” said Mr. Ramsay, lighting a cigar; “quite right. ‘Look before you leap,’ as the saying is. Have a cigar, sir?” at the same time extending a handful of cheap sixes, with a general invitation to the company present. “I shall be happy to afford you any information in my power, sir. I have never been whaling myself, but from my long experience in this business, and my extensive acquaintance with whalers and shipowners, I may say that you could hardly have applied, in this city, to a better source; and, as I was observing to these two young gentlemen just before you entered, there is the finest opening just at this time that I have ever known. Indeed, I do not remember any period since I have been in the business when such inducements were offered to enterprising young men as now. A packet leaves this afternoon for Nantucket, and there are crews wanted there for four new ships, just launched, and all to be commanded by experienced captains. There will be more ships fitted this year than any previous one; and, owing to the increased demand for young men, the lays are uncommonly high.”

“The what, sir?” asked one of the country youths.

“The lays, sir; that is to say, the shares. You will understand that in this business no one is paid wages by the day or month, but each receives a certain part, or lay, as it is called, of the proceeds of the cruise. By this arrangement, you will see, at once, that every one, from the captain to the cabin boy, has a personal interest in the success of the voyage. The lay is, of course, proportioned to his rank or station on board, and to his experience in the business. The lays, as I before observed, are high this season, uncommonly so.”

“And what may be the lay of a new hand—one who has never been by water?” I asked.

“Well, sir, the lays of green hands have ranged in times past, from a two hundredth to a two hundred and fiftieth, but they are paying now a hundred and seventieth, and even as high as a hundred and fiftieth. By the way, have you any mechanical trade?” pursued the shipping-master, with the greatest urbanity.

“Well—yes, sir; I have served some time at the blacksmith’s trade, though I can hardly call myself a finished workman.” I answered.

“A blacksmith: ah, indeed! The very thing, sir. That reminds me that I have a special demand, at this time, for three or four blacksmiths, and as many carpenters. As to your being a finished workman, that is not at all essential, sir. If you can botch a little and do an indifferent sort of job, that is quite sufficient. I may safely promise an able-bodied young man like you with some knowledge of the

blacksmith's trade, as good as the hundred and thirtieth. That, however, is a matter to be arranged with the agent of the ship when you sign the articles. I shall mention the subject to my correspondents, Messrs. Brooks & Co., at Nantucket, and they will use their influence for you."

"The voyage, you say, will not be more than twenty months, sir?" I asked.

"Ye—no, sir—that is, they are seldom absent beyond that length of time, and, if very fortunate, you may finish a voyage in a year. Then your chances of promotion! Consider, sir—a young man of your ability ought certainly to command a third mate's berth on the second voyage, in which case, of course, your pay is more than doubled; and so on each successive voyage as you advance still higher on the ladder. That is, of course, supposing you should wish to follow the business. If not, why, a year or a year and a half is not much at your time of life. You would still be young enough to turn your attention to something else."

"How's the victuals on these whaling boats?" inquired one of the verdant youths.

"Excellent, sir," returned the voluble Mr. Ramsay. "I have reason to believe there are no ships on the ocean where the living is so good as in whalers. Even the luxuries of life are to be found in abundance. Cows are generally kept on board, so that the supply of milk and fresh beef scarcely ever fails."

Here the sleepy clerk knocked the ashes from his cigar, gave another knowing smile, and distended his

cheek with his tongue, in keen enjoyment of the game. This action was not lost upon me, and, inexperienced though I was, I had already begun to surmise that the statements of his eloquent employer were to be received *cum grano salis*. Still, making due allowance for exaggeration, I thought this sort of voyage, from its very nature, full of excitement and adventure, would suit me better than any other.

"Do you furnish the outfit of clothes here, sir?" I inquired.

"No, sir," answered Mr. Ramsay, "that is not in my line. My correspondents, Messrs. Brooks & Co., will attend to that; and, from their perfect knowledge of the articles required, and their extensive facilities, cannot fail to give you satisfaction."

The sleepy clerk had the pleasure of registering the names of all three of us on the list of recruits to go on board the "Lydia Ann," and at four o'clock that afternoon, I found myself, in company with a score or more of others, on board the old sloop, with the mainsail hoisted, and dropped down to an outside berth; and, after the most affectionate farewells and hand-shaking from Mr. Ramsay and the sleepy clerk, the whole party were mustered and counted, and the roll being found correct, the Lydia Ann slipped the only fast by which she rode to the pier, and was fairly under way for Nantucket, amid the shouts and hurrahs of her passengers, who seemed to have bid adieu to all care and sorrow, and to consider themselves fairly enrolled in the ranks of the elect.

After taking our last looks at the great metropolis,

I found ample amusement in studying human nature, and observing the peculiarities of my several companions, who were a motley crowd, composed of men of every stamp, from the fresh and innocent country youth, like myself, who had just left his mother and sisters, to the city rowdy, who had run himself "hard up" on a spree, and, unable longer to raise the wind, had shipped for a sea voyage as a last resort. It was surprising to note, now that we were brought together, and all bound on the same mission, how quickly we became acquainted with each other, and how quickly all distinctions were levelled. Many of my companions were more or less in liquor at starting, and some had brought suspicious bottles with them, and now were clustered in groups about the deck, roaring snatches of songs, breaking out into boisterous merriment, and cracking jokes on the old skipper, who only shook his head, and joined in the laugh, muttering:

"Hold on, my lads, till I get you out off Pint Judy, with a good stiff breeze and chopping sea on to shake up your stomachs, and I'll bet some of you will laugh out of the other side of your mouths."

The old gentleman was not at all averse to taking a stout pull at the bottles with those who offered them; and, after two or three applications of this sort, he grew communicative, and volunteered much information for our special behoof, touching the business in which we were about embarking. Many of his statements differed widely from those of the shipping-master, which is not strange; for it is well

known that two witnesses are seldom found to agree on their accounts of the same matter.

The *Lydia Ann* was an old time-worn and battered sloop, which ran as a regular transport between Nantucket and New York, having no accommodations for any considerable number of passengers, though she had carried so many human cargoes to the same consignees, all bound on the same errand, that she had acquired the pet name of "the *Slaver*."

When night came on, we were constrained to find lodgings in the hold as best we could; and, selecting the softest spots and most eligible corners among the casks and boxes which composed the freight list, we passed part of the night in much the same manner as before. But, as the skipper had predicted, the breeze freshened during the night, and the old sloop, feeling the benefit of it, and diving smartly into a head sea, furnished the majority of us employment in casting up our accounts, and admonished us that all bodies, not excepting the solid earth, are subject to upheavings when shaken to their centres. Some of us, who had crawled on deck to get the fresh air, furnished, by our own rueful and woe-begone appearance, rare food for merriment to the old mate, a veteran of nearly the same date as his commander, who, in a rough pea-jacket and slouched son'wester, stood, statue-like, braced up against the tiller, apparently as immovable as the rock of ages.

"Ah, boys," said the jolly old salt, "so the *Liddy Ann* is breaking you in, eh? Well, you've got to go through it, all of ye, and it's better to have it over now, when you've got no duty to attend to, than to

begin it in the Gulf stream, when there'll be, maybe, topsails to reef, and a slatting jib to be got in on a slippery boom."

He advised us, moreover, to try the experiment of attaching a piece of fat pork, previously dipped in molasses, to a string, swallowing the precious morsel and pulling it up again, repeating the operation as often as the symptoms returned, which mode of proceeding, he solemnly assured us, had been proved to be an invaluable specific in cases of this kind, as could be attested by the experience of thousands of sufferers. The victims were slow to avail themselves of this information, not so much from any doubt of its efficacy, as from sheer inability to make the necessary exertion to prepare the medicine.

The utter prostration of all energy which attends sea-sickness is well known to those who have passed the ordeal. I was a sufferer with the rest, but not to the same extent as many others. When daylight broke, I was on deck, and stirring, and became accustomed to the *Lydia Ann's* antics with so little difficulty that the old skipper noticed me particularly; and finding I was the only one who could do full justice to an "able-bodied breakfast," he complimented me by averring his belief that I would be a sailor yet before my mother would. Which prophecy seemed in a fair way of fulfilment; for I gained so rapidly that before the sloop went in over Nantucket Bar, I was able to take an interest in all I saw and even to lend a hand about decks. I was rather vain of the comparatively easy victory which my stomach had gained over old Neptune's medi-

cine chest, and lost no opportunity of cracking jokes upon others, whose course of initiation had been more severe. Some of the boys who came over in the *Lydia Ann* will never forget the martyrdom they endured from this intolerable malady, which, when violent, makes even life and death seem a matter of indifference, and not the least irritating peculiarity of which is that it is a standing subject for joking by those who have passed through it, and that even the very pity which the initiated traveller bestows upon us is akin to ridicule.

CHAPTER XIX.

There She Blows! or Whales We Caught.

OVER THE BAR.

Two whaleships were lying at anchor outside the "bar" as the *Lydia Ann* passed in—one lately arrived from a long voyage, her rusty sides and rough bends nearly naked of copper, with the long grass clinging to the bare sheathing; her stump topmasts and general half-dismantled appearance presenting a striking contrast to the trim, newly-painted outward-bounder, which had just completed her preparations for sea, and, with everything aloft in its place, mainroyal yard crossed, and a full quota of showy, white-bottomed boats on the cranes and overhead, was to weigh anchor for the Pacific next morning. Loud rose the cheerful, measured sound of the hoisting song from the gang on board the inward-bound ship, as the heavy casks of oil were seen to rise slowly from her hatchway, and were discharged into the schooner lashed alongside of her to receive them, while another lighter, deeply loaded, had dropped astern, and was hoisting her mainsail.

"I thought the 'Pandora' had sailed before this time," said the old skipper, as we passed just out of hail of the ships. "They have been a long time fitting her for sea. I wonder," said he to his mate, "who that is that has got in since we left. Get the

glass, and see if you can make out her name when we cross her stern."

The mate brought an old battered telescope from a cleft in the companionway, and, after squinting for some time, muttered:

"P—her stern is so rusty that hang me if I can make out the letters—the name begins with a P; I can see that. There's a T in it, and the last letter looks like an H."

"Yes, that's all right," said the skipper. "That's the old 'Plutarch.' She has been expected some time, and has had a long passage home; but she is one of the old Anno Dominy ships, and sails about as fast as you can whip a toad through tar. I was in her two v'y'ges myself in my young days, and we never could drive more than six knot out of her in a gale of wind. She seems to have a foul bottom, too. But she has crawled home at last, and she has brought a good load of ile, too. She had twenty-one hund'ed at last accounts, and that ain't to be sneezed at, now-a-days."

"No, indeed, it ain't," returned his partner. "But when was you in the Plutarch? Who had her then?"

"Old Hosea Coffin had her; that's when she was new, and was called a dandy ship at that time. Then I steered a boat in her next v'y'ge with Bimelech Swain—you knew him?"

"Yes, I remember; that's when I was in the 'Viper,' on the Brazeel Banks."

I could not but look with admiration upon these old veterans, who talked about long voyages round

Cape Horn and on the "Bauks" as though they had been mere pleasure trips across a harbor and back, or any such trifling matter. Two or three years in these old fellows' lives seemed like the same period in the history of nations, occupying but a line or two of the chronicle. But the vessel was rapidly drawing in round "Brant Point," and all my comrades, many of whom had not yet fully recovered from sea-sickness, had mustered on deck to see the low, sandy island and busy little town of Nantucket, which now lay fairly before us. Several more whaleships were lying at the wharves, some of them dismantled, and stripped to a girtline, others partly rigged for sea, and two or three hove down for coppering. This was in the summer of 1841, when Nantucket may be said to have been in the zenith of its prosperity. More new ships were built than in any previous season, and the general impression appeared to be that the partisan cries of "two dollars a day and roast beef to the laboring man" were to be literally fulfilled, and that the price of oil was to reach a standard positively fabulous. And so it did—fabulously low, as every poor whaleman can testify, who arrived in 1842-3, and sold his sperm oil for fifty or sixty cents a gallon.

As the sloop warped in alongside the wharf, a spruce young man jumped on deck, and, saluting the skipper, asked him when he left New York, and, in the same breath, how many men he had brought. "Twenty-five," said the old man. And, having thus satisfied himself that the cargo delivered corresponded with the invoice, he invited us all to come

up to "the store." Then, mounting into a one-horse cart—a sort of green box on two wheels—which stood in waiting, he called upon us to "jump up." We jumped up till the box was full of us, standing in solid phalanx, and the rest followed, as infantry of the rear guard; and thus, the admired of all beholders, we proceeded up the central or "Straight Wharf," and up Main Street to the store. The spruce young man informed us that his name was Richards, and that he was connected with the establishment as a sort of out-door clerk.

The store of Messrs. Brooks & Co. fronted directly on the square or grand plaza of Nantucket. They dealt in all kinds of ready-made clothing and dry goods, infitting as well as outfitting goods; and the store was a grand resort and rendezvous of seafaring men. At the time of our arrival, it was enlivened by the presence of numerous whalemén, of various grades in rank, from chief mates of ships, sedate, dignified-looking men, dressed in long togs in neat style, who sat smoking, comparing notes about matters and things, "round the other side of land," and re-killing, at a safe distance, many "forty-barrel bulls," which they had years ago slaughtered, at imminent peril of life and limb, down to overgrown boys, who had made one voyage, aspirants for boatsteerers' berths, who wore fine blue round jackets and low-quartered morocco pumps, with a great superabundance of ribbon, as was the fashion at that period, carried flaming red handkerchiefs either awkwardly in their hands or hanging half out at their jacket pockets, masticated tobacco in pro-

digious quantities, and in various ways aped the tar, to the great amusement of their elders, who passed remarks to each other in confidential tones.

"Here comes young Folger, rolling down to St. Helena, eighteen cloths in the lower studdingsail, and no change out of a dollar."

"What ship was he in?" asked another.

"In that plum pudd'n'r that got in last week—what's her name?"

"O, that old brig over at the New North Wharf? The 'Sphinx.'"

"He wants a bilge pump in each pocket to pump the salt out."

"Yes—Lot's wife never was half as salt as some of these boys."

"They'll outgrow that after they have made two or three more voyages, and got the feather-edge rubbed off."

"Yes, they'll find it isn't all fun to come and go, 'happy go lucky,' when they have more to think about. Well, we've all had our thoughtless days."

The last speaker had lately married a young wife, and was to sail the next morning, mate of the Pandora.

"Well, Gardner, your time is getting short," said his next neighbor, with a careless laugh, slapping him on the back. "I'm sorry for you, boy, but it can't be helped, and I wish you a good voyage," continued the rough sympathizer, a powerful young man, who had just arrived second mate of the Plutarch, and had not yet begun to wear the bronze off his face.

"Never mind, Chase; you can blow for a short time, but you'll be travelling the same road soon."

"Not this winter," returned Chase, with a triumphant shake of the head. "I'll set my foot down on that."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Gardner. "I'll bet you'll be out again this fall."

"Not I."

"Well, I expect to see you in Taleahmaho in the spring, and I'll put you in mind of this."

"If you see me there as soon as that, I'll stand treat."

"I see the old slaver has brought a lot of brand new sailors from New York to-day. I suppose, Gardner, you'll have the training of some of these young fellows," said another.

"No, not this lot; ours are all on board. These are to go in the Fortitude and the Arethusa."

"Well, Grafton's going in the Arethusa. They'll all find their right places there."

"There's a fellow will make a slashing midship oarsman," said one.

"Yes, and here's another for a bowman," replied his neighbor, with a glance at me as I stood within ear shot, and overheard this colloquy.

I had no chance to hear more at present; for the whole party, after their names had been registered, were handed over to the tender mercies of the boarding-house keeper, and the procession moved off, in straggling order, "down under the bank" to dinner.

Mr. Loftus, the boarding-master, was an elderly gentleman of pompous appearance, who had been

whaling himself in his younger days, and thought himself quite an oracle in his way. He entertained his boarders with many thrilling reminiscences of his youth, interspersed with sage advice how to conduct ourselves so as to get ahead, and rise in our profession, as he himself had done, and regretted that ill health had prevented him from following it up until he got command of a ship, which must inevitably have been the case in a few more years. He informed us that the majority of us would probably be shipped the next day in the *Arethusa*, and we might consider ourselves truly fortunate in getting this opportunity, as the *Arethusa* was a new ship, with all the modern improvements, and a crack appointment, so that we might look upon the voyage as already made, before the ship left home. Furthermore the ship carried three maints' gall'nt sails, and had more backstays than any other ship in port, which fact, he said, had a material bearing on the success of the cruise.

All this produced a feeling of anxiety in the minds of the newly enlisted to be chosen on the roll of the *Arethusa* rather than to be left for the *Fortitude* and other less desirable ships.

The next day we were all mustered at the store, and introduced in the aggregate, to the agent of the ship, and Captain Upton, the future commander, a middle-sized man, all bone and muscle, with keen eyes, and a peculiar stride in his gait, which might admit of a small wheelbarrow being driven between his legs without touching either. He seemed to have his own way in the selection of his crew, the agent

leaving the matter in his hands; and twelve of us having been called out, of whom I was flattered to find myself one, the rest were left for Captain Wyer, of the *Fortitude*, who, being a young man, just entering on his first command, was fain to content himself with what he could get in many particulars, where Captain Upton would have what he wanted. We were catechised, in brief, concerning our nativity and previous occupation, and the build and physical points of each were looked to, not forgetting the eyes, for a sharp-sighted man was a jewel in the estimation of the genuine whaling captain.

A formidable document lay on the desk, awaiting our signatures, and, almost before I knew it, I found myself entered on the *Arethusa's* articles, with the hundred and fiftieth, as blacksmith and green hand. Our outfits of "clothing and other necessities" were put into our chests for us at the store; and most of us now donned some articles to replace such of our clothing as was in a dilapidated condition, while the best garments of which we happened to stand possessed were still retained in wear. The result was an incongruity in the various parts of our attire, which occasioned much merriment. Thus, one wore a check shirt under the shade of a glossy beaver; another a "claw-hammer" or dress-coat over bright red flannels; while tarpaulin hats surmounted with white shirts and dickeys, and patent leather peeped out under voluminous duck trowsers. The whalemén criticised us as "half-Jack half-gentlemen," as we took a stroll down the busy wharves, to look at the

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shipping generally, and especially to inspect the noble vessel which was to be our future home.

We wound our tortuous way down through a labyrinth of old anchors and trypots, spars, timber and oil-casks, now diving under a capstan bar, and again making a detour to double a long pair of trucks or skids, backed up at a tier of oil to parbuckle its load on. We all fell in love with the *Arethusa* at sight, which might, in our case, be termed an illustration of "love after marriage," seeing that our names were already on her papers. She was indeed a fine specimen of naval architecture, and her model was much admired at that time, for this was before the day of extreme clippers. She was painted with the bright waist, a style more in vogue then than now, consisting of a broad yellow streak, relieved by narrow white moulding or ribbons. She appeared to justify all that the boarding-master had said of her; and, in the simplicity of our hearts, we had no doubt that his enumeration of her mainto'gall'nt-s'ls and backstays was perfectly correct.

It being a holiday afternoon, there was a crowd of boys on the wharf, who appeared to me to be quite a distinctive class of juveniles, accustomed to consider themselves as predestined mariners. Their fathers and grandfathers before them had spent the whole period of their lives "round Cape Horn;" their elder brothers were even now serving their apprenticeship in the same manner, and, as regarded themselves, it was only a question of time how soon they should start. They climbed ratlines like monkeys—little fellows of ten or twelve years—and laid out on the

yard-arms with the most perfect nonchalance, shouting and laughing at our awkward attempts to perform the same feats. They ridiculed us as "greenies," and there was no help for it but to take it all in good part, and bear with their boyish impudence as philosophically as might be. Hostile advances were useless, for we might as well have kicked at the empty air.

We certainly could not complain of want of attention during our stay among these plain-hearted people. We could hardly turn a corner but we were saluted with the war-cry of some of these embryo circumnavigators. "See the greenies, come to go ileing;" while the smiles of beauty were extorted by our amphibious costumes wherever we strolled about town.

I understood that two of the boys were going with us in the ship. Wishing to know something of my future shipmates, I made inquiry of the landlord's daughter. Of course she knew them both. One was Kelly's son who lived away in Egypt, and the other was Obed B.

"And who is Obed Bee?" I asked.

"Why, he's a second cousin of ours."

"And does Mr. Bee live in Egypt, too?"

"Who?" she asked, with surprise.

"Why, Mr. Bee, Obed's father," said I innocently.

"Mr. Hoeg, you mean," said she, as soon as she could suppress her laughter so as to speak. "I forgot to tell you that his name was Obed B. Hoeg. No, *he* don't live in Egypt; he lives over in Guinea."

I was more and more mystified; I thought of Led-

yard and Mungo Park, and pursued my African researches by inquiring:

"What part of the world is this where you live—Nubia or Abyssinia?"

"Neither," answered the young lady, now fairly screaming with laughter. "Why this is *Newtown*."

"Indeed!" said I. "And have you an 'Oldtown,' too?"

"Not in Nantucket," she replied; "that's on the Vineyard."

I did not learn, till long afterwards, that the name was universally used among the Nantucketers for Edgartown.

But our stay in this quaint old town was short, indeed, for the next afternoon we all reported ourselves on board, under the fatherly care and escort of Messrs. Brooks and Richards; and the *Arethusa*, with only topmasts aloft, and topsail yards crossed, dropped out from the wharf, in tow of the "Telegraph" steamer, for her station outside of the bar, there to complete rigging and loading for sea. She was at this time in charge of a pilot, and a superannuated whaling captain, who, having outlived active service, now found employment as chief stevedore and temporary captain, in cases where the regular officers preferred to pay for "lay days," and remain with their friends till the ship was quite ready for sea.

Directly on getting clear of the wharf, we poor bewildered green hands, whose senses had gone wool-gathering amid the confusion of unintelligible orders connected with "hooking on," were set to

work to heel the ship by rousing the chain cables and other ponderous articles all on one side, in order to lessen her draught of water; and this being accomplished, the ship, after rubbing for a few minutes on the flats, went over clear, and about dark came to, with both anchors ahead, in the berth vacated by the Pandora which had gone to sea the day before.

CHAPTER XX.

There She Blows! or Whales We Caught.

THE FIRST WHALE.

The next morning, having the first masthead, I was in the fore-topgallant cross-trees at sunrise, thinking, of course, of the five dollars' bounty all the way up the rigging. The dim outline of the peak was still visible, and the topsails of the Pandora just in sight astern, the wind still continuing moderate at W. N. W. both ships steering S. by W. As I looked astern, when I first got my footing aloft, I caught sight of something like a small puff of steam or white smoke, rising a little and blowing off on the water. Looking intently, at the same spot, after a short interval, another puff rose like the former, satisfying me, from the descriptions I had heard, that some sort of whale was there, and I instinctively shouted:

"There she blows!"

"Where away?" hailed Mr. Johnson, who was just climbing the maintopmast rigging. "O yes! I see him! sperm whale, I believe—hold on a bit till he blows again—yes—thar' sh' blo-o-ows! large sperm whale! two points off the larboard! Blo-o-ows! headed to windward!"

"How far off?" shouted Mr. Grafton, from the deck.

“Three miles! ‘Ere sh’ blo-o-ows!”

By this time the old man was on deck, and ready for action. “Call all hands out, Mr. Grafton! Hard a starboard, there! Stand by to brace round the yards. Cook! get your breakfast down as fast as you can. Keep the run of him, there, aloft! Main-top bowline, boat steerers! Sure it’s a sperm whale, eh, Mr. Johnson? Steward! give me up the glass—I must make a cleet in the gangway for that glass soon. Muster ‘em all up, Mr. Grafton, and get the lines in as fast as you can (mounting the shearpole). Sing out when we head right, Mr. Johnson! Mr. Grafton, you’ll have to brace sharp up, I guess (just going over the maintop). See the Pandora, there? O yes! I see her (half way up the topmast rigging). Confound him! he’s heading just right to see the whale, too! (‘There goes flukes!’ shouted the mulatto.) Yes! yes! I see him—just in time to see him (swinging his leg over the topmast crosstrees), a noble fan, too! a buster! Haul aboard that main-tack! We must have that fellow, Mr. Johnson. Steady-y! Keep her along just full and by. *We mustn’t let the Pandora get him, either!*”

The Arethusa bent gracefully to the breeze, as, braced sharp on the port tack, she darted through the water, as though instinctively snuffing her prey. The whale was one of those patriarchal old bulls, who are often found alone, and would probably stay down more than an hour before he would be seen again. Meantime, the two ships were rapidly nearing each other; and the Pandora’s lookouts were not long in discovering that “something was up,” as was

evinced by her setting the main royal and foretopmast studding-sail, though they could not possibly have seen the whale yet. But the whale was apparently working slowly to windward, and the Pandora coming with a flowing sheet, all of which was much in her favor. The old man remained aloft, anxiously waiting the next rising, from time to time hailing the deck to know "what time it was?" and satisfying himself that the boats were in readiness, and breakfast served out to those who wanted it. As three quarters of an hour passed, he grew more anxious and fidgety, shifting his legs about in the cross trees, and clutching the spy-glass in his nervous grasp.

"Are you all ready, Mr. Grafton?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate from the main-top, where he had mounted to get a look at the whale when he should rise again.

"Let them hoist and swing the boats."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I think I saw a ripple then," said the second mate, from the topsail yard directly beneath him.

"Where?" demanded the captain.

"Four points off the lee bow."

"O! no, you didn't, he won't come there. He'll rise right ahead or a little on the weather-bow. I don't think he'll go much to windward—good gracious! see that Pandora come down! She'll be right in the suds here, directly! I think we've run far enough, eh, Mr. Grafton? Haul the mainsail up, then! and square the main yard!"

Silence for a few minutes after this evolution was performed.

“He can’t be far off when he comes up again. Look at the men old Worth has got aloft there, his crosstrees swarming, and every rattlin manned.—Look sharp! all of ye! We must see that whale when he first breaks water. That helm eased down! Haul the foresail up? and let the jib-sheets flow a little more. It can’t be possible that whale has been up—no, we couldn’t help seeing him, some of us—I *know* ’twas a sperm whale. I saw his fan; besides, there’s Mr. Johnson—best eyes in the ship. What time is it, there? An hour and ten minutes that whale has been down—a long-winded old dog! We shall have to wear round, I’m afraid we shall forge. *Blo-o-ows!* right ahead, not one mile off. Down there and lower away! Now, Mr. Grafton, work carefully—Mr. Dunham, too; if you don’t strike this rising, spread your chances well, and don’t crowd each other—but *don’t you let the Pandora get him!*” The captain was by this time in the stern of his own boat. “All ready, Mr. Johnson? Where’s Old Jeff at my midship oar? O, here you are, eh? You ain’t turned white yet—lower away! Cooper! Where’s Cooper? As soon as we are all clear, wear round—*Let run that davit fall!*—Wear round and make a short board—haul up your tackle, boy. Keep to windward all you can, Cooper! Pull a little off the weather-bow, Mr. Grafton, and then set your sail! Haul in these gipes towing over the quarter— By thunder, there’s Worth’s boats all down! coming with fair wind, too! Out oars, lads.”

The Pandora had luffed to and dropped her boats a mile to windward, and they were coming down

before the breeze, wing-and-wing, with their paddles flashing in the sunlight, and their immense jibs guyed out on the bow-oar as studding-sails, promising to stand about an equal chance for the whale with ourselves. The larboard boat to which I belonged proved the fastest of the three, and had a little the lead. After pulling a few quiet strokes to windward, Father Grafton set his sails, and, as he gave the order to "peak the oars and take the paddles," seemed as cool and calm as when engaged in the most ordinary duty on board. There was no confusion or bustle in his boat, but with his practised eye fixed upon the huge spermaceti, he kept encouraging us in a low, dry tone, as he coned the steering oar with such skill that he seemed to do it without effort.

"Now, lads, you face round to paddle, you can all see him, I declare, he's a noble fellow—ninety barrels under his hide, if there's a drop. Bunker, do you see that fellow? he's got a back like a ten-acre lot—paddle hard, lads—if you miss him, go right overboard yourself, and don't come up again—long and strong stroke, boys, on your paddles. See that boat coming? That's Ray, the second mate of the Pandora—three or four more spouts, and we'll have him—he's ours sure! they can't get here in time—scratch hard, boys! don't hit your paddles on the gunwale. Stand up, Bunker, and get your jibbuck clear! Don't let them 'gally' you, if they shont in that boat."

"All right!" said his boatsteerer, with his eager hand resting on the iron pole, "Never fear, sir."

“Paddle hard, lads, a stroke or two. That’s right, Bunker. Keep cool, my boy. Keep cool, and make sure of him.”

A wild and prolonged shout rang on the air from six sturdy pairs of lungs in the Pandora’s waist-boat, as Mr. Ray, seeing that he was baffled, let fly his sheets and rounded to, a ship’s length to windward. It was too late, however.

“All right,” said Father Grafton, in the same dry, quiet tone, as before. “Hold your hand, Bunker. Hold your hand, boy, till you’re past his hump—another shoot, lads—way enough, in paddles. Now, Bunker! give it to him. Down to your oars, the rest. *Give him t’other one, boy!* Well done! both irons to the hitches. Hold water, all! Bear a hand, now, and roll up that sail. Wet line, Tom! wet line! Where’s your bucket? All ready with your sail, Bunker? Let her come then—all right. Come aft here, now, and let me get a dig at him.”

The line was spinning round the loggerhead with a whizzing noise, and a smoking heat, as the huge leviathan, stung to the quick, darted down into the depths of the ocean. Bunker threw on the second round turn to check him, and jamming the bight of the line over the stern sheets, watched it carefully as it flew through his grasp; while the mate cleared his lance, and got ready to renew the attack. Every moment his anxiety increased as he kept turning his head, and looking at the tub of line, rapidly settling, as the whale ran it out. “I declare, I believe he’ll take all my line. Blacksmith! pass along the drug! Check him hard, Bunker!” then, seeing the other

boats near at hand, he opened his throat, and, for the first time, we learned the power of Father Grafton's lungs.

"Spring hard, Mr. Dunham! I want your line! Cast off your craft, and stand by to throw your line to me! Spring hard! Do!"

The ash sticks in the waist-boat were doing their best, as the loud "Ay, ay!" was borne back o'er the water from Dunham, while the old man could be seen in the rear of the picture, wildly straining every nerve to be "in at the death," and heaving desperately at the after oar, with his hat off, his hair flying loosely in the breeze, and his whole frame writhing with eager excitement. Our line was going, going; already there was but one flake in the tub, when the waist-boat ranged up on our quarter, and Fisher, with the coil gathered in his hand, whirled it over his head, making ready for a cast. At this instant, the strain was suddenly relieved, and the line slacked up.

"Never mind!" roared Mr. Grafton. "Hold on, Fisher! All right, he's coming! Never mind your line, Mr. Dunham, he's coming up! pull ahead and get fast! Get a lance at him if you can! Haul line, *us*! Face round here, all of ye, and haul line! Careful, Bunker, about coiling down! He'll be up now, in a minute, haul lively!"

The waist-boat had shot ahead under a fresh impulse of her oars, and the captain came drawing up abreast of the fast boat.

"Are you well fast, Mr. Grafton?"

"Ay, ay, sir; both irons chock to the socket."

“That’s the talk! Got ’most all your line, hasn’t he?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, gather in as fast as you can. Spring hard, *us!* Spring! I want to grease a lance in that fish! There he is up!” he shouted as the tortured monster broke water, shoving his whole head out in his agony, and started to windward.

Fisher had bent on his craft again, and was about two ships’ lengths from the whale when he rose.

“Haul quick, my lads!” said the mate, “and get this stray line in! There’s Mr. Dunham going on, and the old man will be with him in a minute. There he brings to!” as the whale suddenly stopped short in his mad career, and lay swashing up and down, as if rallying his strength for a fresh effort.

“There’s ‘stand up’ in the waist boat! There he darts! Hurrah! two boats fast! Haul lively, *us*, and get his line in!”

The whale seemed staggered by this accumulation of cold iron in his system, and lay wallowing in the trough of the waves. It was a critical moment for him; for Mr. Dunham was getting his lance on the half-cock, ready for darting, and, as the whale suddenly “milled short round” to pass across the head of his boat, the young man saw his advantage, and cried:

“Pull ahead! Pull ahead, and we’ll get a ‘set’ on him! Lay forward, Fisher! Lay forward hard, my lad! right on for his fin! Pull ahead! So, way enough—hold water, all:” and, driven by a strong arm, the sharp lance entered his “life,” its bright shank disappearing till the pole brought it up.

"Hold her so!" said the second mate. "Way enough! just hold her so till he rises again!" as the whale hollowed his back under the sea, now crimsoned with his life-tide, and again rising, received the lance anew in his vitals; but the first "set" was enough, and the gush of clotted blood from his spiracle told how effectually it had done its work.

"There," said Father Grafton, who had just got his line gathered in, and was ready to renew the assault, "there's the red flag flying at his nose! Blacksmith, we may as well put up our lance, we shan't want it today. Well done, Mr. Dunham! Thick as tar the first lance! Hold on line, Bunker! heave on a turn!" as the whale, making a dying effort, started up to windward, passing among the Pandora's boats within easy hail.

"Give us your warp, Pitman, if you want a tow," said Bunker in passing to Mr. Ray's boat steerer.

"Every dog has his day," growled Pitman, in reply.

"Yes. Come aboard tomorrow and I'll give you a 'scrap' for luck."

The whale went in his "flurry," and turned up under the stern of the Pandora, as she luffed to for her boats; but Captain Worth could not afford to lose the breeze long, and, by the time the last boat was on the cranes, his helm was up and his mizzen-topsail shivering. The old ship fell off to her former course, and setting her royal and studding sails, left her more fortunate consort "alone in her glory."

Captain Upton had no occasion to "grease his lance," but seeing that the work was done, and the

victory won, made the best of his way on board. He made a short stretch, fetching to windward of us, and then stood along under easy sail, till Mr. Grafton, having "cut a hole" and got his line all clear for running, set a waif for the ship. She then ran down for us, and luffing to handsomely with the head yards aback, and the foretopsail on the cap, the line was "streamed," and led into the "chock." The jib being run down, and the helm lashed a-lee, so as completely to deaden the ship's way, the whale was hauled down to the ship, with the inspiring and time-honored chorus of "Cheerily, men!" the burden being led off by Old Jeff; and at ten o'clock, the monster, who when the sun rose appeared like a monarch of the deep sporting in all the consciousness of sovereign power, lay securely chained up alongside the good ship *Arethusa*.

"Well, Bunker," said the old man to the blushing young boatsteerer, "you plugged this fellow solid, at any rate, if you never do another. The Pandora's crew tried to gally you, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunker, "either me or the whale, I don't know which. But they were too late with their yells."

"Well, I don't know as I can blame Mr. Ray," said the captain. "I suppose he thought, if he could gally you or the whale, he would stand as good a chance as any of us next rising, as there is no telling, with any certainty, where a gallied* whale will come up."

*This word "gallied" is in constant use among whalemén in the sense of frightened or confused. It is perhaps, a corruption of the obsolete verb, *gallow*, to be found in old writers. Thus Shakespeare has in *King Lear*, "The wrathful skies gallow the deep wanderers of the dark."

“I don’t think Worth feels in very good humor today,” continued the old man, turning to Mr. Grafton. “I’m sure I shouldn’t, if he had got this whale right under my nose. But it’s our turn to crow today, and perhaps at another time it may be his. I was mighty afraid at one time he would take all your line before we could get to you. And when I saw the strain slack up suddenly, I was more anxious than ever, for I feared you were loose from him. But it’s all right as it is. Couldn’t be better—and the weather is promising for taking care of him. The new ship will get her christening now, and she will work all the better for being greased. It is too late to ship the oil home, for I shall not put back to the Western Islands now.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Sea-Girt Nantucket.

NANTUCKET IN THE REVOLUTION.

Among the many vicissitudes which the inhabitants of Nantucket have had to endure, the most serious and far reaching were the losses and privations inflicted upon them during the Revolutionary war. From Macy's History the following selections are made:

"Their situation was such as to render them exposed to the ravages of an enemy, without the means of making any defence. Being surrounded by the sea, they could be assailed from any quarter, and were liable to be plundered by any petty cruisers which might visit them for that purpose. It was clearly foreseen that the inhabitants could derive no protection from our own country."

"Towards the close of 1774 there were 150 sail of vessels in the whaling service belonging to the Island, and the greater part of them at sea. The owners at this time concluded to strip and haul them up as fast as they arrived, in hopes that the impending storm might blow over without any serious consequences. But, alas, how frail is man, and how blind to future events."

Naturally the danger to their ships at sea was the source of their gravest apprehensions.

News of the battle of Lexington in the spring of 1775 reached Nantucket a few days after.

“All business was immediately at a stand. Discouraged and powerless, they could do little else than meet together and bemoan their fate. Every mind was overwhelmed with fearful anticipations, all springing from one general cause—the war. Many were deeply concerned for the welfare of their husbands, children or brothers, then at sea, on whom they depended for their subsistence and the comforts of life.”

“The inhabitants were now driven from their wonted lines of business into a state of inactivity. Some of them joined the army, others engaged on board of privateers,* few of whom ever returned to the island. A few families removed to various parts of the country, chiefly to the provinces of New York and North Carolina. But the bulk of the people concluded to remain, and do the best they could.

*Many Nantucket men sailed with the famous Paul Jones. In speaking of the crew of the privateer “Ranger” (21 out of 131 were from Nantucket,) Jones says, “it was the best crew I have ever seen, and, I believe, the best afloat.”

“Whaling having now ceased, the wharves and shores were for a while lined with vessels stripped to their naked masts. The people, however, soon began to turn their attention to fishing on the shoals and round the shores, and many, to save what property they had acquired, went into the farming business. They soon found themselves wholly cut off from all kinds of imported goods. The price of salt was much enhanced, and without it they could derive little advantage from fishing. Attempts were made to produce salt, but with little success.

West India produce of all kinds, as well as salt, soon became excessively high; and a prospect of a

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE NANTUCKET SAILORS WHO SERVED IN
THE "RANGER" AND "BON HOMME RICHARD"
UNDER COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES
IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

REUBEN CHASE MIDSHIPMAN

HENRY MARTIN	WILLIAM ROBERTS
THOMAS TURNER	JAMES CHASE
REUBEN JOY	ALBERT COCEWELL
NATHAN ALDRICH	LATHAM CARDNER
JAMES NICHOLSON	OWEN STAREBUCK
BETH FOLGER	WILLIAM NYE
FREEMAN LUFFIN	PAUL WORTH
HENRY CARDNER	MATTHEW STAREBUCK
BARZILLAI FOLGER	STEPHEN FOLGER
NELSON ALDRICH	CHARLES CRAMPTON

ALSO

LIEUT. ALEXANDER B. PINKHAM U.S.N
WHO IN PATRIOTIC REMEMBRANCE RESTORED
THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN PAUL JONES
AT ARBICLAND SCOTLAND IN 1861

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
ABIAH FOLGER FRANKLIN CHAPTER D.A.R.

profitable business for all was thus presented, too flattering to be disregarded."

Cautious ventures were soon made in small vessels carrying cargoes of oil, candles, fish, lumber, and other articles to the West Indies, returning (if fortunate enough to escape the enemy) with other cargoes which found a ready market here. It was a dangerous business, in which few could afford to take large risks. Therefore many combined to make up each cargo. "On this plan a few vessels were soon got away, and such as returned in safety made very profitable voyages. This business succeeded well till the British took possession of a number of American seaports, and were thus enabled to send out numerous small privateers. The coast was soon so thronged with these that it was difficult for vessels to arrive in safety. The loss of property by capture was a small evil compared with the sufferings of those who were made prisoners. As soon as the British took possession of New York and Rhode Island, they established prison-ships, in which thousands of American seamen were pent up, and thousands perished from privations and inhuman treatment. Many Nantucket seamen were imprisoned on these ships, and suffered the worst hardships, often ending only in death. The West India trade, though very hazardous, was continued as long as the smaller vessels lasted, but they diminished fast, many being captured, others wrecked on the coast during dark, stormy nights. Provisions, notwithstanding what was raised on the island, were very scarce and dear, and many suffered from want."

return they reported to the effect that they had received full assurance of immunity from invasion "as long as they adhered to their own votes and acted consistently with them." Immediately afterwards the squadron returned to New York.

"In every instance of application being made to the British Commanders for relief, it was granted, as far as circumstances would allow." Greater suffering was experienced by the inhabitants in the year 1780 than at any other period during the war. During the winter of that year (an unusually severe one) their distress was very great, as the greater part of them had been reduced to penury. The harbor was closed with ice from Dec. 20th throughout the winter, and no supplies could be obtained from the mainland. For wood they were dependent on scrub oak and juniper brought from Coskata, six miles from town; with this meagre supply, they were barely able to avoid perishing from cold. Still more distress was felt from want of provisions. In July, 1780, a petition was sent by the people, through their agent, Timothy Folger, to Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British forces, praying that they might be permitted to send vessels on whaling voyages, and others to fish around the island, and to go after wood and provisions. Protection also was asked against the removal of property from the island. This petition, although it had not the immediate effect asked for, proved of much advantage in promoting whaling without the risk of capture. In 1781 a memorial was again resorted to, asking for protection of property, and such indul-

gences as could be granted. The committee who carried this petition to Admiral Digby, then in command at New York, reported having received from him a positive assurance of protection "within the bar of the harbor." Toward the end of the year a considerable number of permits were obtained for whaling. With the return of peace in 1783 the people began to take heart again, though their condition was still deplorable. "In 1775 the tonnage owned at Nantucket was about 14,867 tons. During the war fifteen vessels were lost at sea, and one hundred and thirty-four captured, total loss in tonnage, 12,467 tons, of which more than 10,000 fell into the hands of the enemy." (Macy's History, p. 122.) It has been estimated that about 1,600 Nantucket men lost their lives in various ways during the war. Beyond a doubt Nantucket paid as dearly for the independence of the country as any place in the Union.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sea-Girt Nantucket.

NANTUCKET IN WAR OF 1812.

In 1812, the infringements of the English on our rights still continued, and our government appeared to be preparing for war. Unfortunately, the Nantucket people had cherished the belief that war would be averted, and under this impression had fitted out their ships. In April the government laid an embargo, to be of three months' duration; this was designed to give an opportunity for the shipping to arrive before war was declared, and to prevent vessels in port from venturing out. Had the first embargo act extended to whaling vessels, much of the property of the island would have been saved. A town meeting was held to consider the expediency of sending a memorial to Congress, stating their situation and circumstances. The memorial was sent (Macy, p. 162,) and in it the petitioners gave "a retrospective view" of their losses and privations during the war of the Revolution, and represented the exposed situation of the island, also stating the fact "that seven-eighths of the mercantile capital is now at sea, three-fourths of which is not expected to return within twelve months from the present date." In conclusion the petitioners prayed that a declaration of war might be averted. This memorial was signed by Isaac Coffin, Moderator, and James Coffin, Town Clerk. (Macy, p. 163.)

War was declared on June 24th, 1812. The people of Nantucket were then greatly discouraged and apprehensive of the worst, remembering their experiences in the Revolutionary war. No avenue of relief seemed visible. In their despair they resorted to a memorial to President Madison, asking for protection. This appears to have been without effect. On Sept. 27th of the same year another committee was appointed to bear a petition to Admiral Cochrane, of the British fleet, asking his permission to obtain supplies of food and fuel from the continent. The committee were well received, and Cochrane expressed a friendly feeling for the Nantucket people, and sent a despatch to Commodore Hotham advising him to grant the indulgence, provided the islanders agreed to pay no direct taxes or internal duties for the support of the U. S. Government; otherwise the indulgence should become void, and the people should pay double the amount of the taxes to the British Government. Thus they found themselves "between the devil and the deep sea." In this emergency a meeting was called to determine what action should be taken. It was voted "that no taxes or internal revenue should be paid to the Government during the war, and that a committee be appointed to carry into effect the neutrality, which is agreed on with Commodore Hotham." The privilege thus obtained afforded relief for a brief time, but the coast was so invested with British privateers that it was still extremely hazardous for vessels to venture out. The situation was rendered harder by internal jealousies, caused by the conditions of the grant of indulgence.

On February 2d. 1814, a treaty of peace was proclaimed, and on February 18th it was ratified. Naturally this event brought great joy to the people. It was found at the close of the war that about one-half of the whaling fleet were left. Twenty-two had been taken and condemned, one was lost at sea. Business was commenced with alacrity. In a very short time several ships were sent to sea, but the limited amount of capital remaining made a system of long credits necessary, which condition greatly impeded their progress. The town was called upon to pay large amounts to the Government as a direct tax. It was also heavily burdened with the support of the dependent poor, whose numbers had increased 100 per cent. during the war. Great suffering was experienced for several years after the war, and the recovery was very slow. Many of the people were compelled to migrate to other places, where the conditions of life might be more favorable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sea-Girt Nantucket.

MRS. McCLEAVE AND HER MUSEUM.

For many summers this truly remarkable woman presided over her museum in Main street, giving daily lectures to the throngs who assembled to see and hear.

Her discourse was copiously interlarded with passages of descriptive "poetry." These were supposed to be of her own composition, but after her demise it was darkly hinted that a certain "Silas Wegg," who was wont to "drop into poetry in a friendly way" was really the "poet." Like Shakespeare, "Lizy Ann" is doubted by some in these days; but there was never a shade of doubt about her skill in reciting the "poems." Here are samples:

"This old shell comb, though not as old as Noah,
Yet, when fifteen, my sister Phebe wore;
She worked very hard to gratify her passion,
And when the cost was earned, 'twas out of fashion."

"This glass tankard, tho' not a hundred years,
Grandmother's gift, as the case appears.
The pound of putty daubed throughout is meant
To serve for use as well as ornament."

"These are ashes, supposed to be
Which fell on various ships at sea."

"These musk-ox horns just seven feet ten from end to end they measure;
Look up and view them at your pleasure."

THE CEDAR VASE.

(Holding it at arm's length and carefully lifting the napkin which covered it.)

"This vase of which we take in contemplation
Merits, friends, your studious observation.
Since, but for Cousin Thomas Macy's enterprise,
This feast would not be set before your eyes.
So listen, friends, while I at once advance
To tell the truth with pleasing circumstance.
'Twas Saturday morn, the busiest day of all,
When Cousin Thomas upon me called,
And with a grace that could not be denied
Invited me to take a morning ride.
Across the hall with throbbing heart I skipped,
Took out my pies and soon was all equipped.
The horse with speed across the commons vaulted.
And very soon at Cherry Grove we halted.
Our purpose, friends, I trust you'll call it good,
Was to get a nice smooth piece of cedar wood.
One hundred and twenty-seven years and sound
Was that same post set firm within the ground.
Cousin Thomas took a hasty view,
Then seized the saw to cut the stick in two.
He sawed and sawed through many a knot till tired,
And very freely all the time perspired.
The sun was out and never shone so hot,
The saw was dull and tough that monstrous knot.
I offered help but met with firm resistance,
For Cousin then refused all assistance.
The piece, perhaps in length two feet,
Was brought to Reuben Folger's shop on Orange street.
He took the knotty stick within his hands,
And wrought the vase which now before you stands.
I thank thee, Cousin Thomas, for thy gift.

And oft my thankful heart I lift,
And ere my gratitude can fall away
The firm revolving planets must decay,"
The last stanza of another poem:
"I think much praise belongs to the one
Who worked the wood so well begun,
For it is some trouble, as I am told,
To work out such pieces to make them hold.
Therefore, Friend Folger, much credit to thee
Will ever be remembered by Eliza Ann McCleave."

Occasionally, to relieve the strain, Lizzy Ann would lapse into prose. Taking up two small figures, she would remark: "Now, friends, take notice of these figures; one is Caesar, the other Brutus. I've forgotten which is which; Mary Lizzie, tell me, which of these two got slewed?"

It is worthy of note that this famous artist had an understudy, who became almost her equal in skill.

It is only justice to Mrs. McCleave to state that the considerable sums of money received by her during a long career were used for the relief of those dependent upon her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Scraps.

A MASTER MARINER.

Visitors to this weather-beaten old town who have explored its Main street as far westward as the Soldiers' Monument will recall the typical old gray mansion standing on the corner of Main and Gardner Streets, which bears over its door the inscription, "Reuben Joy Homestead." Old residents, when appealed to for information, will tell you that Capt. Joy was one of the numerous master mariners, who, in Nantucket's palmy days, were wont to sail voyages covering from three to four years each, beating the vast Pacific for whales.

Reuben Joy was born at Nantucket Jan. 4, 1769. While still a youth he entered upon a sea life, and must have sailed in one of the first whalers from Nantucket that penetrated to the Pacific Ocean. Certain it is that soon after the advent of the nineteenth century he sailed from Nantucket, master of the ship *Atlas*, for a whaling voyage.

The following account of some of Capt. Joy's exploits at sea was given by his grandson, Charles H. Chase, aged 80, blind for many years, but retaining vivid memories of bygone events and of stories told him by his grandfather.

It was during Capt. Joy's first voyage as master

of the *Atlas* that he fell in with Capt. Tristram Folger, also of Nantucket, in the ship *Mary Ann*. On arriving at the whaling grounds the two skippers decided to "gam" (mate) together, both as to business and to pleasure, and one day when a school of whales was sighted, boats from both ships put out in pursuit, and the combined fleet attacked a large whale.

He proved to be what is known as an "eating whale," and on being struck, instead of making off with the line fast to him, after the usual procedure of struck whales, he turned toward the ship, made a savage lunge at her, and attempted to seize her in his mouth. The *Atlas* proving too large a mouthful, he then turned upon the boats, and quickly disabled two, the crews narrowly escaping his jaws.

"I guess we'll have to give him up," said Capt. Folger.

"Give him up," repeated Capt. Joy. "I will catch that whale unless he eats the ship, in which (latter) case I shall leave her to the underwriters."

Returning to the ship, Capt. Joy put overboard several large oil casks, which he lashed together. Again putting out his boat he pushed the floating casks in the whale's direction. The latter seeing this queer craft approaching him, made for it in a rage, but found the casks too slippery and elusive for his clumsy jaws. Still more enraged he darted back and forth, bent on mischief. Capt. Joy coolly standing, lance in hand, at the bow of the boat, waited for a favorable opportunity and sent his lance deep into the monster's vitals. The whale at

once dove out of sight, but soon rose to the surface—dead.

On Aug. 5, 1805, Capt. Joy sailed in the *Atlas* on a second voyage, which covered thirty months. It was during this voyage that the *Atlas* narrowly escaped capture by a British frigate. At that time many American ships were overhauled by British men-of-war and their crews pressed into the English service.

When the lookout aloft sighted the frigate's topmasts, he gave the alarm, and the *Atlas* was at once put before the wind, with all sail set, and was barely able to keep out of range of the enemy's guns until darkness fell. She was then braced up on the wind, all sail except three topsails furled, and lights extinguished. In this condition she lay when the frigate, still in hot pursuit, passed her in the darkness, within a short distance, luckily failing to discover her hiding place.

It was still early in the nineteenth century that three ship owners of Salem, Mass., Capt. Stephen White, Nathaniel West, and Clifford Crowninshield—after sundry unprofitable ventures—determined to stake their available resources on a sealing voyage to Masafuera. For this enterprise the ship *Minerva* was fitted out and Capt. Mayhew Folger of Nantucket was offered her command. He replied: "I know nothing of sealing, but if you can induce Renben Joy to go mate (he knows all about sealing), I'm your man."

Capt. Joy was appealed to, and was willing, but when asked by Mr. West if he would undertake to

catch, cure and deliver at Canton, China—then the leading market for skins—50,000 sealskins, he said: “No, if I didn’t think I could get 70,000, I wouldn’t undertake the voyage.”

The owners readily consented to this amendment, and the *Minerva* set sail with Capt. Folger in command, Reuben Joy, first mate; Christopher Wyer, second mate. In due time the ship arrived at Masafuera, an island in the Pacific where seals then abounded. Capt. Joy and thirty of the crew were set ashore and at once made a vigorous onslaught upon the seal colony.

At a result, no less than 87,000 skins were secured and deposited aboard ship. These were carefully cured, and the ship proceeded on her voyage to Canton. At that port the whole cargo was profitably disposed of, and the ship was loaded with what was then known as a “China cargo,” made up of the various products of that country. The *Minerva* then sailed for home. While off the Ladrone Islands, she was approached by a native proa, whose rig clearly proclaimed her piratical intentions. Capt. Folger, in great alarm, appealed to his mate:

“What shall we do, Mr. Joy? I don’t know anything about fighting.”

“I do,” was Mr. Joy’s characteristic response. “If you will give the ship up to me, I will save her.”

To this Capt. Folger readily agreed, and the ship was hove to, with main yard aback and light sails taken in. Like many of the whalers of that period, the *Minerva* was prepared for emergencies. She had eight ports on each side, and from the star-

board side, now presented to the approaching proa, protruded eight 24-pound cannon—her entire armament—duly loaded for action.

The pirates took a hasty survey of their intended prey, and without waiting for further argument, sailed away in search of an easy victim.

“Well, well, Mr. Joy,” said Capt. Folger, “that was what I called a Quaker battle.”

Without further adventure the good ship sailed away for home, safely arriving in Salem with her valuable cargo, much to the satisfaction of her owners.

In his declining years, having abandoned the sea, Capt. Joy set up a modest store in the lean-to of his homestead, from which he dispensed groceries, snuff, pipes and tobacco and other necessities of life, after the manner of many retired mariners of those days. He was ever regarded as a man of strict integrity and indomitable resolution. Beneath a stern and uncompromising aspect and a brusque address, he had a warm heart which was often moved to generous impulses. He departed this life in 1855 at the age of 86. Seven of his grandchildren and many greatgrandchildren are still living. One of his granddaughters—famous in her youth as one of Nantucket’s beauties—is the widow of a Governor of Massachusetts.

FEE-RASH FEESH!

While we are having local history served up, with *Sauce piquante*, I am moved to wonder how many of my contemporaries of fifty to sixty years ago still recall, as I do vividly, the cries of the Nantucket fish peddlers of that period. Each of these worthies generally carried his stock in a wheelbarrow, painted green, with a squeaky wheel. At regular intervals, in passing through a street, he would announce his approach with a brief "ery" after the immemorial usage of peddlers.

The burden of this "ery" was much the same in each case, varying only with the special variety of fish carried. But the manner of each artist in delivering it also varied widely, according to voice and temperament.

Let us imagine: It is a bright spring morning, a sound strikes my ear, at first faint and far, but growing louder as it draws nearer. It is a familiar note, for it is the voice of Joe Jenkins, and the burden of his strain is to this effect: "Fra-a-sh Feesh oo bar." This, delivered at intervals in a *sepulchral tone*, might convey to the casual stranger (rare bird in that day) the impression that a funeral announcement had been made.

But we knew better. It was "Feesh"—ferash until sold. We bought one, of course, for, say, ten or fifteen cents, and the process of "cleaning" then began. The operator caught up a wicked looking knife (made, of course, by the picturesque Uncle George, or the quaint Uncle Fred—he of the sardonic humor). The shining victim was swiftly ripped up and divested

of his back-bone and other *inward appurtenances* (they being of no further use to him), he was then plunged into a tub of water, which was generally thick with the blood of the martyrs, his forerunners. One or two dips, and he was "cleaned," and was then deposited in the waiting pan. We had appetites in those days, and "feesh" was cheap.

But here comes Obed Jones, with *his* wheelbarrow. His announcement has a trifle more of ornamental flourish, and is in a more cheerful tone than his predecessor's. "He-e-yarp, he-e-yard-arp, fee-rash feesh-oo-bar!" This form, I may say, with its neat and not too elaborate finish, was, in fact, the one generally accepted and used by the fish-peddlers of that day. It was delivered (in varying tones) by them for years. Naturally, slight variations were in order, according to individual talent and temperament. Some thought it too ornate, suggestive of affectation, so reduced it to the form first described. This conveyed the impression that there is "no nonsense about me."—*Feesh-oo-bar*, and there you are!

Of a different make up was Uncle Sammy Long, whose stock in trade was the limber and succulent eel, caught with his own spear up the creek. Uncle Sammy was an artist in a class all by himself. Can't you hear his far-reaching, mellifluous voice, Bob, Will, Dick, Frank? Don't all speak at once! It could be heard half across the town, and no one could ignore it, however thick of hearing. Uncle Sammy's message was simply, "Here's your fresh eels—who buys!" But how utterly inadequate are the plain words to convey all that he gave out! Be-

ginning at a low key, with a long-drawn "He-e-e-e," his voice would suddenly soar heavenward, like the sky-rocket, reaching—shall I say, the high C? This note was long maintained, on "ars-your-fresh," falling a few keys to "eels," and finishing with a low—prolonged "Who-o-o-o, (very low); buy-y-y-ys!" (little higher). But, as I have said, words are empty, and convey little meaning as applied to Uncle Sammy's solo.

Occasionally the goods offered by these merchants, as the season changed, took the form of bivalves. Oysters? Scallops? Oh, no! These were undiscovered luxuries. It was either plain "Clams-oo-bar!" or (is the word familiar to you?) "Pooquahs!" These bivalves were generally carried in a basket on the arm of the merchant. Probably some of you have heard the story of the stuttering sailor, who, when his shipmate fell from the yard arm into the sea, hastened to announce the calamity to the skipper. "B-b-b-barnabas—f-f-f-f—" "Well," says the impatient skipper, "out with it, Tom!" Whereat Tom piped up in a high tenor, "O-o-overboard Barnabas—three mile astarn of us!" So the present writer, realizing the limitations of his prose efforts, asks the indulgence of his readers while he "drops into poetry," of course in a most "friendly way."

"POURQUOI!"

Long, long ago in a seaport town
A sad-faced man trudged up and down.
His back was bent; his gait was queer;
His whiskers reached from ear to ear.
A basket on his arm he bore,

That did contain his precious store.
“What are thy wares?” a stranger cried.
He slackened not his slipshod stride,
But kept his course nor east by nor,
Then rolled his quid around his jaw,
And weirdly chanted he
“Pooquah!”

“Oui, mon ami!” the stranger said,
“I really do not grasp thy thread,
But by thy accent it is clear
Thou hast not long sojourned here.
Pardonnez-moi, my name is Arris,
And I once spent three months in Paris;
Art thou an exile from the land
That was Napoleon’s empire grand?”
But when that stranger man he saw,
He slightly waved his mammoth paw,
Intoning solemnly
“Pooquah!”

“Well mayst thou ask *why* cruel fate
Hath brought thee to this low estate;
Canst thou sweet memories report
Of scenes at fair Eugenie’s court?
Perchance some souvenir thou hast
To mind thee of thy glorious past.
If this at moderate price thou’lt sell,
My foreign friend, ’twill please me well.”
He slowly ope’d his lantern jaw:
“Some likes ’em biled—some likes ’em raw.”
Then loudly bellowed he,
“Pooquah!”

H. S. W.

HUMORS OF ELECTION DAY IN OLD
NANTUCKET.

As a rule election day is devoid of great excitement, except among the few candidates and their zealous followers. But it happens occasionally that the day is enlivened by the strenuous efforts of opposing candidates for Representative to the General Court. At such times many vehicles, attached to more or less weary steeds, flit about town in search of aged, decrepit or lazy voters who are supposed to be unequal to the effort of ten minutes' walk to the polling place. In passing, it may be observed that these venerable voters are not always to be depended on to "vote right," once they reach the seclusion of a stall, with the Australian ballot before them.

On one election day not many years since an estimable lady was sitting by her front window, "seeing the pass," as the vernacular has it, when suddenly a team of raw-boned horses, attached to Lisha Pinkham's ancient hack, whirled around the Ocean House corner at an unwonted pace (funerals being their usual specialty). As this imposing turnout came within the vision of the lady at the window, her attention was drawn to a placard attached to the side of the hack, bearing the inscription, "Vote for Dr. C. for Representative." A second later the "amiable warming pan" face of Uncle Steve Hussey, the veteran cobbler, appeared at the window of the hack, his mouth drawn in an expansive though tight-lipped smile, indicative of his vast enjoyment of his wild ride. As the hack came opposite the lady's house, a dark object—in fact, two dark objects—

were seen to fly out from its windows, as though projected from a mortar. As they landed on the sidewalk, it became evident that they were nothing more or less than a pair of lady's shoes, newly soled and heeled, which the lady at the window at once recognized as her own. The hack sped on its way, bearing Uncle Steve in triumph to his home up North Shore.

A newly-wedded couple who, being off-islanders, were unaccustomed to local usages, saw the pair of shoes land on the sidewalk, but not perceiving whence they came, stood amazed at the strange spectacle. "O, look, dearie," says the bride. "It rains shoes out of a clear sky in Nantucket!"

H. S. W.

BILL OF FARE ON SHIP WM. HENRY. YEAR 1791.

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WEEKLY BILL OF FARE.

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Indian Meal	Sunday, Pork with Pease	Indian Meal
with molasses	Monday, Fish with Potatoes & Butter	with molasses
every day so long	Tuesday, Beef, with Bread &c.	every day so long
as it lasts.	Wednesday, Fish with Potatoes & Butter	as it lasts.
Afterwards Rice	Thursday, Beef with Bread &c.	Afterwards Rice
with sugar.	Friday, Fish with Potatoes & Butter	with sugar
	Saturday, Fish with do do	

Rum, 20 1-2 Gallons, Being 42 days allowance at half a gill per day for each person above 10 years.

None to be used for the first 21 days, unless for medicine.

Wine. 10 Galls. for medicine to the sick.

Vinegar. 32 Galls. for washing and cleaning between decks, to be used as occasion may require.

Bohea Tea. 3 pounds, for the Sick only.

Windsails. One to be landed at Sierra Leone.

Tobacco Stems. 70 pounds for Fumigations, twice a week after getting into Warm Weather.

The above Regulations not to be dispensed with.

M. Wallace, Agent.

CHAPTER XXV.

Verse.

A QUAKER VICTORY.

Sherburne, 1755.

“Peleg Mitchell (father of the late Peleg), of Nantucket, grand-son of Jethro Starbuck, and great-grand-son of Mary Starbuck, relates the circumstances described to him by his mother and others, concerning her father, Jethro Starbuck, and his brother Nathaniel, which occurred during a former war between the French and Americans.” [Here follows the account.]

Now list ye, hardy sailor-men,
A thrilling tale I'll tell
All of a bloodless victory
That cost no shot or shell:

'Twas back in “French and Injun” days
A privateer came down
And anchored in the channel way
To blockade Sherburne town.

Down came the Quaker citizens
And gathered on the shore:
“Alas!” they said, “our wood is low—
What *shall* we do for more!”

Then up spake Jethro Starbuck bold:
“A craven lot are ye
That suffer this French privateer
Such obstacle to be!”

“Well, Jethro, 'tis a grievous thing—
Long have we prayed for light;
Now tell what thou would'st have us do—
Thou surely would not *fight*!”

“Nay, not one drop of blood we’ll spill,
But, friends, I have a plan
To capture that same privateer
And pinion every man!”

“Just give me Obed Pinkham’s sloop,
And forty men for crew,
All armed with common kitchen-mops—
Thou’lt see what I will do!”

Eight bells had struck—all yet was still
Aboard the privateer,
When suddenly the watchman spied
A vessel drawing near:

“Ahoy—Ahoy there! Come about
Quick, or we’ll open fire!”
But still the old sloop kept her course,
And silently drew nigher.

Boom went the gun—across their bow
A ten-pound shot was dropped,
And straight behind the binnacle
In haste old Jethro popped.

“Aha!” said brother Nat. to him—
“And wilt thou prove a coward?”
“Not so,” quoth he, “good men are scarce,
Go, take thy station forward;”

“Call up the crew—stand ready all
To grapple at her side,
Then every man will seize his mop
And dip it ‘neath the tide!”

The moment came—they leapt aboard;
More quick than tongue can tell,
Upon that hapless foreign crew
A sudden blindness fell.

They staggered, gasping hard for breath—
All in a helpless plight,
And quick as flash old Jethro's crew
Bound every Frenchman tight.

Then Jethro lit his pipe and said
"Now, brother, who's thy coward?
Go, get thee aft and stand the watch,
I'll muster all hands forward!"

Then did those Frenchmen weep and wail
And beg for liberty.
But Jethro, frowning, shook his head:
"Too good for such as thee!"

"Such wicked, vile, blood-thirsty men
Good freedom would be lost on;
Thy vessel is our lawful prize—
We'll send thee up to Boston!"

H. S. W.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

"It was an Ancient Mariner."

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
 Could tell, by *tasting*, just the spot,
 And so below he'd "dowse the glim,"—
 After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
 This ancient skipper might be found;
 No matter how his craft would rock,
 He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
 Run down and wake him, with the lead;
 He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
 How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
 A curious wag,—the peddler's son,—
 And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
 "To-night I'll have a grain of fun."

"We're all a set of stupid fools
 To think the skipper knows by *tasting*
 What ground he's on,—Nantucket schools
 Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead
 And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
 That stood on deck,—a parsnip-bed,—
 And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
 The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
 Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
 And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
 Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
 "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
 Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

Jas. T. Fields.

THE HARPER.

Old Ocean's stormy barrier passed,
The Harper gained the beach at last;
He seized his harp, he leaped ashore;
He played his wild refrain once more,
The same old sixpence, tu and tu,
Echoed the shores of bleak Coatue;
 'Twas tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

Onward, but not unheeded, went
The Harper old; his form was bent,
His doublet wool, his hose were tow,
His pantaloons were cut so, so;
The people gazed, the coofs admired,
And many stranger things transpired;
Coppers from many a hand were wrung,
As, wading through the sand, he sung,—
 'Tis tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

'Twas just midway of all the year,
When flowers and fleeces first appear,
When grass is grown, when sheep are sheared;
When lilies, like a lady's hand,
Their scented petals first expand;
When flowery June was in her teens,
The Harper, 'mid his favorite scenes,
 Played tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

The streets are passed, the plain is reached,
Whose uniqueness was ne'er impeached,
Dearer to him than Marathon,
Or any plain beneath the sun;
Dearer by far than hymns or psalms,
The bleatings of those new-shorn lambs;

Dearer than all that homespun strain
 The Harper wildly sings amain,—
 'Tis tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

The Harper seats him 'neath a tent,
 Made of a mainsail, patched and rent;
 The curious folk, of every hue,
 Looked on as though they'd look him through;
 He signifies his calm intent
 To drink—of the liquid element;
 He eats a large three-cornered bun;
 And then, his slight refection done,
 He takes his harp, and plays again
 The same mysterious wild refrain,—
 'Tis tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

Soon as the Harper old appeared,
 A ring was formed, a space was cleared;
 Three ladies, clad in spotless white,
 Three gentlemen, all dandies quite,
 Impatient for the dance, are seen
 On the brown-sward, some call it *green*.
 No light fantastic toes belong
 To any of the joyous throng,
 They're all prepared to reel it strong;
 The Harper rosins well his bow,—
 His very catgut's in a glow,
 With tu I can't and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

The sheep are sheared, the reel is done,
 The Harper back to Coofdom gone;
 My lay^s is closed, you'll think it meet;
 Pleasures are always short when sweet;
 'Twas so when first the world began,
 'Twill be so when the world is done.

Who was the Harper? what his strain?
 Wait till you hear him play again,—
 'Tis tu I can't, and tu I can,
 All the way to shearing pen.

1844.

Charles F. Briggs.

“SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS.”

(Written by the late Arthur Macy, a native of Nantucket, after attending the funeral of Col. W. L. Chase, representing the Papyrus Club.)

Sit closer, friends, around the board!
 Death grants us yet a little time.
 Now let the cheering cup be poured,
 And welcome song and jest and rhyme.
 Enjoy the gifts that fortune sends,
 Sit closer, friends!

And yet, we pause. With trembling lip
 We strive the fitting phrase to make;
 Remembering our fellowship,
 Lamenting Destiny's mistake,
 We marvel much when Fate offends,
 And claims our friends.

Companion of our nights of mirth!
 Where all were merry who were wise;
 Does Death quite understand your worth,
 And know the value of his prize?
 I doubt me if he comprehends—
 He knows no friends.

And in that realm is there no joy
 Of comrades and the jocund sense?
 Can Death so utterly destroy—
 For gladness grant no recompense?
 And can it be that laughter ends
 With absent friends?

O scholars! whom we wisest call,
Who solve great questions at your ease,
We ask the simplest of them all,
And yet you cannot answer these!
And is it thus your knowledge ends,
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar, should You chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,
Pray give to Him a Message sweet,
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask Who 'tis that sends,
For We were friends.

Again a parting sail we see;
Another boat has left the shore.
A kinder soul on board has she
Than ever left the land before.
And as her outward course she bends,
Sit closer, friends!





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